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THE NEW YORKER

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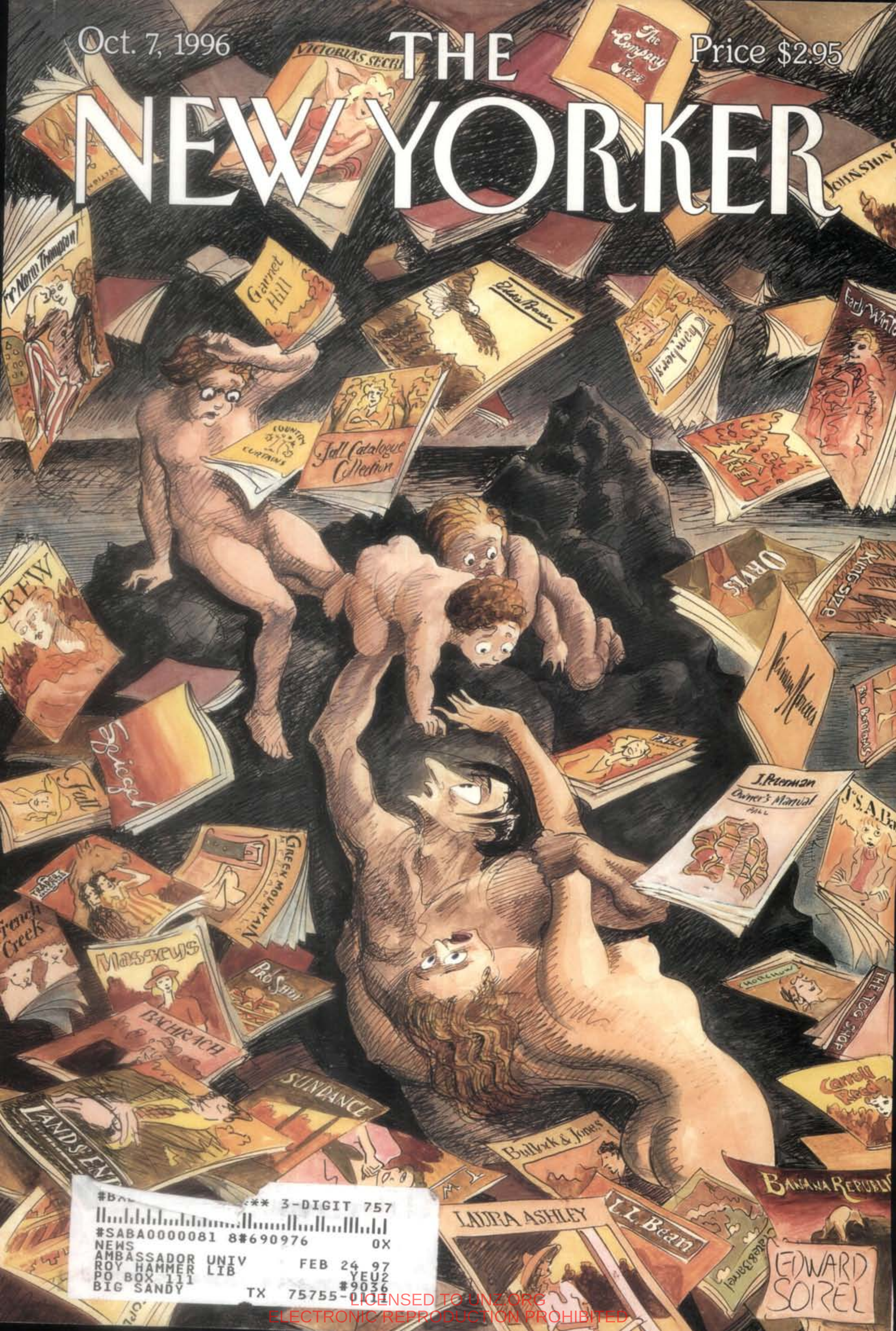
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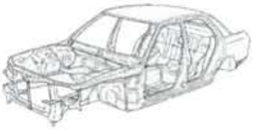

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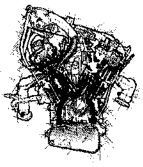
called "The best car built in America"* just got better. Thanks to a choice of more  powerful e

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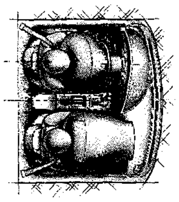
combines with dual air bags  to help protect and reassure. While available traction contr

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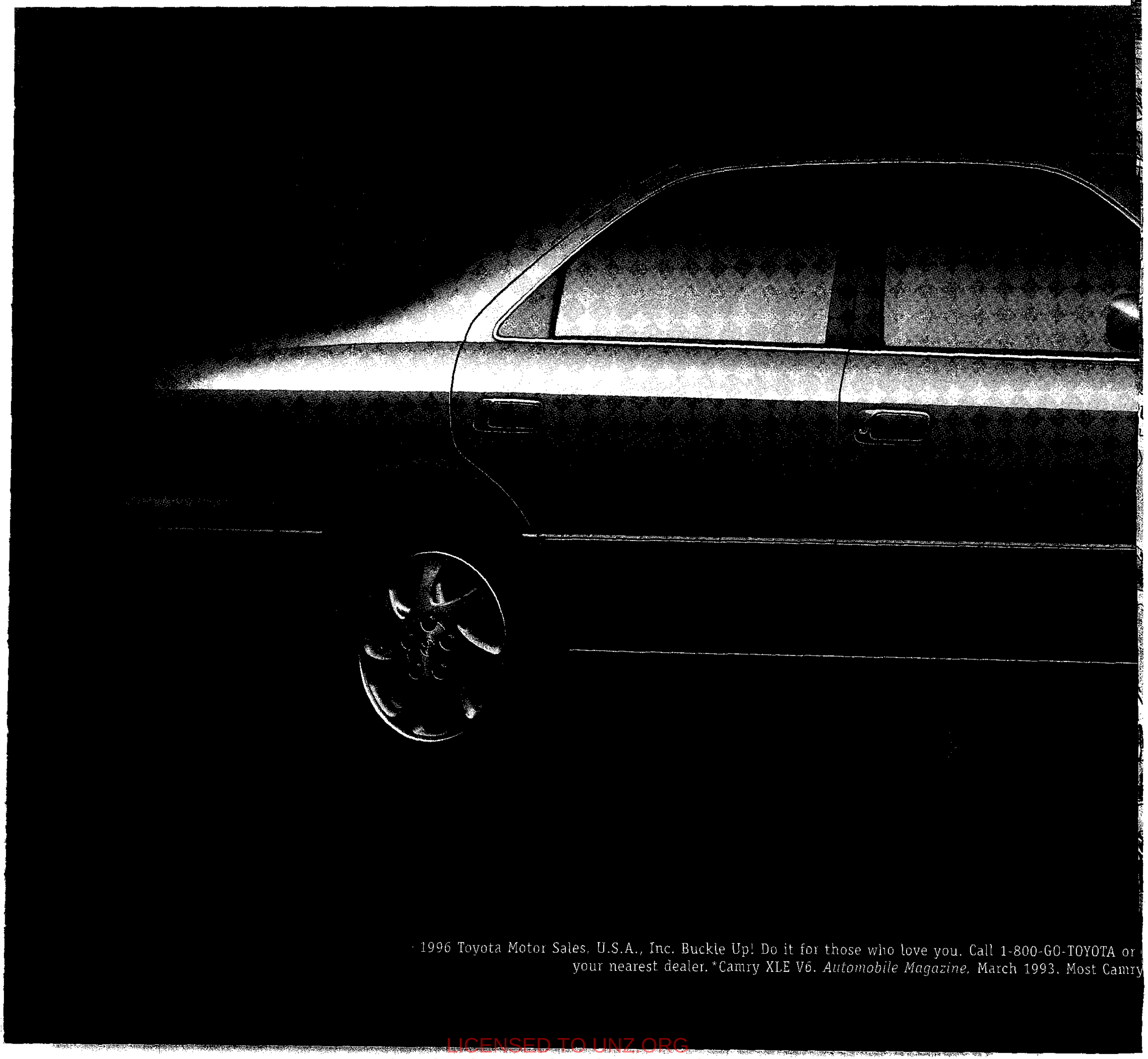

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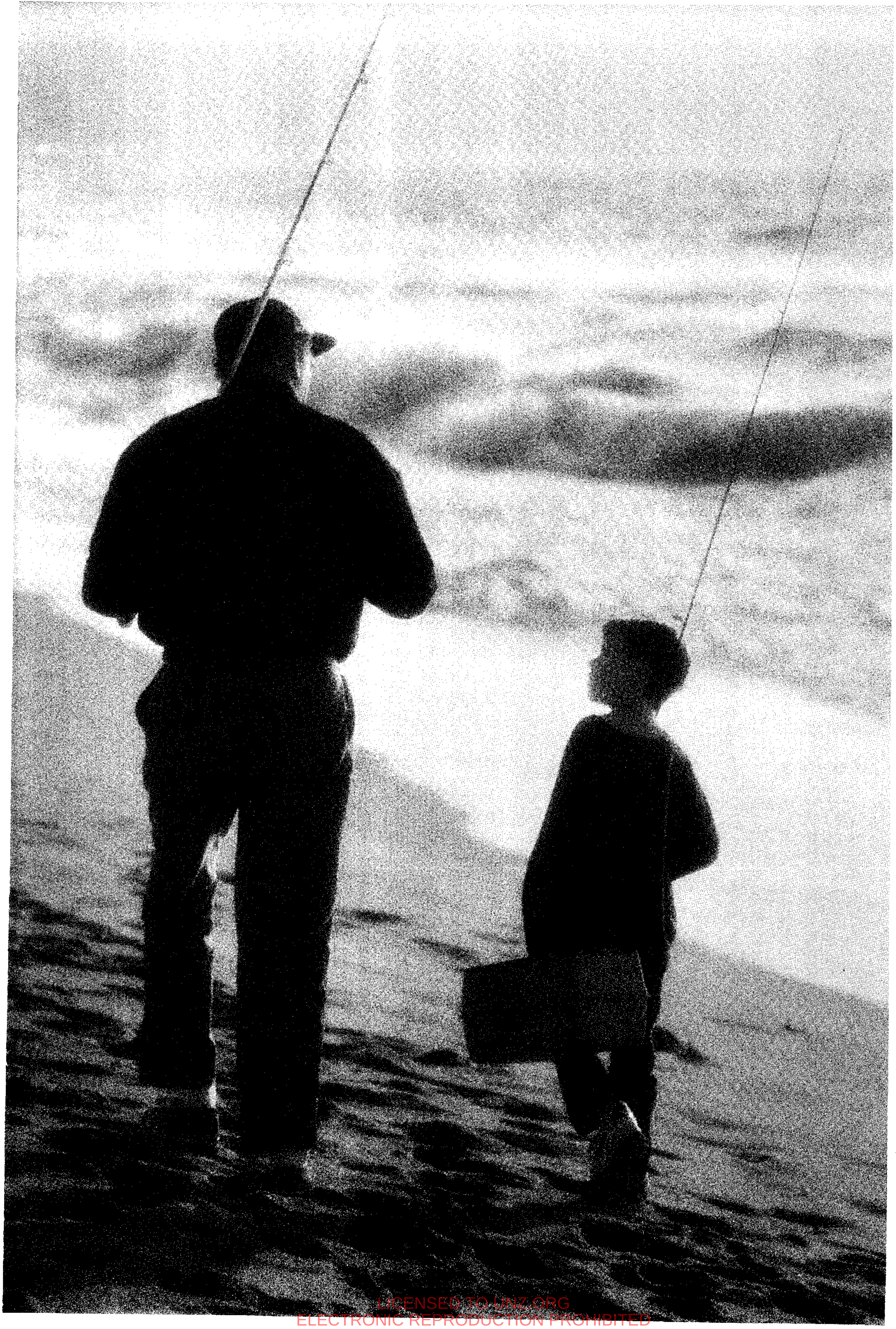

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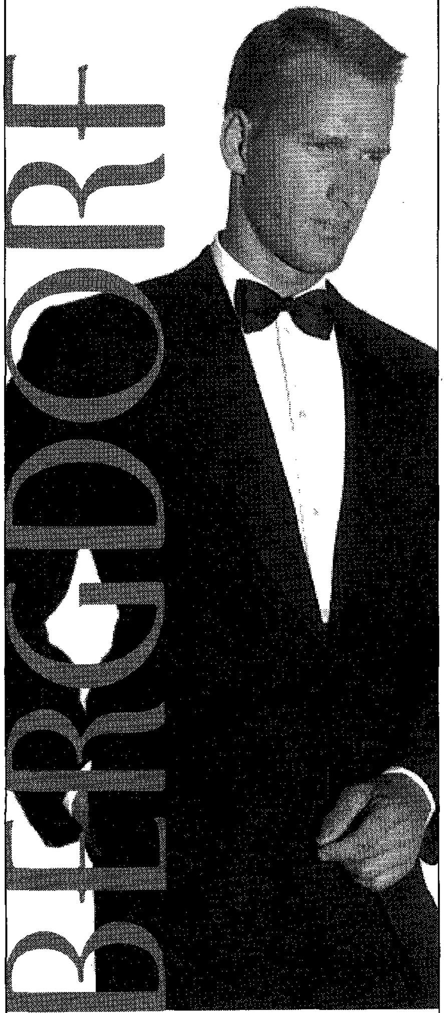

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THE NEW YORKER

OCTOBER 7, 1996

COMMENT The Clinton Doctrine . . . . *Martin Walker* 6
Why the Test Ban Treaty wasn't a big bang.

IN THE MAIL 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37
Waiting for the Yankees; a last bash for the *Herald Tribune;* etc.

DEPARTMENTS

The Campaign Trail Newt's Rage . . . . *Michael Kelly* 40
Has Bob Dole been listening to it?

Paris Journal The First Frenchman . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 44
The left, the right, and the head of Yves Saint Laurent are battling over a fifth-century barbarian.

A REPORTER AT LARGE Unfinished Business . . . . *Mark Singer* 54
Just before the 1992 election, Brett Kimberlin claimed to be a political prisoner because of what he had said about Dan Quayle. And that was just the beginning.

ON STAGE Karole Armitage . . . . *Guy Aroch, James Traub* 68

ANNALS OF SCIENCE The Birth of an Idea . . . . *Robert S. Boynton* 72
What does Darwin have in common with Virginia Woolf, Lenin, and Bill Gates, and does it explain history?

SHOWCASE Larry Flynt . . . . *Helmut Newton, James Wolcott* 78

FICTION "Dumbness Is Everything". . . . . *Harold Brodkey* 82
The author's last story.

THE CRITICS

A Critic at Large The novels of Angela Thirkell . . . . *Hermione Lee* 90

Books Briefly Noted 96

The Current Cinema "Infinity," "That Thing You Do!" . . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 97

The Art World The return of Yayoi Kusama . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 100

POEMS

"Vermin" . . . . *William Matthews* 53

"Lucky Palms" . . . . *Stephen Jamison* 64

"The Something" . . . . *Charles Simic* 86

SHOUTS & MURMURS Small-Aircraft Advisory. . . . . *Christopher Buckley* 104

COVER *The Deluge, by Edward Sorel*

DRAWINGS *Barbara Smaller, Victoria Roberts, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, Leo Cullum, Bill Woodman, Mort Gerberg, Roz Chast, Ed Arno, Tom Cheney, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Richard Cline, Bernard Schoenbaum, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

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It was a cold, clear, moonless night. The stars shone like diamonds off the black, still Atlantic. Inside the Grand Salon, crystal chandeliers bathed dancers in a golden glow as the band played on. In the First Class Club Room, millionaires warmed to card games and cognac, swathed in the smoke of expensive cigars. On the Second and Third Class Decks, many were asleep, as the greatest ship on earth cut its record-breaking path through the sea. It was late, almost midnight, when one lone lookout saw the ice.

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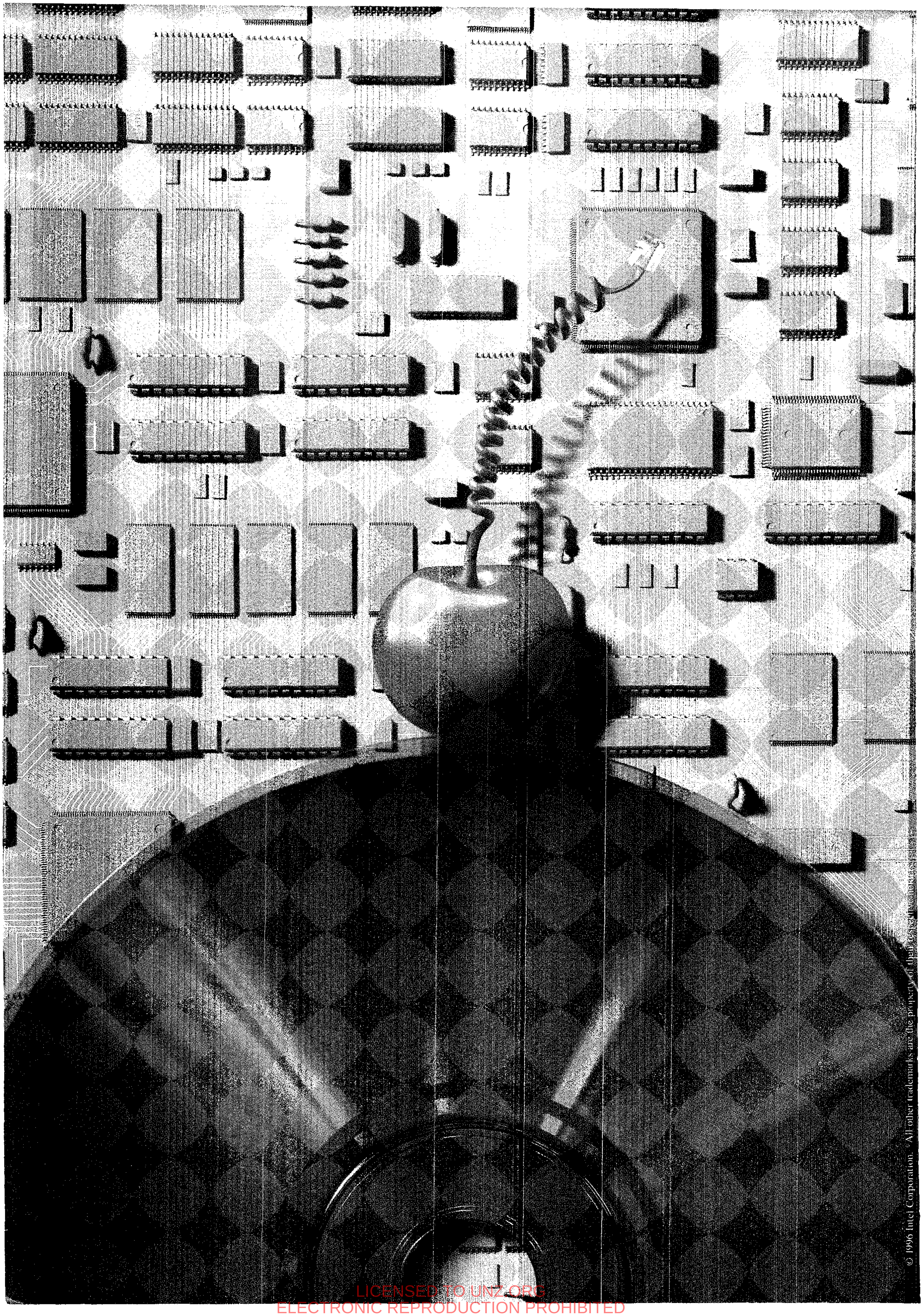

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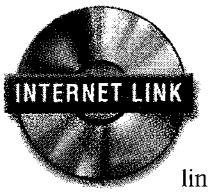

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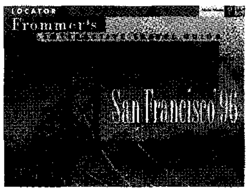

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THE CLINTON DOCTRINE

Why the drama of the nuclear-test ban is its lack of drama.

NEITHER a bang nor a whimper but something more like the soft cooing of diplomatic cliché greeted the signing last week, at United Nations headquarters, of the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty. Despite the intransigence of the Indian government, which says it won't sign unless the declared nuclear powers commit themselves to a schedule for complete nuclear disarmament, the treaty represents the world's broadest and, so far, best effort to cash in the biggest peace dividend of the Cold War's end—the remission of nuclear terror.

The chances are quite good that the ban will stick. There haven't been any American, Russian, or British underground explosions since 1992. France and China say that they have completed the modernization of their nuclear arsenals and so have no need to torture further the fractured atoll of Mururoa and the pockmarked desert around Lop Nur. And India, apparently satisfied with having made its point, shows no sign of wishing to incur the world's anger by doing any actual testing.

A happy momentum is building. Russia and the United States are down to some seven thousand strategic deployed warheads each, from more than twenty thousand between them in 1990. France has four hundred and fifty warheads, mostly on submarines, and is scrapping its land-based missiles altogether. Britain has two hundred and sixty warheads, and China has four hundred. And the numbers are steadily dropping. President Clinton was right to sign the treaty with the pen that President John F. Kennedy used back in 1963 to sign the treaty banning aboveground tests. The pace may have been glacial, but the journey away from the nuclear brink has come farther than any of the new treaty's signers, now middle-aged, could have imagined back when they were practicing ducking under their school desks in Little Rock and Moscow.

Last week's signing has a fair claim to be the most momentous event ever to have taken place under the U.N.'s roof. Yet it was attended by no drama, and it attracted only a modest degree of public attention. That seeming paradox points to an epochal change. For half a century, the world endured an age of geopolitics. A nation's virility symbols were the missiles it could brandish and the nuclear devastation it could unleash, and the great international encounters were the summits of the nuclear superpowers. Now the age of geopolitics has

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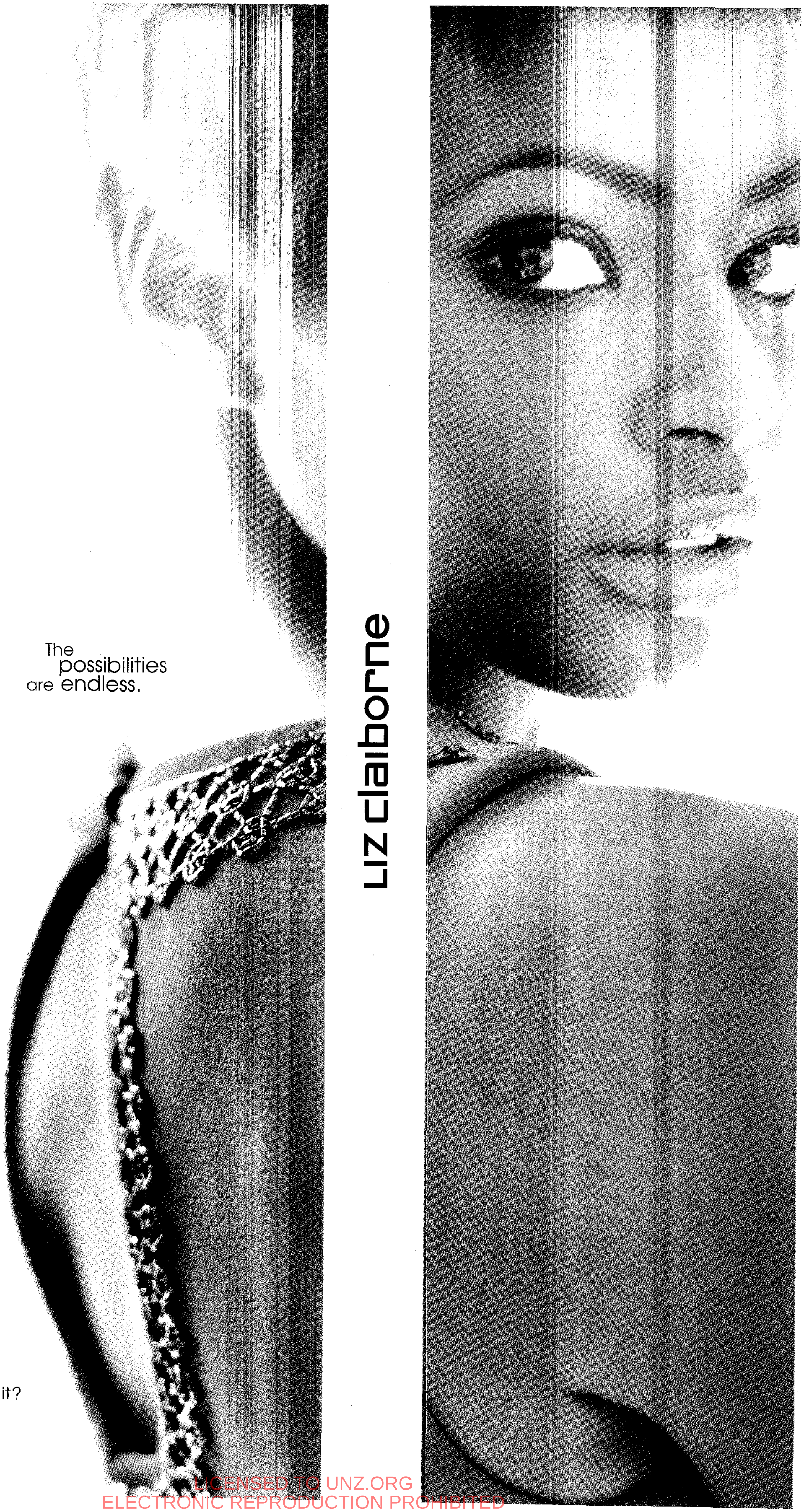
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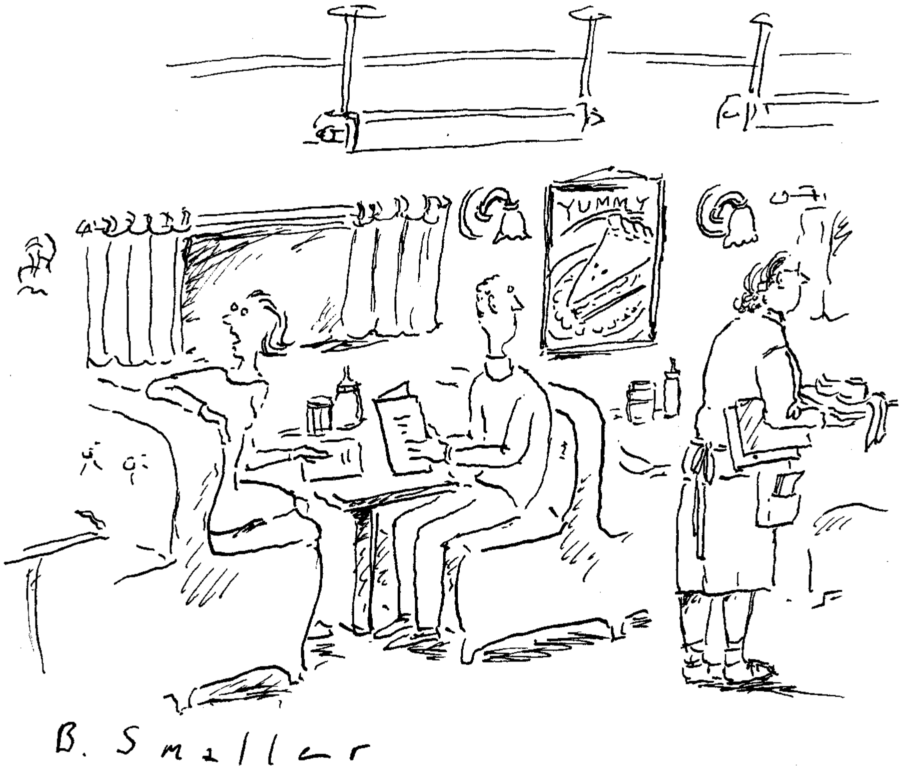

"I don't think this is a diner about being a diner. I think this is just a diner."

• •

given way to an age of what might be called geo-economics. The new virility symbols are exports and productivity and growth rates, and the great international encounters are the trade pacts of the economic superpowers. Many of the leaders who attended the opening of the General Assembly swiftly boarded planes for Washington and the annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund, in the clear and self-interested understanding that in these geofinancial times the I.M.F. trumps the U.N.

In the United States, something that passed pretty much without notice was that both of these international institutions are based in this small but privileged corner of the planet. Not since Rome claimed both imperial and spiritual precedence has a single political entity managed to achieve such a double preëminence. This was half happenstance and half design. Over the past generation, the United States has undergone a profound economic transformation. When young Bill Clinton went abroad on his Rhodes scholarship, in 1968, the United States barely needed to trade at all. Imports and exports together amounted to about twelve per cent of the gross domestic product; last year, trade accounted for nearly thirty per cent of a very much larger national economy. The United States has been the world's leading exporter in each year of the Clinton Presidency. Exports accounted for just nine and a half per cent of Japan's G.D.P. last year, while they accounted for twelve per cent of America's. This slow, almost tectonic revolution in the economy has been spurred by the fastest-growing sector of American trade—the export of services, ranging from computer software to movies, from insurance to royalties, from financial services to telecommunications. In 1986, the American surplus in this trade was five billion dollars. By 1992, it had swollen to fifty-eight billion dollars, and this year it is likely to nudge eighty billion.

All that was the work of the market. But throughout the nineteen-nineties the invisible hand has been strengthened by political design. President Bush began the process, negotiating the North American Free Trade Agreement and the Uruguay Round of the GATT world-trade pact, but the Bush Administration shrank from pushing this grand project through a reluctant Congress. President Clinton, by contrast, defied his party's leadership in Congress in order to get NAFTA and the GATT passed with Republican votes. He thereupon defied the skeptics by convening in Seattle the first trade summit of the Pacific rim—the Asia-Pacific Economic Conference—and proposing a regional trade pact. Just a year later, he went to Indonesia to sign the declaration resolving to develop a Pacific-rim free-trade area. He flew almost directly from that meeting to a Western Hemisphere summit in Miami, and there he obtained agreement to a Free Trade Area of the Americas. Then, last December, while Belfast and Dublin were still echoing with the cheers for the President they credited with bringing about the (sadly temporary) cease-fire, Clinton flew on to a far less widely reported meeting in Madrid. There he and European leaders promulgated the New Transatlantic Agenda—a pledge to further liberalize world trade. For the steady resolve with which the President has pursued his grand strategy of geo-economics, that strategy should be dubbed the Clinton Doctrine.

Six years ago, at the summit meeting of the leading industrial nations in Houston, Margaret Thatcher suggested that the world was in danger of congealing into three trade blocs, each based on a single currency—the yen, the dollar, the Deutsche mark. She evoked George Orwell's nightmare vision in "1984" of the three warring blocs of Oceania, Eastasia, and Eurasia, and warned that trade rivalry could easily degenerate into strategic antagonism. The Clinton Doctrine has made such an outcome unlikely by locking the dominant economy of the world, that of the United States, into each of the trading blocs.

Clinton took office just as the consensus that had guided American foreign policy since before he was born was collapsing into the ashes of the global East-West standoff. With the support of then Senator Robert Dole and Speaker Newt Gingrich for his free-trading strategy, Clinton managed to forge what looks very much like a new consensus—one based on the vision of a world of free-trading democracies, led by the United States as linchpin and guarantor. And, thanks to last week's happily anticlimactic treaty signing at the U.N., that world may even be nuclear-free.

—MARTIN WALKER

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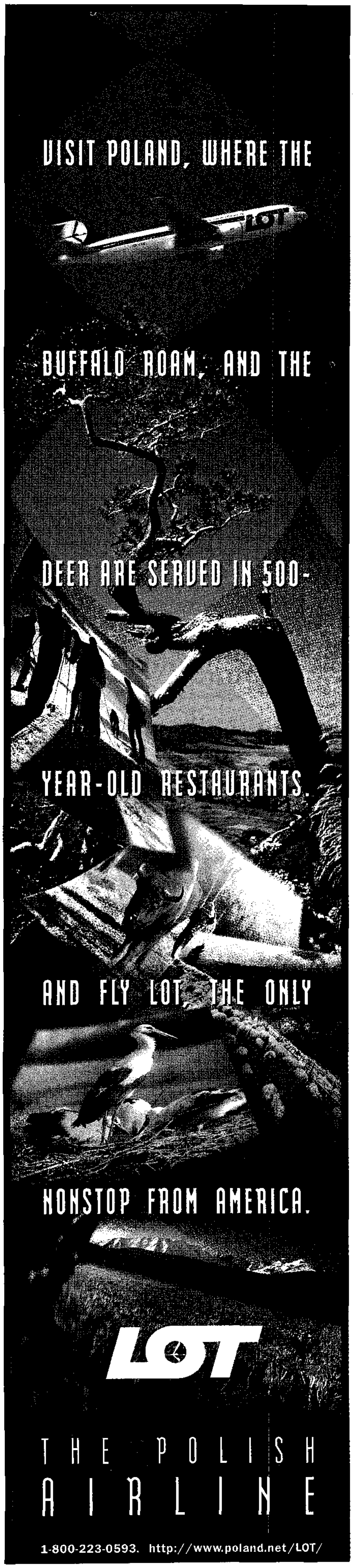

IN THE MAIL

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

"Belafonte's Balancing Act," by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. (Music Issue, August 26th & September 2nd), makes it clear that what Harry Belafonte is balancing are the choices he made and their consequences. Belafonte's statement that "no black American artist has ever got the support of black America" is a direct affront to the careers of such performers as Curtis Mayfield, Marvin Gaye, and Stevie Wonder. They, along with many others, promote self-awareness and pride in our black communities through their art and their actions. Gates is just sitting on the fence when he says of Belafonte, "I suppose he is overstating the case, but I know what he means." What does he mean? Belafonte's run as the King of Calypso began his physical and mental separation from black America. He himself chose the audience that he now claims to have been banished to by his own people. As an African-American, I refuse to be represented by such a man or to consider him a role model. Today, we have the choice not to be victims.

SONDRA WILLIAMS
New York City

"Spinning Tales," by Hilton Als, reminded me of the countless enjoyable hours I spent alone in my bedroom as a teen-ager, desperately trying to define myself through the music I played. Unlike the efforts of d.j.s, who must combine their search for identity with a commercial need to please, my excursions were deliciously solipsistic. Unhindered by the desires of others, I could make logical (to my mind, at least) connections between wildly disparate sources—how naturally "John Lennon: Plastic Ono Band" segued into "Kind of Blue." If music is the voice of our collective unconscious, then we are all d.j.s.

JOHN GOSNEY
Indianapolis, Ind.

Wayne Koestenbaum's "Listening to Schwarzkopf" exhibited the vain desire that artists one admires should, in themselves, be admirable. If Wagner was a swine and Herbert von Karajan and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf were Nazis, one must either shun them altogether or, at this safe remove, accept what excellence they left in their noxious wakes without essaying to rescue them from themselves.

DANIEL ZARA
Van Nuys, Calif.

What Mr. Koestenbaum does not address in his essay about Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is whether her art justified her behavior in Nazi Germany. In Schwarzkopf's 1983 letter to the *Times* she stated that, like Tosca, she lived for her art. The question is how she—or any of the other artists who worked in Nazi Germany—could live for art when so many artists and others were not allowed to live at all.

MICHAEL KATZ
New York City

James Traub, in his fine article on the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra ("Passing the Baton"), apparently sees no alternative between the conductorless democracy of Orpheus and the autocracy of traditional orchestras. But it seems that in other fields organizations are finding that consulting employees about the realities of their jobs leads to substantial improvements in their attitudes and performance and to increased success for the organizations. If that's the structure that is evolving for twenty-first-century companies, perhaps orchestras can at least reach a level of participation appropriate to the twentieth century.

RANDY FISHER
Colorado Springs, Colo.

THE TIMES KEEP CHANGING.

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David Denby, in his article on compact disks ("My Problem with Perfection"), does little to dispel the common notion that critics are irritable cranks with too much time on their hands. Denby can see his reflection when he holds the CD up to his face? CDs produce rainbows when they're held at a certain angle? Surely he knows the old joke that begins, "Doctor, it hurts when I do this." I have frequented the same record stores he mentions, and I have noticed a distinct lack of men with large-calibre weapons forcing hapless patrons to purchase the string quartets of Louis Spohr; nor have I seen anyone reduced to quivering jelly by the large selections of Beethoven-symphony recordings. I would urge Denby to take a brief respite from his labor of decrying the chaff amid the wheat and reflect for a moment that there was a period in history when J. S. Bach was considered part of the chaff.

ROBERT CLAIR
Belmont, Mass.

Mr. Denby's assessment of recorded music as a "synthetic" (and, by inference, inferior) experience makes for an interesting double standard, coming from a film critic. Denby calls into question not only the act of committing something to a recording medium but also the ensuing editing of various takes and the rebalancing of multiple microphones. However, if his subject had been the use of a camera instead of a microphone as a recording device, what we would have is a fairly accurate description of the postproduction processes that filmmakers routinely exploit to better realize their vision. Perhaps the manner in which music is recorded would strike Denby as less of a "worrisome" example of "cultural decline" if he approached it as a distinct artistic statement rather than as the next best thing to attending a recital. Comparing the two is as much a case of apples and oranges as comparing films and plays.

BRIAN ALES
New York City

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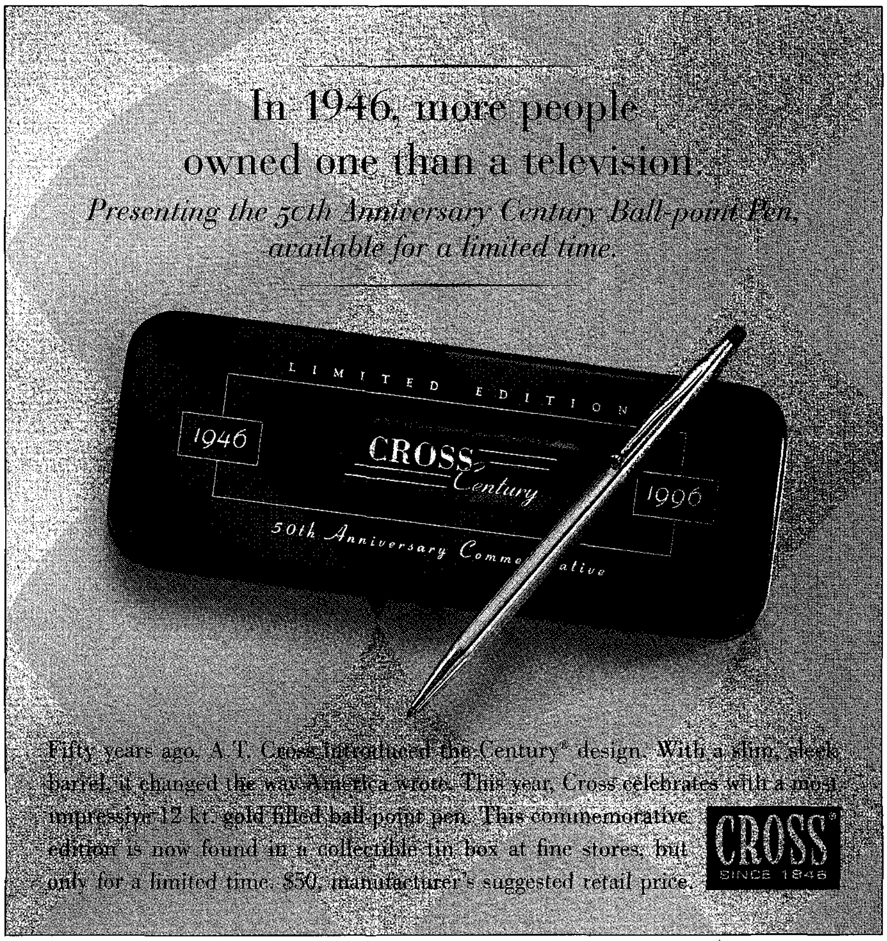
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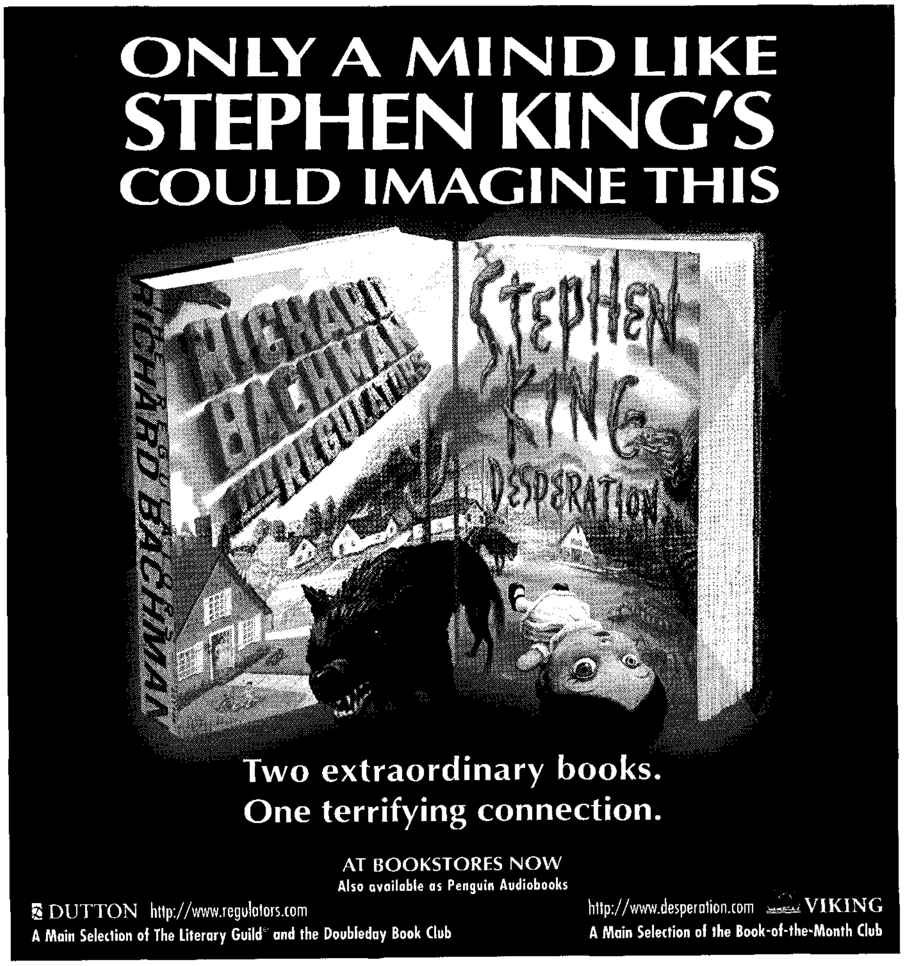
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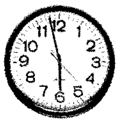

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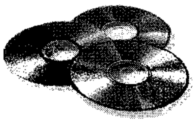

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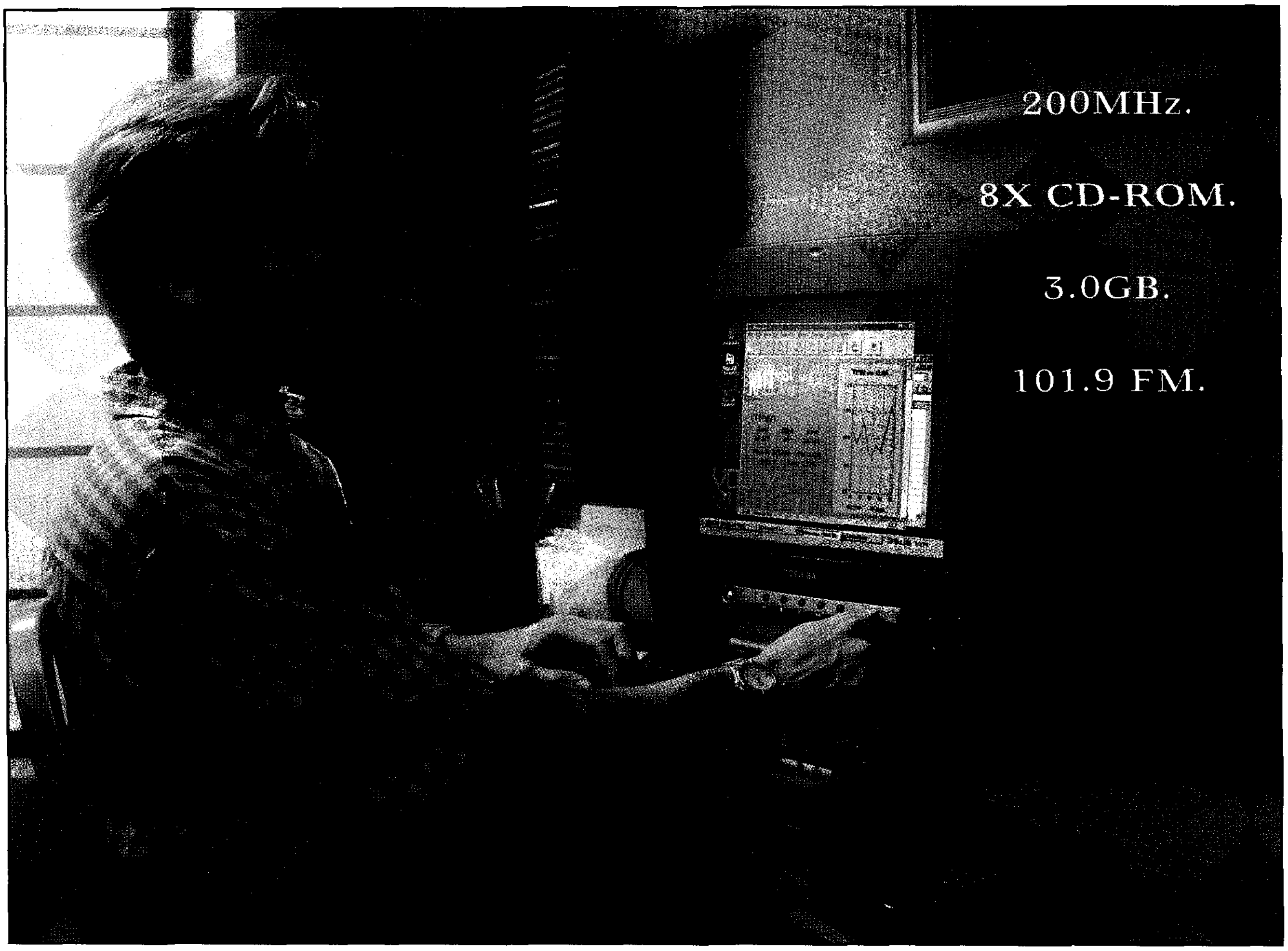
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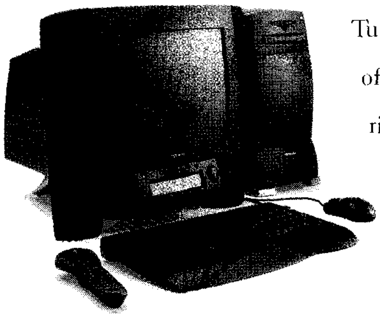

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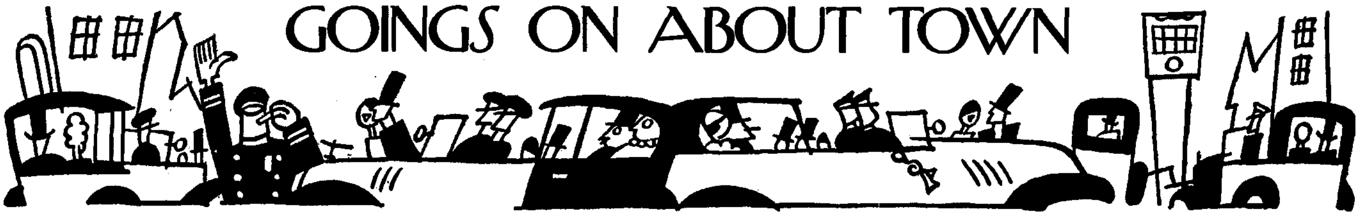


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Cage #2: Nocturnal Architecture—The audience is part of the performance in this piece by the Japanese experimental theatre troupe OM_2, who place spectators in mobile cages onstage. Opens Oct. 5 at 8 and runs through Oct. 13. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

Cakewalk—Linda Lavin has the lead opposite Michael Knight in Peter Feibleman's autobiographical drama about his relationship with Lillian Hellman. Directed by Marshall Mason, with music by Carly Simon. Previews begin Oct. 5. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Fit to Be Tied—A new comedy by Nicky Silver, starring T. Scott Cunningham, Jean Smart, Matt Keeslar, and Dick Latessa. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini cuts a satirical swath through the Great White Way in a new edition of his musical parody. In previews. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

The Heather Woodbury Report, or, What Ever—The performance artist presents her one-woman, hundred-odd-character serial comedy in four two-episode evenings. Directed by Dudley Saunders. Opens Oct. 2 at 8 and continues Wednesdays through Oct. 23. (Surf Reality, 172 Allen St., between Stanton and Rivington Sts. 673-4182.)

Lady Strass—Cuban-born playwright Eduardo Manet's 1977 play, set in Belize, about an English recluse who holds two men hostage in her house and forces them to help her reënact her past. In previews through the Oct. 2 matinée; opens that evening at 8 and runs through Oct. 20. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

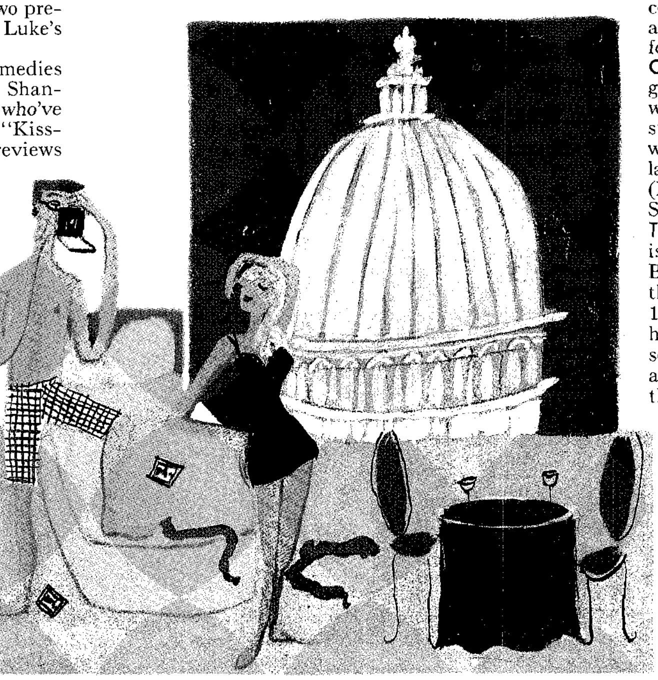
Late Night Catechism—An interactive comedy by Maripat Donovan and Vicki Quade. Two previews on Oct. 2. Opens Oct. 3 at 8. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Missing/Kissing—A double bill of new comedies written and directed by John Patrick Shanley: "Missing Marisa," about two men who've been jilted by the same woman, and "Kissing Christine," about a first date. Previews begin Oct. 2. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Political Animal—Douglas McGrath portrays a charming but unprincipled Presidential candidate in his new comedy. In previews through Oct. 6. Opens Oct. 7 at 8 and runs through Nov. 17. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Rhinoceros—An adaptation by Theresa Rebeck of Ionesco's 1959 absurdist classic, presented by the Valiant Theatre Company. Opens Oct. 2 at 8 and runs through Oct. 20. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Sex and Longing—In Christopher Durang's new comedy, Sigourney Weaver and Jay Goede play friends who write a book about their sexual addictions, which comes under attack by right-wingers. A Lincoln Center Theatre production, directed by Garland Wright. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)



Jim Abele and Julia Gibson, in "View of the Dome."

BETH ADAMS

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Taking Sides—Ronald Harwood's drama stars Ed Harris as an American military investigator and Daniel Massey as the German conductor Wilhelm Fürtwangler, who was accused of collaborating with the Nazis. Previews begin Oct. 4. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Two Bourgeois Blacks—A comedy about an unfaithful couple, by Clifford Mason, who costars with Perri Gaffney. Opens Oct. 2 at 8. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler performs her new one-woman show about, well . . . Previews begin Oct. 3. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—A return engagement of Lisa Faith Phillips's semiautobiographical play, about a coed who takes an unconventional job. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 5.)

Americana—A revue surveying the evolution of the nation's music since the eighteen-nineties. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Big—This adaptation of the movie that starred Tom Hanks provides little joy, though Daniel Jenkins, as the twelve-year-old in a grown-up's body, is sweet and likable. Directed by Mike Ockrent. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/27/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Born to Sing!—This sequel to the long-running gospel musical "Mama, I Want to Sing!" chronicles the increasingly chaotic world tour of gospel diva Doris Winter and the New York Reach Ensemble; the plot isn't compelling, and the acting isn't consistently good enough to make a difference. But that hardly matters, since the point, as in "Mama," is the music, and the music is glorious. The four main performers (Tanya Blount, Kellie D. Evans, Lisa Fischer, and Stacy Francis) have strong (and distinctly different) voices. Singing both standards and original songs, and backed by the impossibly energetic and gracious music minister, Charles Stewart, and the choir, they give the show the backbone it needs. You couldn't find a better introduction to gospel without going to church. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

The Boys in the Band—James Lecesne, as the swishy Emory, and David Greenspan, as the lethal Harold, have a field day in Mart Crowley's 1968 study of gay self-hatred. The script no longer seems particularly shocking (except in its viciousness) or politically suspect, but it holds up soundly in this impressive revival, which was supervised by the playwright and directed with buckets of bile by Kenneth Elliott. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

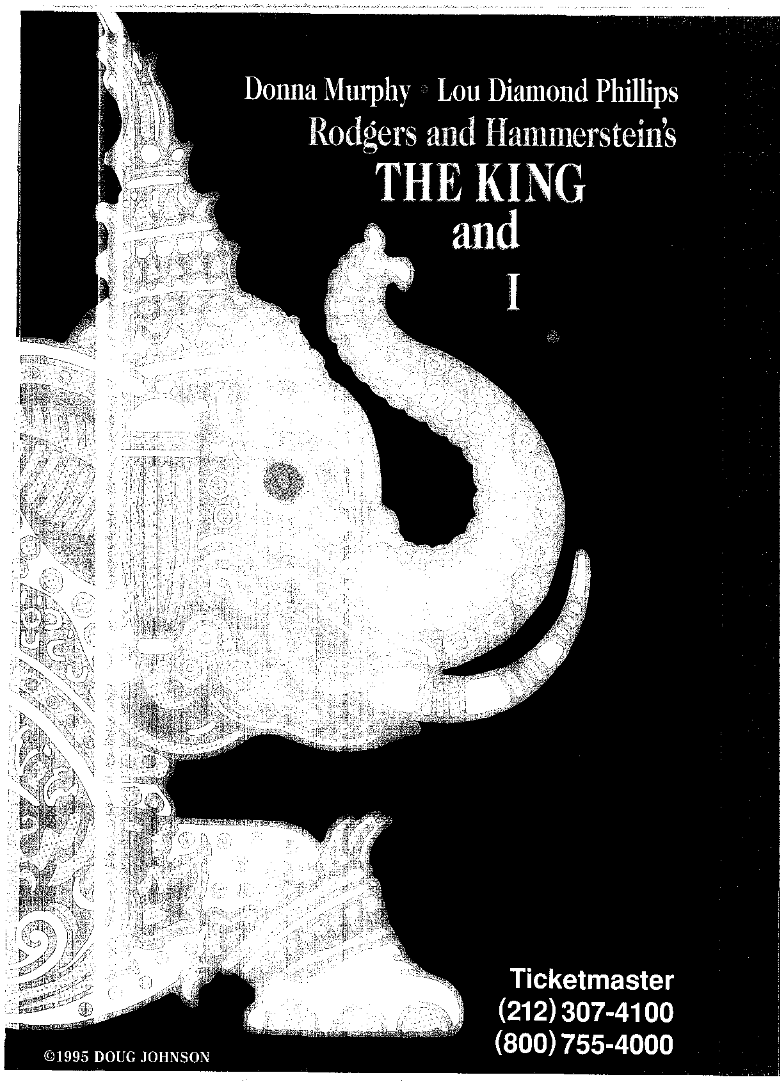
Chicago City Limits—The improv company takes aim at the 1996 Presidential campaign with a new revue, "Right to Laugh Party." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

Chimère—In the center of two concentric red dirt paths lies a pond, in which candles seem to float; the lights dim, someone sings, and suddenly a man on horseback appears in the pond. And for the next two hours, the French company Zingaro—seventeen riders, acrobats, and dancers, a twelve-member band, and twenty-seven horses—overwhelms its audience with passionate, sensual images. This is art for art's sake, without any particular plot, but the equestrianism is astonishing (a horse at full gallop, for instance, with a rider balanced upside down near one shoulder), and in combination with the richly colored, Indian-inspired music, dance, and costumes, it's exquisite. (The big top at Battery Park City. For more information, call 1-718 636-4100.)

City Water Tunnel #3—Marty Pottenger's multimedia performance piece, which focusses on the ongoing construction of New York City's third water tunnel, is an examination of laborers and their effect on the world. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Oct. 6.)

The Cocoanuts—The American Jewish Theatre's revival of the Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical that starred the Marx Brothers in 1925—about a Florida land scheme—has moved to a new theatre, changed some cast members, and ironed out a number of the problems that plagued the original production downtown. The songs, which include "Always" and "Shaking the Blues Away," are pleasant enough, but it's the laugh-out-loud comedy that really scores. Michael McGrath, in the Groucho role, is inspired, and Celia Tackaberry, channelling Margaret Dumont, makes a worthy foil. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Disappearing Act—A cabaret-style revue meant to celebrate and skewer urban gay life. Michael Oster's songs, which run the gay gamut—shopping, phone sex,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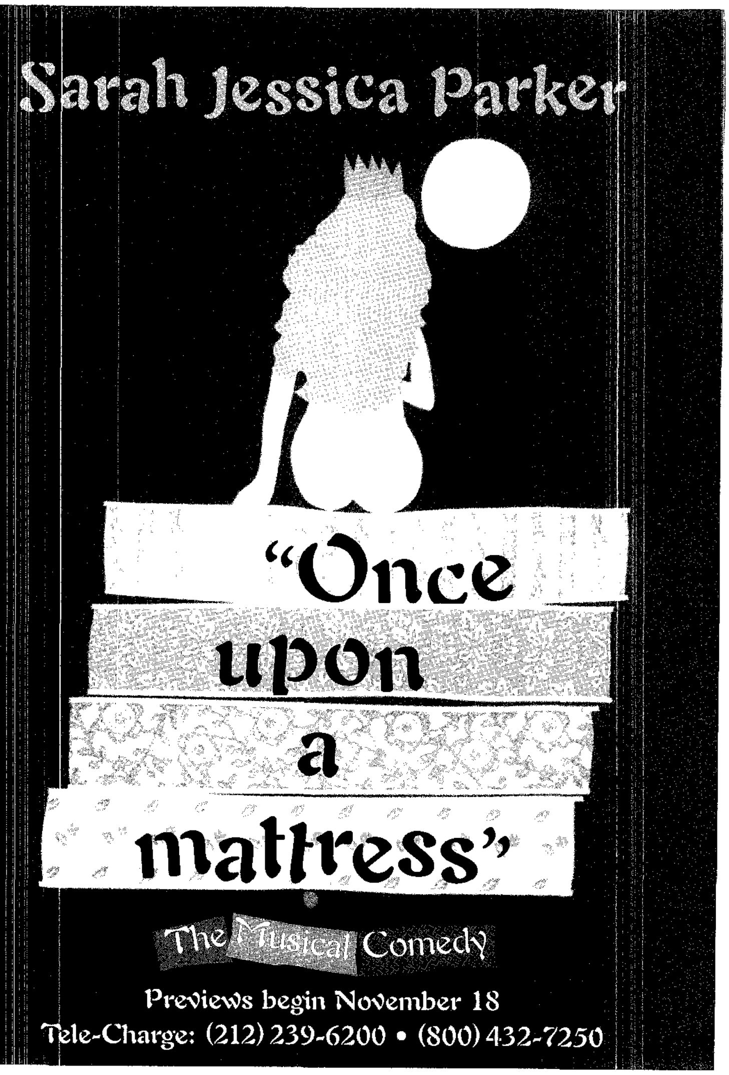
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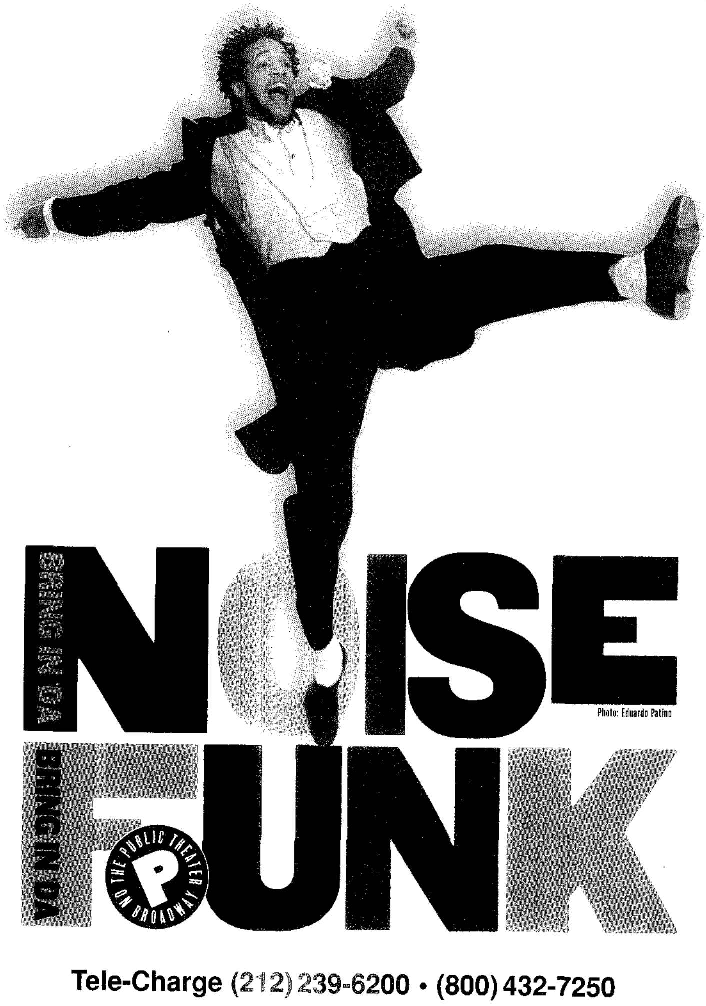
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NATHAN LANE IN FORUM
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theatre queens, people with AIDS—are impersonal if sometimes clever audience pleasers, and while the three performers work hard to make them come alive, the brittle staging and two-hour running time do them in. For piano-bar fans only. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Eddie Izzard—The British comic, in a limited engagement at P.S. 122. Continues, Thursdays through Sundays, through Oct. 20. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Edmond—The Atlantic Theatre Company begins the season with David Mamet's 1982 urban morality drama. Directed by Clark Gregg. (336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

Einstein: A Stage Portrait—John Crowther portrays the fluffy-haired physicist, in a new play by Willard Simms. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-6322.)

Full Gallop—The Manhattan Theatre Club's production of Mary Louise Wilson and Mark Hampton's one-woman play, in which Ms. Wilson appears as Diana Vreeland, the legendary editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness. But Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival, starring Nathan Lane, seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Grace & Glorie—Tom Ziegler's predictable but charmingly told tale of an illiterate Virginia mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Harvard M.B.A. (Lucie Arnaz) who befriends her in her last days. Under Gloria Muzio's direction, the two actresses make the blend of humor and pathos affecting rather than—as it might easily have been—cloying. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9393.)

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—The exuberant, over-the-top designer Howard Crabtree died in June, and this production (created with and written and directed by Mark Waldrop) is a fitting cap to his career. It's a revue of witty, satiric songs that purport to be part of a larger show that keeps falling apart, leaving Michael West, who plays Crabtree, wondering whether he should have become a chicken farmer. Some of the bits work better than others, but the combination of love songs ("Newt—I think you're cute," sings one forlorn man), charming silliness (a centaur wonders why the other guys at the gym treat him differently), and occasional serious moments, performed by a wonderful cast decked out in Crabtree's sequinned, feathered, mind-boggling costumes, is a sure sign that chicken farming's loss was our gain. With music by Dick Gallagher. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

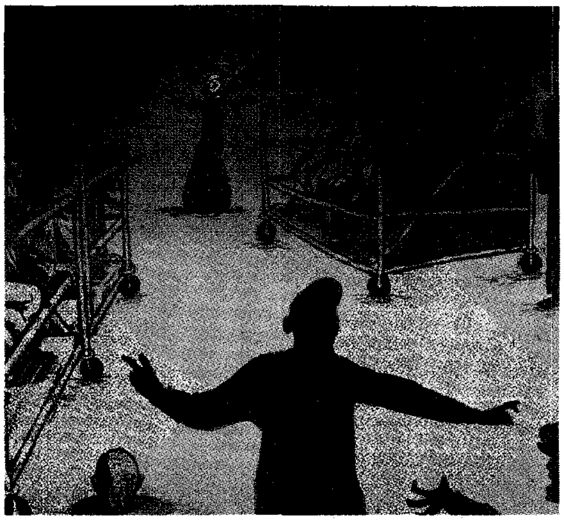
Hughie—Al Pacino stars as the blowhard gambler Erie Smith, in his own staging of Eugene O'Neill's 1941 drama. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member. The man who saves the day is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—In made-for-musical-theatre voices, the appealing cast of Joe DiPietro and Jimmy Roberts's crowd-pleasing revue about love and marriage sings songs examining such made-for-musical-theatre issues as parents who talk baby talk, the injustice of long ladies'-room lines, the gruesomeness of bridesmaids' dresses, and the unbearable triteness of shopping. Couples in the audience may nudge each other happily as they guess the actors' lines before they're uttered. Directed by Joel Bishoff. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

Jason and Medea—A modern-day adaptation of works by Seneca and Euripides, incorporating music and dance. Written by Dennis Moritz. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 505-8183. Closes Oct. 6.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)



"The Cage #2: Nocturnal Architecture," at the Kitchen.

JONATHON ROSEN

Making Porn—Johnny Hanson has the role of the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

Matty: An Evening with Christy Mathewson—Christy Mathewson's mother wanted him to be a preacher, but Mathewson preferred baseball, and between 1911 and 1913 he led the New York Giants to three pennant victories, becoming something like the Michael Jordan of his day. When he wasn't busy endorsing products (tobacco) or inventing pitches (the screwball), he also did quite a bit of writing, which Eddie Frierson has turned into a one-man show. Frierson exhibits plenty of energy (there's no shortage of yelling), but he isn't content to merely entertain the audience with tales of such characters as manager John McGraw and Charley (Giant Jinx Killer) Faust: unfortunately, he never fails to include the moral of a story. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Misalliance—The Pearl Theatre Company opens its season with Shaw's 1910 satire. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 12.)

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans' well-written piece of sentimental sanctimony asks the question: Can a blocked, arrogant twenty-five-year-old pianist find wisdom under the tutelage of a suicidal singing teacher who survived the Holocaust? (The answer is yes.) The evening is carried on the cool command of Justin Kirk, who plays the young man with swaggering style. Hal Robinson, as the wily coach, hangs in there, too, but sometimes the dialogue and his dialect let him down. The characters go through their changes neatly, but the audience arrives at the station long before the engine of the plot does. (9/16/96) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Pig—A working-class family's barbecue turns bad, in a drama by Tammy Ryan. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575. Closes Oct. 12.)

Radio Gals—An Arkansas music teacher (Carole Cook) turns her home into a nighttime radio station from which she broadcasts her own band, in a new musical by Mike Craver and Mark Hardwick (the creators of "Oil City Symphony"). (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Skylight—The playwright David Hare's success and his social conscience are still at odds. This time, the inimitable Michael Gambon plays a successful entrepreneur, and the powerful, appealing Lia Williams is his beloved former mistress, who has given up the lush life to teach the underprivileged. Their differences are factored out as systematically as an algebraic equation. Like John Gunter's set—a well-appointed ramshackle flat in the fashionable but dowdy area of Northwest London—the play seems caught between naturalism and symbolism. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Summer and Smoke—The Roundabout has given Tennessee Williams's 1948 drama, about the unrequited love of the prim, pure Alma Winemiller (Mary McDonnell) for the louche doctor John Buchanan (Harry Hamlin), an uneven but compelling revival. McDonnell radiates decency and intelligence and makes both Alma's nervousness and the punishing slow burn of her desire convincing. Hamlin may not have the Promethean energy that Williams called for, but he's handsome, charming, and bubbling with testosterone, and he and McDonnell have a tender, appealing rapport. Unfortunately, director David Warren's omission of a crucial emblematic gesture at the end suggests that he has mounted the play without really understanding it. (9/16/96) (Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

View of the Dome—Theresa Rebeck's new drama, about a Washington, D.C., attorney and her political machinations within a corrupt system. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Wake Up and Smell the Coffee—Eric Bogosian brings an expanded, espresso-strength version of his latest solo piece to the Knitting Factory through Oct. 5. (74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 219-3055.)

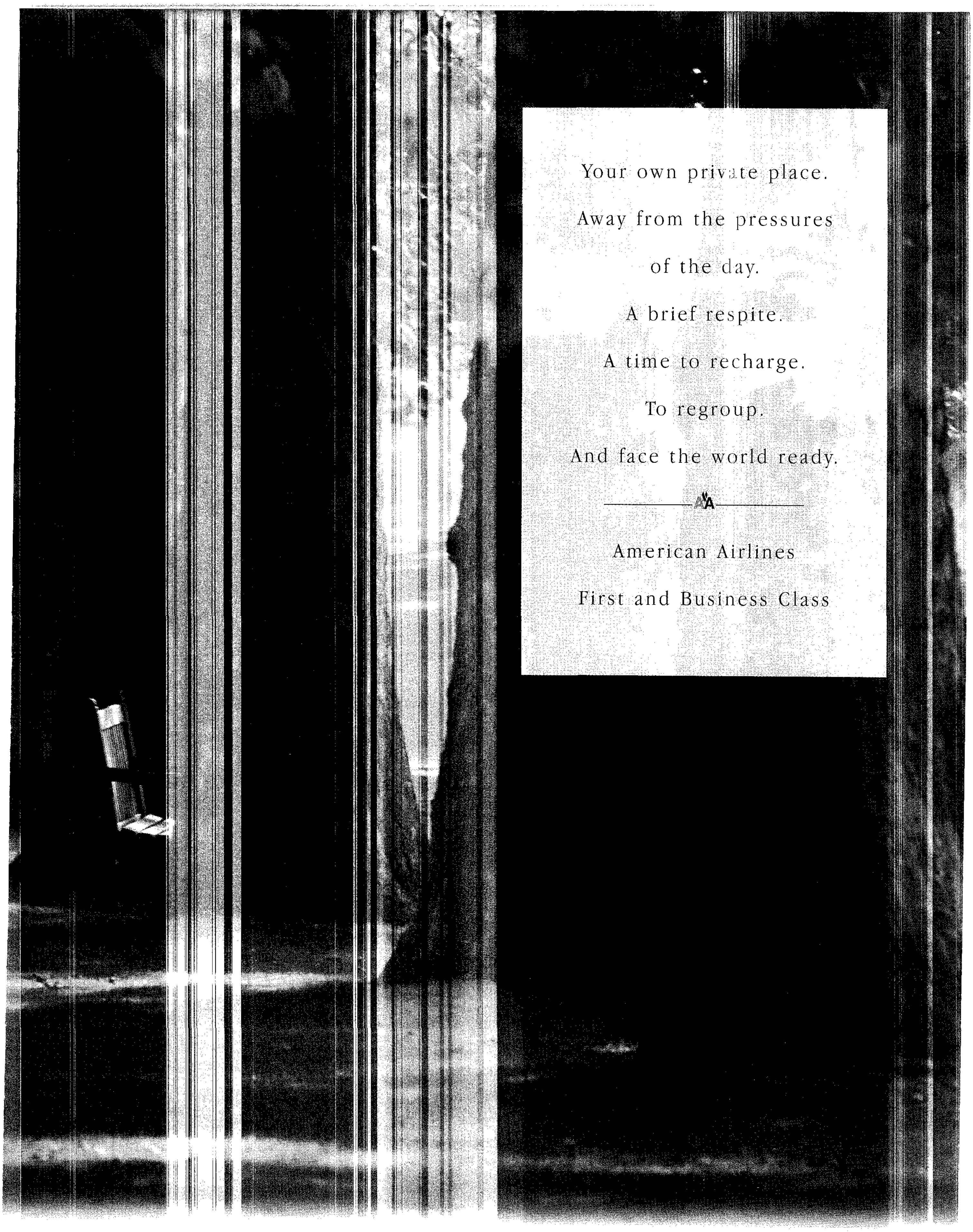
What the Butler Saw—Jean Cocteau Repertory presents Joe Orton's 1969 farce, directed by Scott Shattuck. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **COWGIRLS:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . ***SUNSET BOULEVARD:*** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

"Trisha Brown at 25"—Brown celebrates her company's twenty-fifth anniversary with a mini-retrospective that includes an appearance by her most illustrious alumnus, Stephen Petronio, in "Set and Reset" (1983), and a



revival of her gorgeously slippery “Opal Loop” (1980). In addition, she takes to the stage herself, with two cavaliers to die for: Mikhail Baryshnikov, in the slithery mirror-image duet “You Can See Us,” and Steve Paxton, in two contact improvisations under the title “Long Dream.” She tops off the festivities with a première embodying her recent interest in complex musical structures and her long-standing love of puns: “Twelve Ton Rose” is set not, as one might expect, to the wail of a voluptuous country diva but to the twelve-tone rows of Anton Webern, and it employs dance equivalents of some of his compositional devices (inversion, retroversion). Brown's affinity for the Austrian serialist goes deep; “The range and volumetric suggestions in that music,” she says, “are dead ringers for the way I select gesture.” (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Oct. 1 at 7, Oct. 2-5 at 8, and Oct. 6 at 3.)

"Riverdance"—The Irish bring in their own noise and funk for a twenty-three-performance encore. During their original visit, last St. Patrick's Day weekend, the ensemble made a case for percussive dance as a sort of high-impact Esperanto: over the course of two hours, the thirty Irish dancers traded beats with a trio of tappers, a flamenco soloist, and a folk-dance company from Moscow. Still, the program's meat and potatoes are unmistakably Irish: fiddle music and Uilleann pipes, jig kicks and polished clogs, and line after thunderous line of (mostly) redheads. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Previews on Oct. 2 at 2 and 8. Opens Oct. 3 at 7:30. Through Oct. 20.)

Peter Pucci Plus Dancers—The Pilobolus veteran Peter Pucci blends the antic (“Down in Front,” a table-turning look at audience behavior, and “Size Nine Spirit,” an homage to big-band swing dancing) and the numinous (“Each and All,” based on antique Athenian rhythms, and “Trio for the End of Time,” which describes a mystical journey). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 1-4 at 8, Oct. 5 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 6 at 2 and 7:30.)

"Twin Project"—As part of Danspace Project's Global Exchange program, the Danish choreographer Tim Feldman juxtaposes dancers from several lands (Sara Gebran, from Venezuela; Osmany Tellez, from Cuba; Nikki Castro, from New York), in an evening-length work exploring consanguinity. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 3-6 at 8:30.)

Ballet Ullate—Victor Ullate, a former principal dancer for Maurice Béjart, presents two programs of Iberian-tinged classical dance, including his own “Arrayan Daraxa,” “El Amor Brujo,” and “Jaleos,” and Nils Christie's “Before Night Fall.” (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 1 at 7:30, Oct. 2-4 at 8, Oct. 5 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 6 at 2 and 7.)

"Apollon, la Nuit, et Comus"—The New York Baroque Dance Company, under the tutelage of choreographer and dance historian Catherine Turocy, joins the period-instrument orchestra Concert Royal in restaging an eighteenth-century entertainment created by the composer Nicolas Bernier for the Duchesse de Maine, who assuaged her insomnia with nightlong parties. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 3-4 at 8.)

"New Stuff"—Clarinda Mac Low curates an evening of premières: “NēgramahnkOwn,” by Torrin Cummings, “Fruit Bearing Branch,” by Eliza Schwarz, “Tape Solos,” by Jonathan Kinzel, and “Gazing Tongues,” by Susana Galilea. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Oct. 4-6 at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

German Jazz—A handful of Germany's best jazz musicians—Jura Margulis (piano), Koh Gabriel Kameda (violin), and Wolfgang Dauner (piano)—mix it up with saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Neil Diamond—Born in Coney Island, he sang in his high-school choir with Barbra Streisand, apprenticed in a Tin Pan Alley song mill (in a Brill Building cubicle next to the future Broadway hit makers Bock and Harnick), and started out performing in Greenwich Village clubs. He acquired a devoted manager, cut his first record at the age of twenty-five, and the rest is history. This month, Diamond is releasing a three-CD set packed with hits, from his first, “Cherry, Cherry” (1966), to his latest, “Heartlight” (1982). And he's had a lot of them—some hard to remember, others easy to forget. He's got a lot of fans, and there's definitely something winning about a guy getting up onstage with shirt open to his navel and turning on his heartlight. (Continental Airlines Arena, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Oct. 3 at 7.)

TABLES FOR TWO

La Bonne Soupe, 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650)—La Bonne Soupe opened in the seventies and never left them. From its checkered tablecloths and wood-veneer panelling to the brown-and-scarlet rounded typeface of its witch's cauldron logo, the place has retro kitsch down without even trying. Other places updated the bistro basics; this one never packed them away. Quiche Lorraine, croque monsieur, fondue, chocolate mousse, and, naturally, *soupe à l'oignon* are the core of a repertoire not seen in its natural habitat since Chianti-bottle candlesticks were chic. And, as for the menu, those knowing curators of the “Brady Bunch” movies and hip polyester boutiques like X-Girl and Smylonylon could learn something from its prose: the onion soup is “differentiated from other onion soups only by its excellence. Should be sniffed like fine brandy before eating,” one is advised.

Were its dishes not more tasteful than its copy, this dimly lit place, air-conditioned like a meat locker all summer but now cozy as toast, would not have survived to tell us how it was in that over-emulated decade. But this is comfort food with heart, ranging from the aforementioned onion soup (good, though probably not the one “that made Les Halles famous,” as the menu claims) to such really-hits-the-spot items as a salty, garlic-addled *brandade*, a vegetable soup called Crème Andalouse (“invoking thoughts of the richness of Andalucia”), and, recently, a broiled tuna resting on pesto-slicked eggplant (one of the reliable daily specials). At the end of the meal, you can cement the memories with a huge slice of homemade lemon pie. That'll fill out your flares. (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Entrées $8-$18.)

Dave Matthews Band / Soul Coughing—Even before their multiplatinum début, this Charlottesville quintet—imagine Peter Gabriel crossed with Hootie and the Blowfish—had become the pride of our nation's undergraduates. Now, as the band's latest release, “Crash,” dodges the sophomore jinx, the kids don't seem to mind that their humble heroes have become full-fledged rock stars. They still pack every show, sing along with every song, and purchase Dave screen savers for their laptops. And, like the band they worship, they still ignore everything the Alternative Nation says is cool. / With the metaphysically funky Soul Coughing (see page 22). (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 3-4 at 7:30.)

Djivan Gasparyan—An evening of Armenian music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 4 at 8.)

Kartik Seshadri—Playing the sitar music of North India. (Symphony Space. Oct. 5 at 8.)

"Jazz Beats Breast Cancer!"—A benefit featuring the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Kenny Barron, Jon Faddis, James Carter, and other jazz heavyweights. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Oct. 8 at 7:30.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. Oct. 4: **VELVET CRUSH.**

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dedicated to the music of the Windy City.

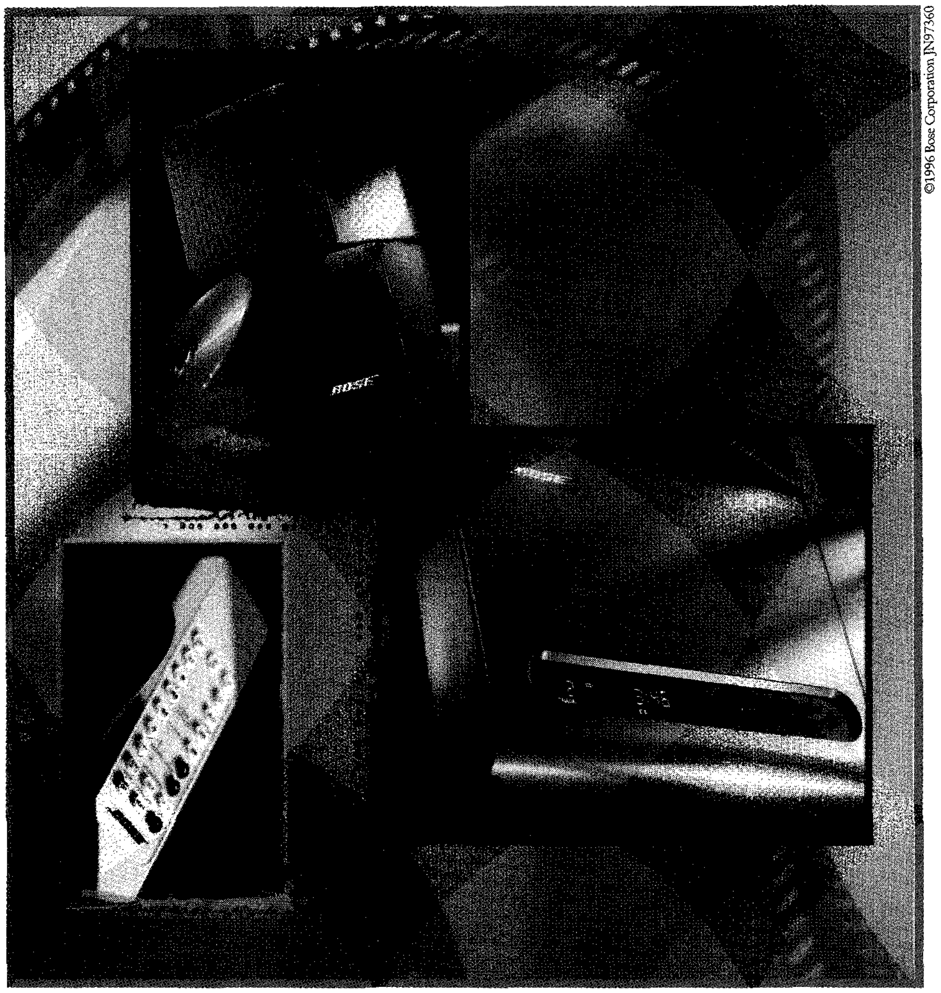
The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel dungeon deep in the heart of the meat district.

Downtime, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. **EL VEZ,** “the Mexican Elvis,” is your host on Oct. 7. Señor Vez is far more than your run-of-the-mill Elvis impersonator: he claims to be the illegitimate man-child of the King and Charo. He sings in Spanish and wears a layered outfit that he slowly unpeels and tosses into the audience. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

The Greatest Bar on Earth, 1 World Trade Center (524-7000)—Hyperbole, perhaps, but it's certainly the highest. And Thursdays through Saturdays you'll find live music, dancing, and dining, a hundred and seven stories above the city.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Oct. 3: **TRACY BONHAM.** The alternative Alanis? More like the anti-Alanis. Bostonian Bonham writes her own songs, owes nothing to any record-company marketing team, and on her début, “The Burdens of Being Upright,” displays a broad emotional palette. She's pretty funny, too—she cast her own mom as an oblivious see-no-turmoil, hear-no-turmoil housewife in the



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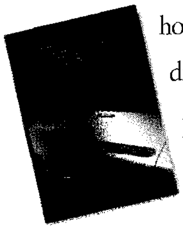

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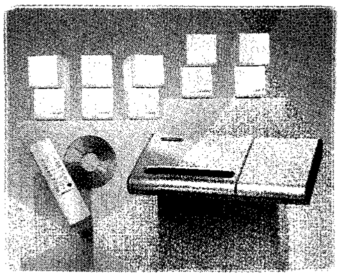

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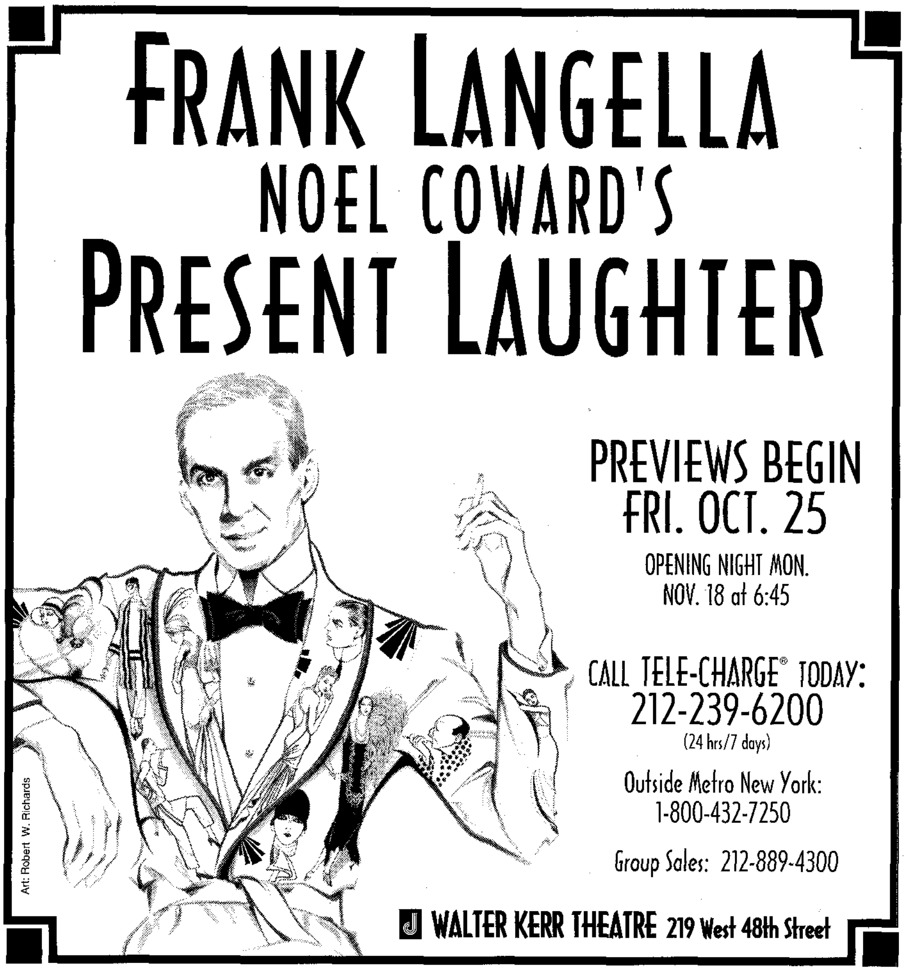
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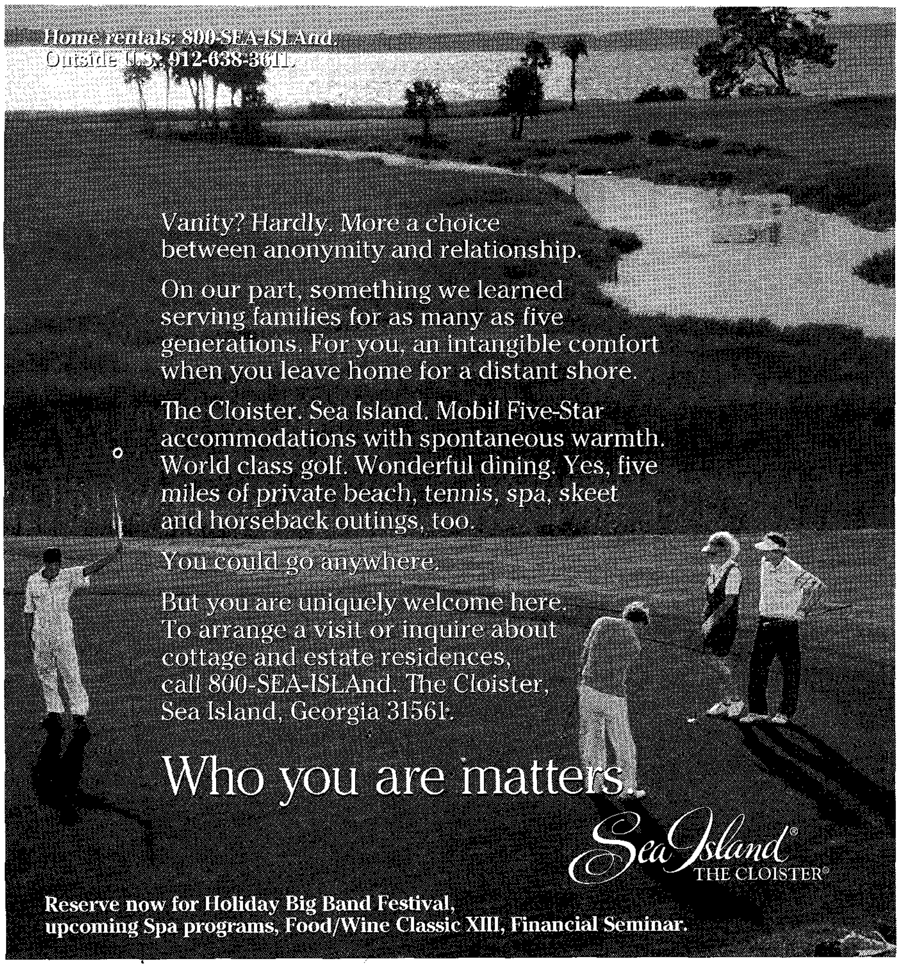
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hit video for "Mother Mother." In concert, this classically trained violinist breaks out her bow and tears through a mean cover of PJ Harvey's "50 Foot Queenie." Oct. 5: R.E.M.-style rock with the **CONNELLS**. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Pompadoured rockabilly dude **ROBERT GORDON** hits the stage on Oct. 2.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Oct. 2: **MIRACLE LEGION**. Despite years of on-the-brink status, this cultish folk-rock duo has never really arrived; still, it presses on. Only a miracle will give them the audience they deserve, but as their current disk, "Portrait of a Damaged Family," attests, they still know how to craft tremendous songs. Oct. 5: Faux jazz with **JOHN LURIE AND THE LOUNGE LIZARDS**. Oct. 7: **MARSHALL CRENSHAW**. On "Miracle of Science," his first new studio album in five years, the onetime golden boy of power pop finally manages to balance his songwriter and cover-artist hats and demonstrates a heretofore under-represented (on record, anyway) informality and friskiness. To wit: an original instrumental, "Theme from 'Flaregun,'" that's worthy of the Shadows, and a great version of "Twenty-five Forty-one," an old Hüsker Dü song. Opening for him is **AMY RIGBY**, a former postmodern girl grouper (the Shams) and cowpunk (the East Village hillbilly band the Last Roundup) who's just released a solo album called "Diary of a Mod Housewife." Oct. 8: **EL VEZ** heads south from Fez.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—Irish rockers **BLACK 47** own the club every Saturday.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Dining.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Oct. 3: Summer-of-Love rock with **MOE**.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Oct. 2: **WILLY DE VILLE**. This streetwise singer-songwriter has always sounded like a hood from an old Shangri-Las song—good/bad, but not evil. He was an anomaly twenty years ago when he strutted into the punk lion's den of CBGB and débuted his greasy mix of old-school R. & B. and swamp rock. Two decades later, he's still strutting and still an anomaly. His latest album, "Loup Garou," has everything from Uilleann pipes to castanets; it's an intense and daring collection, and it just may be the best work he's ever done.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Oct. 6: The first annual **GAY AND LESBIAN MUSIC AWARDS,** featuring postmodern-folk stars **FERRON** and **CATIE CURTIS**. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

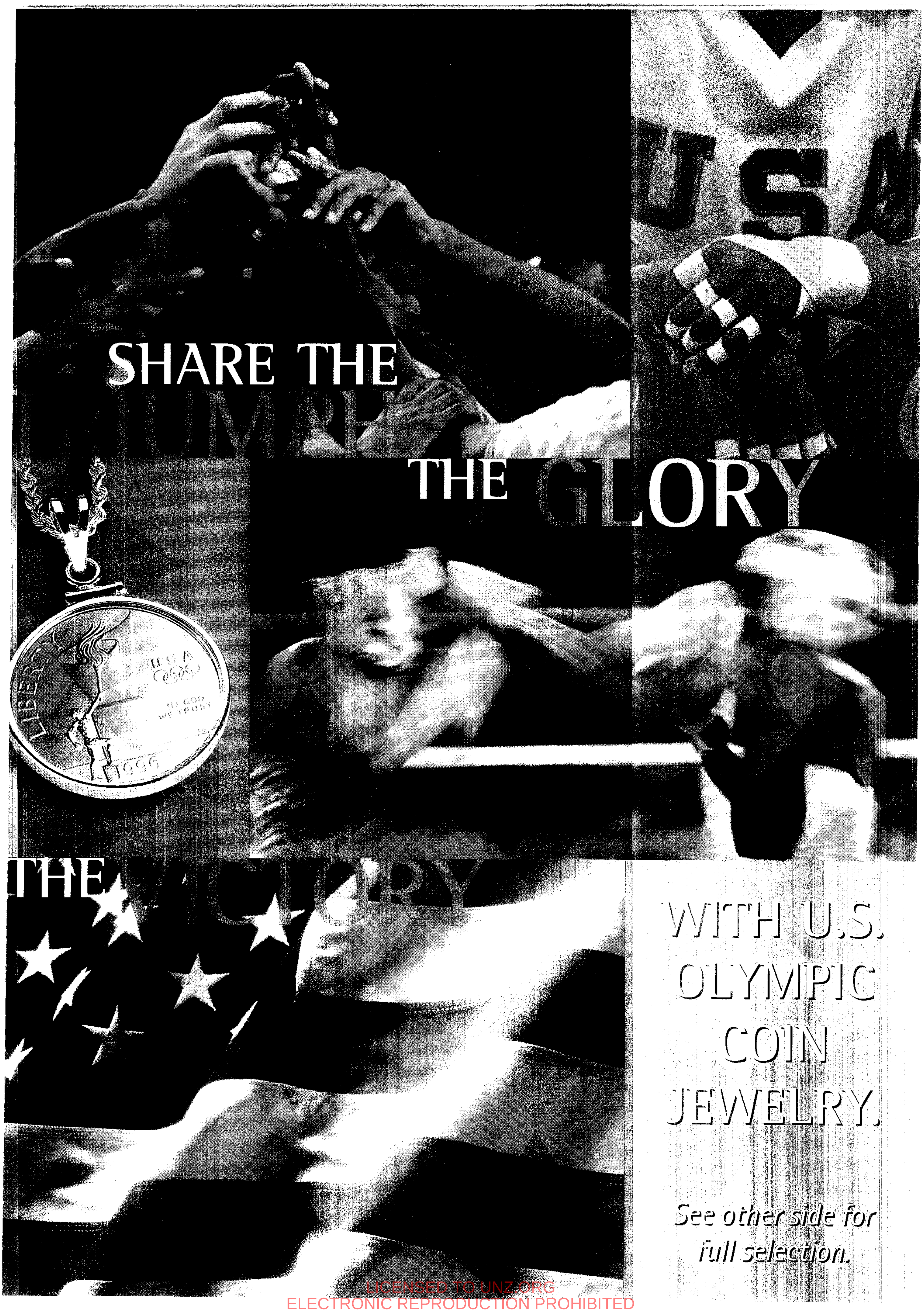
WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Oct. 6: Guitar slinger **JUNIOR BROWN**.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist Paula West is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through Oct. 6: simply put, **RAY BROWN** is the world's greatest jazz bassist. His tone is as thick as molasses, his timing as natural as the rhythm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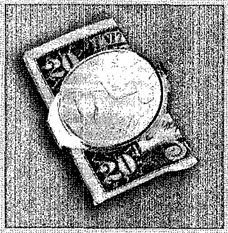

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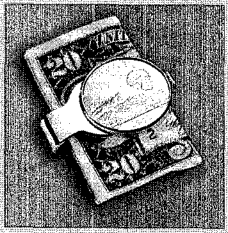

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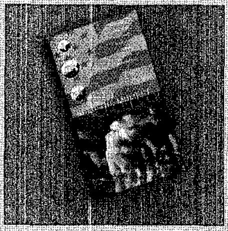

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of waves; the swing of his lines could move mountains. His melody-obsessed solos are a joy, overflowing with sturdy blues phrases and tuneful passages. He's the man to beat—and no one has come close yet. The **STEPHANE GRAPPELLI** trio takes over on Oct. 7. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, 2 E. 61st St. (940-8185)—Vocalist-pianist **KATHLEEN LANDIS** performs the music of Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz Band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through mid-October, the great **BARBARA COOK**. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in attendance.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Vocalist **ABBEY LINCOLN** begins a weeklong run on Oct. 8. Now and for the foreseeable future, Mondays belong to **LES PAUL**. We admire him for his Edison-like ingenuity (he perfected everything from the solid-body electric guitar to multitrack recording), but we listen to him for the eccentric beauty of his guitar playing, an amalgam of blues, jazz, country, pop, musical in-jokes, electronic tricks, and anything else this mad scientist/vaudevillian can coax out of strings and tubes. A pure product of grassroots show biz, he's a national treasure. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Oct. 2-5: piano and bass with **LEE MUSIKER** and **JAY LEONHART**. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 8: Three of the heartiest and most consistently engaging new-jazz personalities—**MARTY EHRLICH, TIM BERNE,** and **BOBBY PREVITE**—spotlight material from their recent releases, re-creating the glory days of the downtown scene, when these guys were raising the temperature inside the cramped old Knitting Factory.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his shimmering melodicism and chordal grace.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. To hear **JOE WILLIAMS** (through late October) in an intimate venue is to experience jazz transcendence: he can moan the blues like Big Joe Turner's half brother or inhabit a sophisticated ballad as if coached by Cole Porter himself. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Dining.

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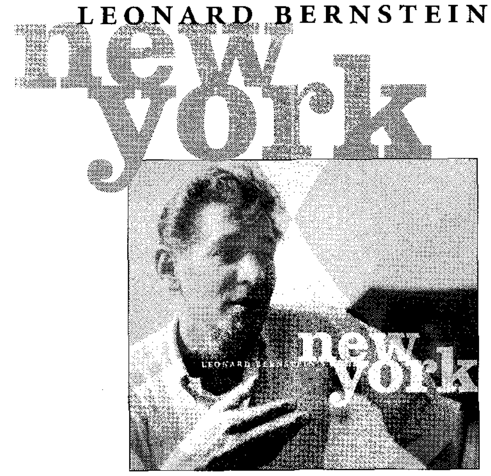

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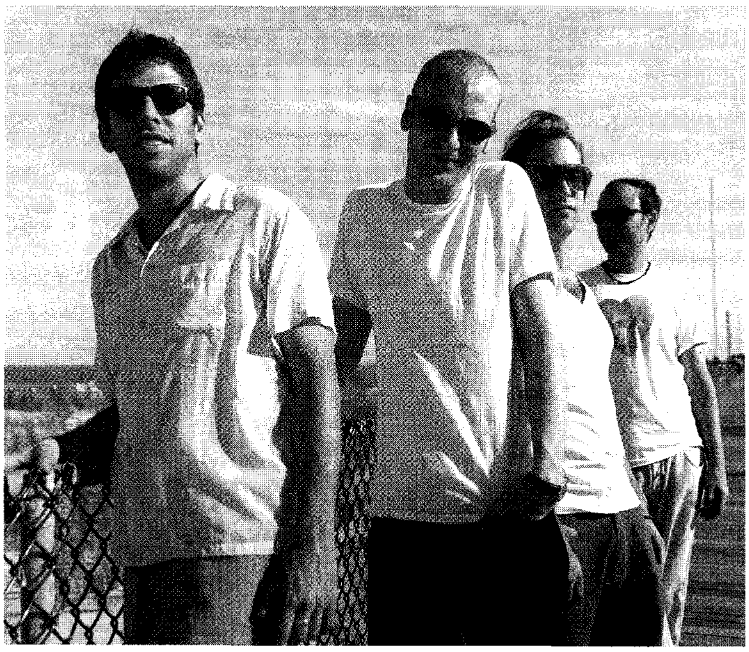


SOUL COUGHING, *at Madison Square Garden.*

KWAKU ALSTON

Sugar-Free Jazz—"I'm very definitely not in Brooklyn anymore," M. Doughty said the other day. The lanky singer and guitarist for Soul Coughing was calling from Savona, Italy, where his band was "stopping while the bus driver gets a little sleep." Soul Coughing could probably use some rest, too. Since the release of "Irresistible Bliss," its truth-in-advertising second album, four months ago, the New York-based outfit has been on the road non-stop. "I'm pretty fried," Doughty admitted. Though European audiences still have a little trouble wrapping *their minds around the band's jaggedly ironic* grad-school hip-hop—"They're a little polite"—the musicians in Soul Coughing have grown, judging by their recent American shows, into the sort of blissfully irresistible pros who can make even the most restrained wallflowers dance like fools. On October 3, the band will realize a New York act's lifelong dream: a gig at Madison Square Garden (see Concerts). For Doughty, it will be a classic homecoming—save for one minor detail. "I don't really live in New York anymore," he says. "I don't even have an apartment. We have a month off after Christmas, and I have no idea where I'm going."

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room, which resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishement.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, smells, and feels like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Oct. 6: the **javon jackson** quartet. In a scene overflowing with bright young tenor saxophonists, even an exceptional player like Jackson has to do something special to grab the spotlight. On his new—and mostly fascinating—"Look Within," he ditches the conventional horn-and-rhythm-section setup and goes outré. Collaborating with Craig Street, the jazz producer of the minute, he experiments with acoustic guitar and organ, brings in vocalist Cassandra Wilson, and tackles the music of Frank Zappa, Muddy Waters, and Serge Gainsbourg. He may not be able to replicate all these sonic high jinks live, but guitarist Fareed Haque is on hand to help spice things up. Starting Oct. 8: the **ray drummond** quintet. The **vanguard jazz orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Trumpeter, composer, and bandleader **jack walrath** (Oct. 2-5) studied at the feet of Charles Mingus, and he picked up his mentor's flare for highly crafted composition, spirited free blowing, and off-kilter humor.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through Oct. 5: piano and bass with **mulgrew miller** and **john pattituci.** Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fine selection of Islamic textiles, including a Turkish embroidered hanging, a Kashmiri sash, and an ikat robe from Bukhara, Uzbekistan. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Two by Two," in the Costume Institute, presents fifty fashion ensembles in male and female pairs, from the early eighteenth century to 1970. Through Nov. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Multimedia conceptual work by the Dutch artist Pieter Laurens Mol. Through Nov. 2. (He also has a show at Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St., through Nov. 9.) (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." Through Oct. 9. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Breuer's Whitney," a show of drawings, photographs, models, and other objects chosen to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Marcel Breuer's gray granite upside-down ziggurat. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "NYNY: City of Ambition." An anthology of twentieth-century images of New York drawn mostly from the permanent collection, presented in an installation as bold, entertaining, and aggressive as the city itself. Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Photography in Latin America: A Spiritual Journey," a selection of more than a hundred pictures from the museum's collection. Among the forty-two artists represented (most of whom are women) are Manuel and Lola Alvarez Bravo, Graciela Iturbide, Bastienne Schmidt, and Javier Silva Meinel. Through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—New Yorkers will always be grateful to the city's grand patron, J. P. Morgan, who in just a few years bought up a collection of prints and drawings equal to those of the finest European cabinets (which had taken centuries to accumulate). The heart of the Morgan collection is its superb stock of Rembrandts, the greatest of which are now on view in "A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher." Every impression here is exquisite, from the splendid copy of "The Hundred Guilder Print" to a lovable, postage-stamp-size self-portrait as a goggle-eyed, openmouthed youth. A series of etchings illustrating scenes from the life of Jesus is the visual equivalent of epic poetry; of these, the gorgeously printed "Adoration of the Shepherds: A Night Piece" is especially fine, its figures just visible in a rich, velvety midnight gloom. . . . ¶ "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings," a selection of seventy-five Baroque works which includes, among other odds and ends, a strange pair of copies of Mogul miniatures by Rembrandt and some brilliantly colored genre scenes by Adriaen van Ostade. There is also a fascinating drawing of Lot defending the angels from the Sodomites, by a modestly talented student of Rembrandt's, with corrections in the Master's hand plainly visible. Both shows continue through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman" tells the political story in pamphlets, song sheets, newspapers, engravings, and letters from the campaigns. Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

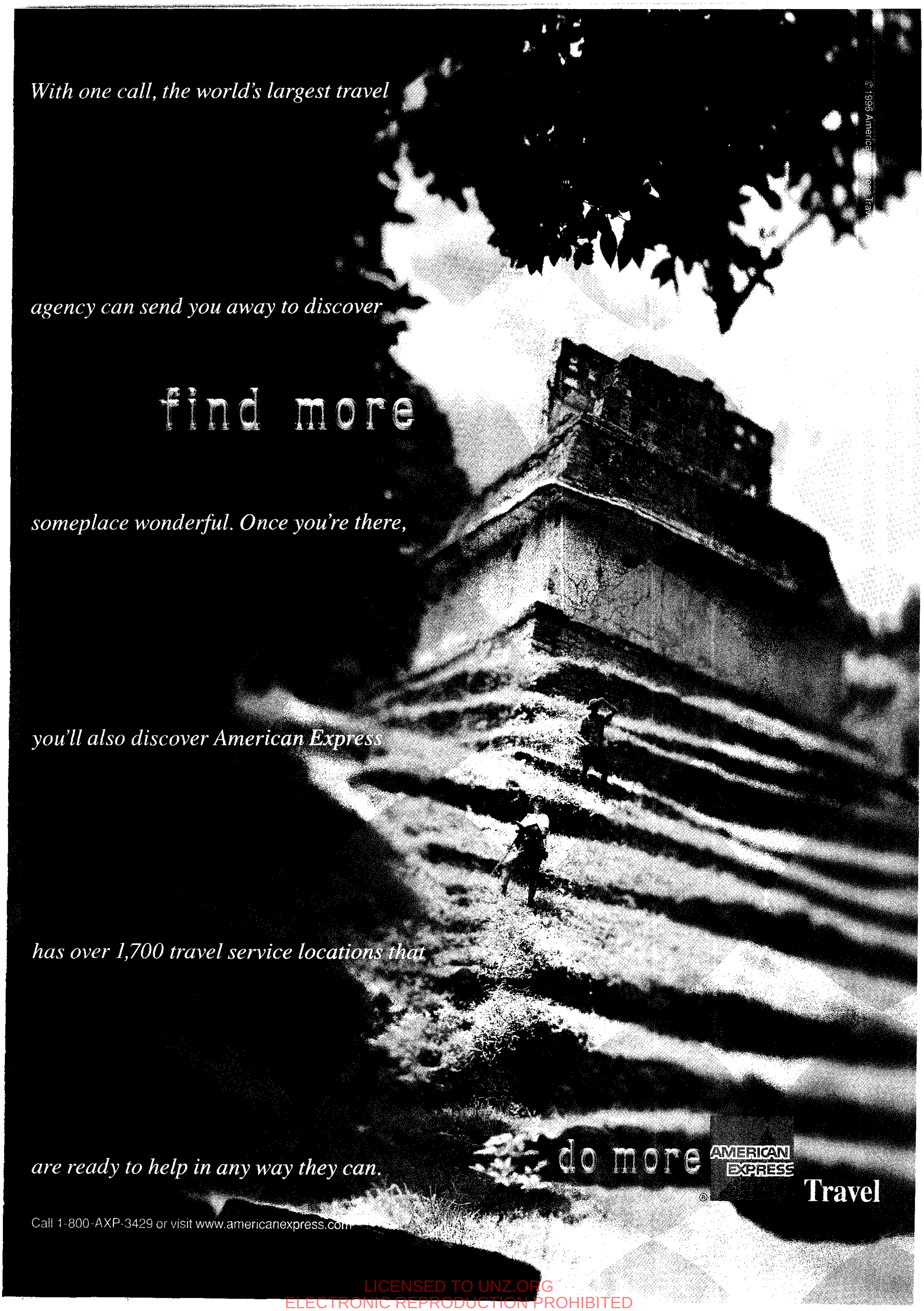
Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Paintings, works on paper, photographs, and prints of particularly American subjects—or, more precisely, American shapes and colors—in the artist's distinctive abstract style. Through Nov. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Leonardo Drew—Hellish visions in massive assemblages of distressed objects encrusted with rust: industrial plastic film, matted feathers, glass, wood, nuts and bolts. When the occasional fleck of color intrudes—a single peacock feather, a swatch of carpet—it blazes through like an acetylene torch. There's a great deal of refinement here, but perhaps not much more. Through Oct. 19. (Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alan Kleiman—Canvases two to five feet in either dimension, each layered in dozens of brilliant pigments (prominent among them magenta, puce, cobalt blue, and ochre) and then rigorously etched into, in an all-over pattern, before the paint dries: resplendent and richly textured, but also difficult, challenging, and alarmingly empty. You'll have to decide for yourself whether they reward the concentration they demand. Through Oct. 12. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—The master of random juxtapositions has turned his hand to vegetable-dye transfers: huge, eye-catching jumbles of photographed people and places. They're enigmatic and stunningly handsome, but they leave you hungry for a little content. Through Oct. 19. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

Margarett Sargent (1892-1978)—The modernist painter's first show in New York since 1931 comprises forty-four canvases and works on paper executed between 1920 and 1936, when she stopped painting. There's a noisy,



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aggressive beauty here—in the many apprehensive, but not sad, women's faces (up close, the brushwork makes their skin look sculptural) and in blues so electric that they seem to obliterate everything outside the frame. There are also some men: a *sultry one sitting in a corner in a* very yellow chair; four bellhops with vermillion hats against a turquoise background. Through Oct. 5. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Sullivan—A promising first solo show by a young painter of geometric canvases with an expressionistic edge. Overlapping planes, alternating between brilliant primary colors and flat beiges and grays, vibrate in a hot, contemporary version of Mondrian's boogie-woogie. The artist has obviously looked long and hard at Hans Hofmann, too. There's nothing terribly original here, but he knows what he's doing. Through Oct. 12. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St.)

Andy Warhol (1928-87)—Two exhibitions of the 1984 series "The Rorschach Paintings." Both shows through Oct. 19. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., and 136 Wooster St.)

Group Show—A well-chosen conspectus of the color-field school (the cerebral, highly formalistic early-sixties alternative to Pop), mounted in collaboration with Sotheby's. Jules Olitski's large, barely inflected canvases of neutral color engulf the viewer in a warm, cosmic bath. Two fine paintings by Morris Louis are sinuous, symmetrical, witty little worlds. The show also includes works by, among others, Sam Francis, Helen Frankenthaler, and Larry Poons, as well as a superb Hans Hofmann and an almost arrogantly elegant sculpture by Anthony Caro. Through Oct. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

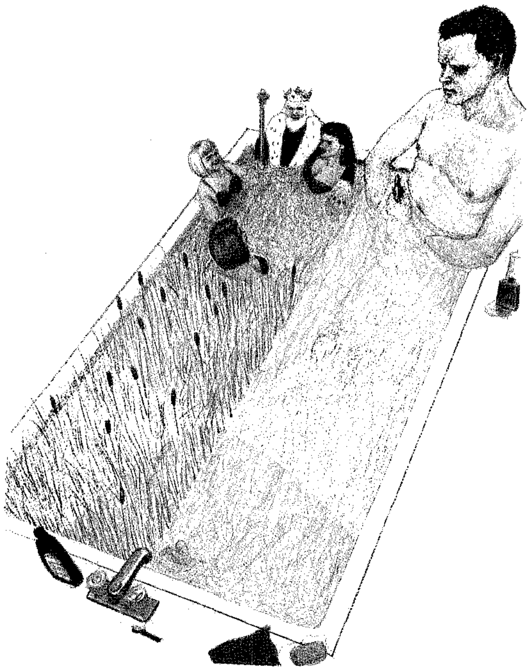
Short List—**ANN AGEE,** Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. Through Nov. 2. . . . **JOHN ALEXANDER,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 19. . . . **JAN ARONSON,** Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **LORENZO CARDI,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 12. . . . **PIERRE CLERK** and **DONALD ALBERTI,** View, 250 E. 51st St. Both shows through Oct. 9. . . . **ANDREW EHRENWORTH,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **GEROME KAMROWSKI,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **YAYOI KUSAMA,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **MARKUS LÜPERTZ,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 26. . . . **GABRIEL OROZCO,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 12. . . . **PETER SAUL** and **ANDREW LENAGHAN,** Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Both shows through Oct. 31. . . . **DAVID SMITH,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **FRANCESCA SUTIL** and **JOHN VAN ALSTINE,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; both shows through Oct. 12. . . . **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through Oct. 26.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Jackie Ferrara—A handsomely designed wooden hut invites the visitor into a narrow corridor, at the far end of which are two concealed seats, side by side. Ferrara's intentions are opaque, but she's a good carpenter, anyway. In the rear gallery are an interesting array of drawings for other constructions and two models impeccably crafted in mahogany and birch. Through Oct. 12. (Klein, 40 Wooster St.)

Julia Jacquette—Finely detailed wood panels, done in sign painters' enamel, depicting flowers, women's hands, a plate of cold cuts, and dishes of ice cream, combined with texts on conflict and desire. Through Nov. 2. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Martin Kersels—Photographs, a video, a film loop, and a motorized audio sculpture, by an inspired Los Angeles oddball. In previous videos and photographs, Kersels has exploited his mass (he's six-seven and weighs more than three hundred pounds) for both comic and poignant effects, tripping himself in the street or falling lifelessly to the ground. In his first New York solo show, he has engaged other people as well. For the photo series "Tossing a Friend," he asked six friends to allow him to do just that—the pictures typically show them in midair. A weird yet delightful exhibition. Through Oct. 19. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)



Self-portrait by Jim Shaw (Metro Pictures).

Paul McCarthy—"Yaa-Hoo," an ambitious, noisy, hyperkinetic mise-en-scène installation in which a wooden bunkhouse shifts position on mechanized tracks; life-size plastic automatons, often amalgams of human and animal body parts, engage in a hilarious variety of sexually explicit acts; and a sorry-looking male-female figure beats feebly on a tomtom. Through Oct. 12. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Alix Pearlstein / Josefa Mulaire—In a creepy plastic interior, installed on a patch of carpet, a video shows a cast of contemporary icons, from the Energizer Bunny to a *Playboy* bimbo, hopping around with brisk inanity. The walls are hung with small, neat collages of the scenes depicted in the video—direct descendants of Richard Hamilton's early Pop interiors. It's all very jolly, and competently put together. / Self-mutilation—the artist slices childlike drawings into her flesh with a razor—photographed and presented with wearisome pretentiousness. Both shows through Oct. 12. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Jim Shaw—Virtuosity fuses with nihilism to produce a dazzling display of work that echoes every school of contemporary art, in every medium: a giant plaster head of a post-Pop Jesus, studded with gruesome little images of martyred saints; Surrealist paintings in the style (though without the polish) of Dali; pseudo-gothic etchings expertly mimicking Edward Gorey; and a great deal more. Vacuous cartoon characters and male genitals—motifs of the moment in SoHo—pop up everywhere. Some visitors may carp at the gimmickiness, and Shaw isn't the first artist to make gimmickiness his gimmick, but a prodigious talent and a deft hand are behind it all. Through Oct. 19. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

"The Shape of Sound"—Performances and installations by sound and video artists, including Justen Ladda, Jaron Lanier, Ursula von Rydingsvard, DJ Spooky, and Brian Eno. Through Oct. 19. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway. Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**POLLY APPELBAUM,** Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **VICTOR ESTRADA,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **LEE GARRETT,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **PETER HRISTOFF,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **KIRSTIN JONES AND ANDREW GINZEL,** Tz'art, 28 Wooster St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **ROY LICHTENSTEIN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Oct. 26. . . . **JOHN MILLEI,** Ace, 275 Hudson St. Opens at 1; through Oct. 31. . . . **PIETER LAURENS MOL,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **CAROL ROSS,** A.I.R., 40 Wooster St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **FRED SANDBACK,** Markey, 55 Vandam St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **SAL SCARPITTA,** Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon; through Oct. 12. . . . **JOEL SHAPIRO,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. Through Nov. 2. . . . **RICHARD TUTTLE,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **LUC TUYMANS,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **H. C. WESTERMANN,** Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **HANNAH WILKE,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through Oct. 19.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—Photography comes to the fore this week, all around town. Among the four hundred and fifty lots here are a previously unknown daguerreotype of Frederick Douglass, probably dating from 1852; two rare images of New York City in the mid-nineteenth century; and images from the leading lights of the twentieth century. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Oct. 2.)

Christie's—Oct. 3: Photography by Man Ray, Robert Frank, and Paul Outerbridge, Jr., among many other early and modern masters. . . . ¶ Oct. 4-5: A three-session sale of fine and collectible wines, offered in conjunction with Zachys. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

Doyle's—English and Continental furniture, paintings, and decorative arts. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. Oct. 2 at 10.)

Metropolitan Antiques—A twentieth-century design show. (110 W. 19th St. 463-0200. Oct. 3-6.)

Performing Arts Bazaar—The annual cleaning of the Lincoln Center library's attic. (New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. 870-1670. Oct. 6, from 10:30 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

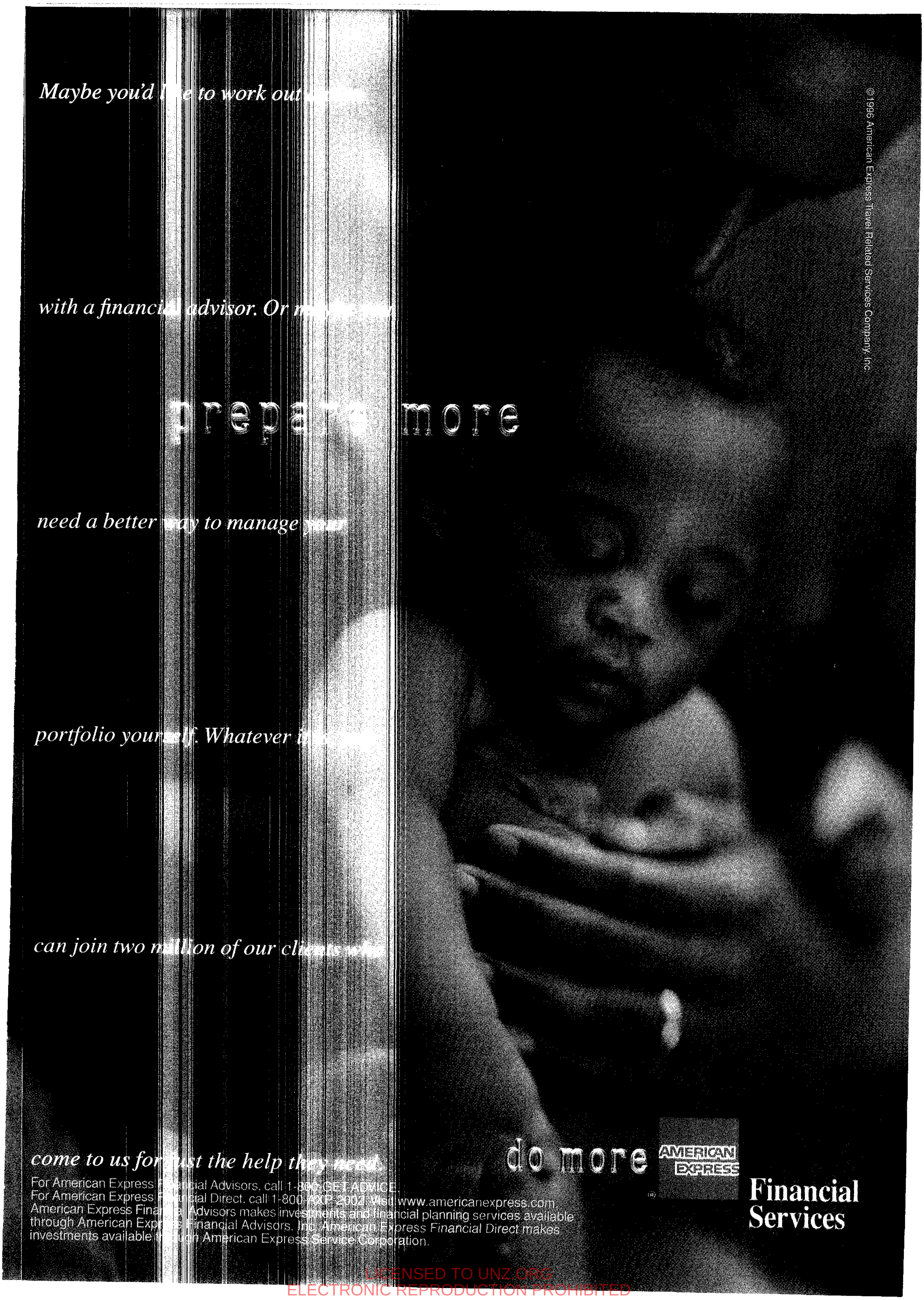
Robert Capa (1913-54)—In "The Spanish Civil War, 1936-1939," the Hungarian photojournalist can be seen fighting Franco with photographs. The show's centerpiece—Capa's signature photograph of a bullet exiting the head of a Loyalist soldier—has, unfortunately, lost some potency in a world comfortable with images of violence. But when Capa gets close to his subjects their faces tell the whole story of the war: an impassioned Loyalist civilian, a peasant couple clutching a child and a lamb, civilians during an air raid looking up at dangers that lie beyond the frame. Through Oct. 18. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

Philip-Lorca diCorcia / Harry Callahan—In contrast with diCorcia's earlier psychological tableaux, which were rigorously controlled, the large color photographs in his recent series "Street Work" are only partly staged, and as a result they come closer to verisimilitude. / Fourteen small vintage prints of inky black telephone wires, some in droves, some lonely and attenuated, set against alabaster grounds. Graphic perfection. Both shows through Oct. 19. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Patrick Faigenbaum—Melancholy, sometimes humdrum portraits of commuters and layabouts on the streets of Prague, in extremely well articulated shades of gray. Through Oct. 5. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jerry Schatzberg—Glamorously gritty, evocative portraits—Catherine Deneuve, Anthony Quinn, Geoffrey Holder—along with similarly strong New York City scenes, by a well-known film director ("Puzzle of a Downfall Child," "Scarecrow," "Honeysuckle Rose"). Through Oct. 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Frederic Weber / Alvin Booth—Closeups of heads—faces with closed or haunted eyes, X-rays of skulls—seen through richly layered veils of



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yellow, saffron, and copper red. The simpler, least busy works establish the strongest moods. / Three grids of nine severe, nearly abrasive photographs of male and female nude models, variously painted in gold, wound with rope, or coated in latex. Both shows through Oct. 12. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

"Blind Spot: The First Four Years"—More than a hundred works that have appeared in the biannual journal, by such artists as Uta Barth, Alberto Caputo, Lynn Davis, Stan Douglas, Vik Muniz, James Welling, and Masao Yamamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Baldacci, 521 W. 23rd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

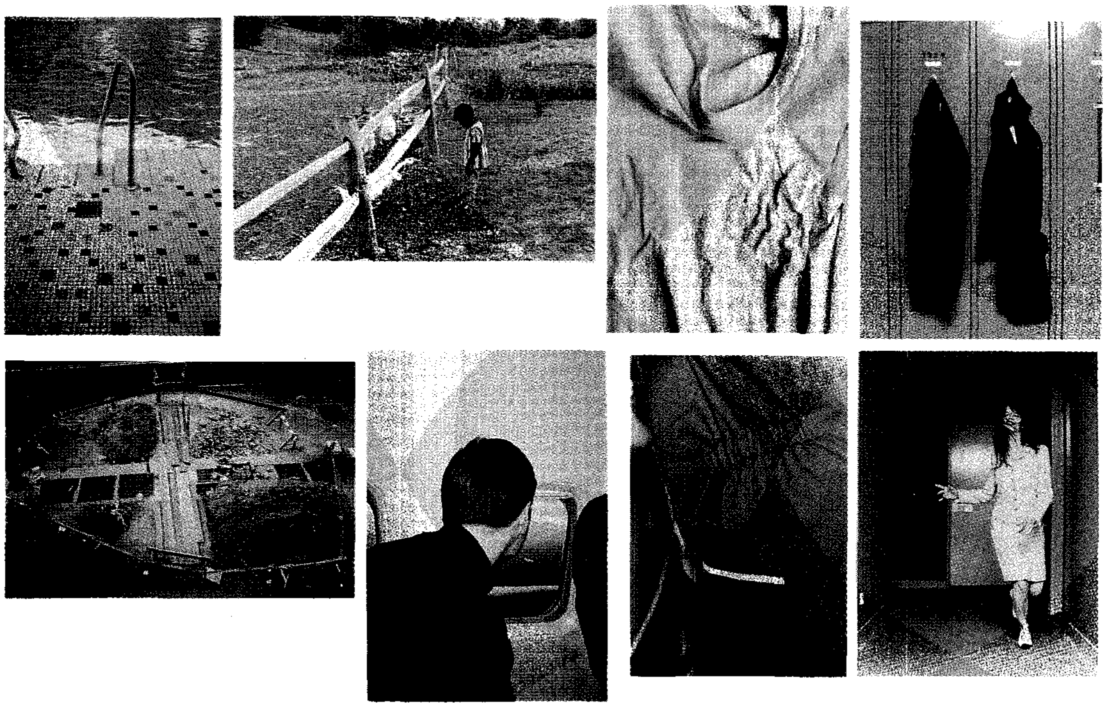
"Henri Cartier-Bresson in America 1935-1975"—The front room is devoted to crisp, intricately composed pictures of New York which make a city dweller want to borrow Cartier-Bresson's eyes for a while. Much of the remainder of the show dates from 1946-47, when the photographer travelled widely here. He chose many of the same subjects (crosses, cars, shop windows, black people, young couples) that Robert Frank did a decade later for "The Americans"; but, while Frank's America feels lonely and Beat, Cartier-Bresson's is everywhere imprinted with wry joy. There are also celebrity portraits: Edmund Wilson with his son, Faulkner with his dogs, Stravinsky with his cat, Truman Capote all by himself. Through Nov. 2. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

"The Nature of Light"—An electron micrograph of a tastebud, by Agnes Denes, a shining four-hour exposure of the moon setting over Stonehenge, by Rich Scarpitta, and a five-panel lenticular photograph of undulating green and red silks, by Amy Fisch and Terry Maxedon, are among the highlights of this small, worthwhile group of prints made using unconventional techniques. Emily Hartzell's blurred, milky gray "Skyline with Water Tower," composed of nine prints taped to the wall, would make Gerhard Richter proud. Through Oct. 19. (Goldstein, 39 Wooster St.)

Return of the Giant Snapshots—The sixties and seventies saw a rash of photographers—Garry Winogrand, Joel Meyerowitz, William Eggleston, and others—whose work mimicked the formlessness and artlessness of the home snapshot. Since then, the imitation-snapshot aesthetic has altered the photographic landscape and seeped into the popular culture of magazines, videos, and independent films. Now it seems to be pulling itself back up, in mutated form, onto gallery walls. At Kaplan (48 Greene St.; through Oct. 5), **Jeff Burton** shows eight rather ho-hum saturated color prints of L.A. pools and the nude bathers using them. What tension he does achieve results from his placing the focus on the spaces between the figures, where chairs, shoes, and pool paraphernalia get their moment in the spotlight. A gaggle of small prints and three oversized ones, all taped to the wall, make up the **Wolfgang Tillmans** show, at Rosen (130 Prince St.; through Oct. 26). Tillmans's attempt to create a network of imagery—bright snaps of friends, articles of clothing, street and travel scenes—succeeds as a loosely edited personal photo album; but the needed synergy between images isn't always there. A couple of pictures do shine: two Eakins-like boys wading at the shore, and another boy in a pasture gazing at geese through the rails of a fence. Down the hall at Bonakdar (through Oct. 12), **Ricardo de Oliveira** offers two color and half a dozen black-and-white views of suburbia, with the conceit that the spaces pictured—a living room, a master bedroom, a side yard—are unpeopled; the viewer becomes a voyeur at large, free to nose around these usually private sanctums. The uncomfortable exploration of comfort makes Oliveira's snapshots the most provocative of the bunch.

Short List—**Christopher Bucklow,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **Michael Eastman,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through Oct. 19. . . . **Joan Fontcuberta,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **Ralph Gibson,** Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Oct. 16. . . . **Gianfranco Gorgoni,** Castelli, 578 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **Lewis Hine,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **Mary Ellen Mark,** School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Through Nov. 1. . . . **Richard Misrach,** Marcus, 578 Broadway, and Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through Oct. 5 and Nov. 2, respectively. . . . **Marie-Claire Montanari** and **Jeanne Hamilton,** Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Open weekdays, 9 to 5; both shows through Oct. 25. . . . **David Seymour** and **Berenice Abbott,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 3. . . . **Jonathan Wilson,** Camera Club, 853 Broadway, at 14th St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 11.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.)



Images selected by the photographer Wolfgang Tillmans, from his installation at Rosen.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030 and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**La Traviata,** with Victoria Loukianetz, Marcello Giordani, and Carlos Alvarez; conducted by Plácido Domingo. (Oct. 2 and Oct. 5 at 8.) . . . **Andrea Chénier,** with Maria Guleghina, Luciano Pavarotti, and Juan Pons; James Levine. (Oct. 3 and Oct. 7 at 8.). . . **The Bartered Bride,** with Teresa Stratas, David Kuebler, Vladimir Bogachov, and Paul Plishka; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 4 at 8.) . . . **Fedora,** by Umberto Giordano, in the first performance of a new production, with Mirella Freni, Ainhoa Arteta, Plácido Domingo, and Dwayne Croft; Jean-Yves Thibaudet takes a solo turn in a nonsinging, piano-playing role, and Roberto Abbado conducts. (Oct. 5 at 1:30 and Oct. 8 at 7:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—**The Turn of the Screw,** with Lauren Flanigan as the governess. (Oct. 3 at 8.) . . . **Der Rosenkavalier.** (Oct. 4 at 8.). . . **La Bohème.** (Oct. 5 at 1:30.) . . . **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (Oct. 5 at 8.) . . . **Falstaff,** with baritone Sherrill Milnes in the title role. (Oct. 6 at 1:30 and Oct. 8 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Dicapo Opera Theatre—Presenting "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." (184 E. 76th St. 288-9438. Oct. 3 at 7 and Oct. 4-5 at 8. Through Oct. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Howard Hanson's Symphony No. 2, Barber's Violin Concerto (featuring concertmaster Glenn Dicterow), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). With these concerts, the orchestra launches its "American Classics" initiative, which will assure that important symphonic works by American composers figure prominently in the next four years' programming. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 3-5 at 8. . . . **Note:** On Oct. 3 at 6:30, Mr. Masur will participate in a pre-concert panel discussion, open to ticket holders, which introduces the "American Classics" project. . . . **Note, too:** On Oct. 4 at 6, Mr. Masur and the orchestra's executive director, Deborah Borda, will entertain questions from the public regarding the orchestra's programming. No tickets necessary.)

Absolute Ensemble—Kristjan Järvi conducts Bloch's Concerto Grosso No. 1, Stravinsky's Octet, Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, and the Estonian composer Eino Tamberg's Second Violin Concerto (featuring Gao Xiang). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—The post-Karajan years proved somewhat shaky for this distinguished orchestra, but recent performances suggest that Claudio Abbado, its artistic director since 1989, has put the group firmly back on track. Together, they open Carnegie Hall's hundred and sixth year, and the season marking the centennial of Brahms's death, by performing all four of the Master's symphonies and all four of his concertos. Oct. 3 at 7: The Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Peter Serkin) and Symphony No. 2. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8: The Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman) and Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 8: The Double Concerto (with violinist Maxim Vengerov and cellist Clemens Hagen) and Symphony No. 4. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: The

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Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Daniel Barenboim) and Symphony No. 3.

Concert Royal—James Richman leads the period-instrument orchestra in music by Nicolas Bernier. The program's centerpiece is the 1715 divertissement "Apollon, la Nuit, et Comus," fully staged, and performed jointly with the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 3-4 at 8.)

"Basically Bach"—The festival returns for its fourth annual Bach celebration. Oct. 5 at 1: Organist David Higgs plays selections from the "Orgelbüchlein" and the G-Minor Fantasy and Fugue, among other works. . . . ¶ At 2:15: Stephen Hamilton offers several preludes and fugues, as well as the great C-Minor Passacaglia. . . . ¶ At 3:30: Organ works by Bach and Couperin, played by Walter Hilse. . . . ¶ At 4:45: Joan Lippincott performs eight of the "Leipzig" Chorales. . . . ¶ At 8: Thomas Schmidt directs the St. Peter's Choir, the Bach Festival Orchestra, and vocal soloists in Bach's Cantatas No. 22, No. 51 (with soprano Eileen Reisner Clark), No. 50, and No. 21 (the supernal "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis"). (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Mordechai Rechtman directs Bach's Cantatas No. 191 and No. 62. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Oct. 6 at noon.)

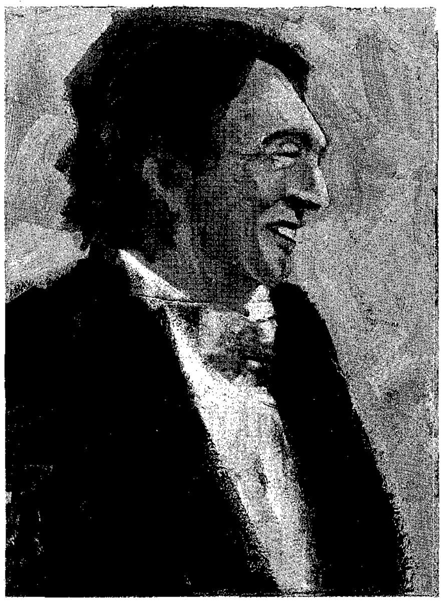
American Symphony Orchestra—In the ensemble's first concert of the season, Leon Botstein leads Karl Amadeus Hartmann's Symphonies No. 1 and No. 6 and Mahler's "Das Klagende Lied" (in the composer's 1901 revision, here sung by soprano Deborah Voigt and mezzo-soprano Nancy Maultsby). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 6 at 3.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Near-Classics—This week's rerelease of Hitchcock's "Vertigo" will bring Bernard Herrmann's soundtrack music back to the ears of moviegoers. A scintillating Sony Classical CD, **BERNARD HERRMANN: THE FILM SCORES** (with Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic) includes three segments of the film's aural backdrop in which the composer strikes a "Shostakofiev"-style balance between tenderness and terror. Has any film composer equalled Herrmann in matching sight and sound? The violent shrieks of "Psycho," the soaring yearnings of "Marnie," the magic fire music of "Fahrenheit 451," and the nocturnal nervousness of "Taxi Driver" instantly summon up images from those films. Salonen conducts from the gut, and the Angelenos, living within the orbit of Hollywood, perform this music with native passion. In such riveting readings each score seems entirely worthy of concert status.

Another classical champion of not-quite-classical music is Dawn Upshaw, who, on a new Nonesuch release with the Orchestra of St. Luke's and pianist Fred Hersch (among other collaborators), **DAWN UPSHAW SINGS RODGERS AND HART**, turns her luminous soprano to sixteen of the duo's songs. Unlike the operatic lemmings who have been falling over one another to record overblown assaults on crossover repertoire, this diva leaves her opera chops at the door and emerges as a brilliant cabaret singer. When you reach the end of Upshaw's sublime disk, you just might sigh, "She was too good to be true."

William Appling Singers—Lest anyone should overlook the two hundred and fiftieth birthday of William Billings, this chamber choir presents a concert of his music on the big day itself. Billings seems to have spent his career composing and teaching at singing schools while eking out a living as a tanner. He fell on hard times toward the end of his life and assumed several menial municipal posts—as scavenger, hogreeve, and sealer of leather—before dying in his native Boston, in 1800. One of his contemporaries, the diarist William Bentley, described him as "a singular man, of moderate size, short of one leg, with one eye, without any address, and with an uncommon negligence of person." "Still," Bentley continued, "he spake and sung and thought as a man above the common abilities." All of his three hundred and forty works are sacred pieces for four-part choir (with instrumental obbligatos occasionally appended). Though they're uneven, the best are marked by stirring rhythms, rugged harmonies, and a forthright expression of emotion. Whether Billings was "the first great American composer," as is often claimed, or simply an exceptionally accomplished primitive, many of his works unquestionably pack a wallop. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 969-0783.)



Claudio Abbado, conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra to open the new season at Carnegie Hall.

RICCARDO VECCHIO

Juilliard Orchestra—David Diamond's Concerto for String Quartet receives its première on this program, with the Juilliard String Quartet as the corporate soloist. Berlioz's "Le Corsaire" Overture and symphonic excerpts from Wagner's operas complete the program. Gerard Schwarz conducts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 7 at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Festival of Song—Soprano Cyndia Sieden, baritone Rodney Gilfry, and pianist Steven Blier chart the progress of love as reflected in songs by Poulenc, Strauss, Carlos López-Buchardo, John Musto, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Cellist Warren Lash and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott perform Debussy's Cello Sonata; Carmit Zori and Ms. McDermott offer Franck's Violin Sonata; and all join for Ravel's Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 3 at 7:30 and Oct. 6 at 4.)

Pro Arte String Quartet—The foursome plays Ralph Shapey's Quartet No. 9, Victoria Bond's "Dreams of Flying," Bartók's Quartet No. 4, and Mendelssohn's E-Minor Quartet (Op. 44, No. 2). Presented by the Washington Square Contemporary Music Society. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Oct. 3 at 8.)

Scharoun Ensemble—While the Berlin Philharmonic takes up a week's residence at Carnegie Hall, this sub-ensemble of the orchestra offers chamber music in a more intimate setting. In this recital, they play Mozart's Horn Quintet, Henze's "Quattro Fantasie," and Schubert's Octet. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 4 at 8.)

Shanghai String Quartet—The ensemble performs Haydn's G-Major Quartet (Op. 77, No. 1), Zhou Long's "Poems from Tang," and Schumann's Piano Quintet (with Joseph Kalichstein). (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 4 at 8.)

Capriccio Stravagante—In the decade since harpsichordist Skip Sempé founded this Parisian ensemble, the group has assumed a niche of eminence in the early-music world, thanks in no small part to its beautifully produced recordings for Deutsche Harmonia Mundi. This concert features music from the early Italian Baroque, most prominently Monteverdi's extended dramatic madrigal of 1624, "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda." Mezzo-soprano Guillemette Laurens and tenor Konstantinos Paliatsaras are the featured vocalists. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Oct. 6 at 4.)

Room for Cello—The Frick Collection's oval music room—the only one in town adorned with Fragonard tapestries—hosts a pair of historically informed cellists, Phoebe Carrai and Myron Lutzke, playing solos and duets by Bach, Geminiani, Marcello, and others, with Arthur Haas assisting at the harpsichord. (1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 6 at 5.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Bloc Party—In Prague, Václav Havel's sixtieth-birthday party will be a strictly friends-only affair. The New York celebration, however, is open to all who dream of expatriate life on the banks of the Vltava. On the evening of October 4, the year-old Czech Center (1109 Madison Ave.; 288-0830) will transform part of 83rd Street into a miniature Wenceslas Square; there will be a giant birthday card that anyone can sign ("Na zdraví, Václav!"), plentiful Pilsner Urquell, and the jazz funk of trumpeter Laco Deczi, a veteran of the Prague Radio Band who met the honoree thirteen years ago (and was promptly questioned by the secret police). The evening's festivities also include the opening of "Václav Havel: Dissident-President," an exhibit of photographs by Bohdan Holomíček and Tomki Němec, at the Czech Center, and a performance of Havel's autobiographical play "Audience," at the Public Theatre (260-2400)—the only event for which tickets are necessary.

God Bless the Chile—The Chile Pepper Fiesta this Sunday at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden celebrates the upper atomic range of the explosive fruit, from a heat rating of six (the Barney and the *ají limón*) to ten (the *habanero*, grown on the Yucatán Peninsula—the world's hottest). The schedule is spiced with cooking demonstrations, by Coyote Café chef Mark Miller, Thai chef Prapap Kongsmai, and Bangladeshi Salah Uddin, as well as fiery dancing from the Peruvian Taky Llaqta troupe and the Thai Vajiradhammapadip Temple. (Washington Ave. at Eastern Parkway. Oct. 6, from 10 to 6. For schedule information, call 1-718 622-4433, ext. 248.)

Readings—Oct. 3 at 7: Will Fellows reads from "Farm Boys," his collection of interviews with gay men from the rural Midwest. (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: Joan Didion and Brian Moore read from their latest novels, "The Last Thing He Wanted" and "The Statement," respectively. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Talk—Oct. 8 at 7:30: At a discussion of his latest project, "The Proprietor," director Ismail Merchant chats with Jeanne Moreau, who plays a New Wave writer in the film, and Richard Robbins, who composed the score. (Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary.)

Walk—Oct. 6 at 1: Bruce Kayton of Radical Walking Tours visits uptown landmarks, including the Harlem headquarters of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, on 129th St., and the site of an impromptu 1960 summit meeting between Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro, in the lobby of the Hotel Teresa, on 125th St. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069.

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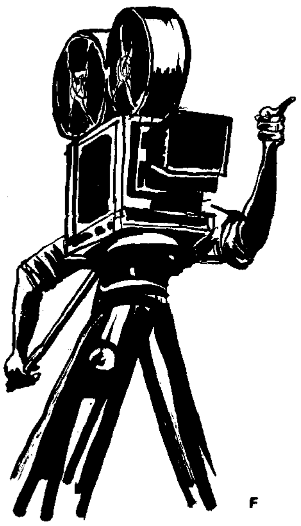


THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

BOUND—A money launderer (Joe Pantoliano) struggles to keep two million dollars away from his girlfriend (Jennifer Tilly) and her lover (Gina Gershon), in a drama written and directed by Larry and Andy Wachowski. Opening October 4. (84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

D3: THE MIGHTY DUCKS—Emilio Estevez returns to Minneapolis for another comedy on ice. Directed by Robert Lieberman. Written by Steven Brill and Jim Burnstein. Opening October 4. (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village East Cinemas.)

THE GLIMMER MAN—A thriller starring Steven Seagal and Keenen Ivory Wayans as L.A. cops on the trail of a serial killer. Directed by John Gray; written by Kevin Brodbin. Opening October 4. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

INFINITY—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening October 4. (Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Waverly.)

PREDICTIONS OF FIRE—Michael Benson's examination of New Slovenian Arts, an avant-garde multimedia group in the Balkans. In English, Russian, and Slovene. Opening October 2. (Film Forum.)

SMALL WONDERS—A documentary by Allan Miller about Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras, a violin teacher in East Harlem. Opening October 4. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

THAT THING YOU DO!—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening October 4. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet, Lincoln Square, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 32.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—David Mamet's angry, acid 1975 play has finally been brought to the screen by Michael Corrente, whose reverence for the original is such that his movie still feels like a play. Dennis Franz is the junkshop owner, Dustin Hoffman his disillusioned friend, and Sean Nelson the young gofer who wants to join them in a crime. Apart from one cloudburst of violence at the end, the characters do little except talk; the whole film feels cramped and airless.—A.L. (9/16/96) (Cinema I and Village East Cinemas.)

BASQUIAT—Making his début as a movie director, the painter Julian Schnabel offers a fond portrait of his fellow-artist Jean-Michel Basquiat (Jeffrey Wright), who died in 1988 from a heroin overdose. It isn't hard to read his career as a cautionary New York tale; the movie, however, is helplessly in love with him, and Schnabel never dreams of questioning his art. The film is best viewed as a freakish social comedy, its levity assured by a fine cast: the sweet-natured Wright, Benicio del Toro (forever strange) as Basquiat's best friend, and a suitably zonked David Bowie as Andy Warhol.—A.L. (8/19/96) (Angelika Film Center, Regency, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

BIG NIGHT—The actor Stanley Tucci co-wrote (with Joseph Tropiano), co-directed (with Campbell Scott), and co-stars (with Tony Shalhoub) in this elegant, leisurely low-budget comedy about a struggling Italian restaurant run by a pair of immigrant brothers. Tucci has shaped the story into something that functions as both a demonstration and a vindication of the sort of subtle, finely detailed character acting that he and Shalhoub have practiced in relative obscurity throughout their careers. They work together beautifully, and their rapport appears to inspire their fellow-performers—an unusually happy, relaxed ensemble that includes Ian Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, Allison Janney, and Campbell Scott. The big set piece—a lavish dinner in honor of the singer-bandleader Louis Prima—is a fitting climax to the movie's patient accumulation of savory and blissfully pointless delights: a convincing illustration of how keen pleasure for pleasure's sake can be.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6. . . . ¶ American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 5.)

EMMA—Douglas McGrath wrote and directed this charming, wrongheaded version of Jane Austen's great comedy of manipulation. Gwyneth Paltrow plays the heroine, and Jeremy Northam makes an absurdly young Mr. Knightley. He and Paltrow are a lovely couple, but McGrath replaces Austen's notion that love takes them by surprise—evolving, as it were, out of intellectual sparring—with easy romance. Ideal viewing for those who like to believe that Jane Austen was, above all, nice.—A.L. (8/5/96) (Beekman, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

EXTREME MEASURES—Michael Apted's thriller stars Hugh Grant and Gene Hackman as two New York City doctors at odds over a wildly unethical method of curing paralysis. With Sarah Jessica Parker. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Gemini, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

THE FIRST WIVES CLUB—Three of America's finest comic actresses get together for the first time, and the best that Hollywood has to offer them is this loud empowerment comedy. The premise—old friends meet at a funeral and find that after years apart they have something in common: their husbands are leaving them for younger women—sounds like a fair taking-off point for some wicked comedy. But all that the scenarist, Robert Harling, can think of to follow it up with is a tepid revenge fantasy in which they bond and dole out justice to their cheating men. Goldie Hawn's character, an insecure and fading actress who's had too many face-lifts, is basically the same one she played in the much funnier "Death Becomes Her." Bette Midler's high spirits show through, and she gets a few bitchy Paul Rudnick-style barbs to toss off, but she's stuck in a lackluster role as a New York Jewish mom. Only Diane Keaton rises above the material: she has little to do except be nervous and shy, but her interplay with her co-stars is charming, and her tact is impeccable—she never pushes the warmed-over jokes too hard. The director, Hugh Wilson, handles the stars' screen time diplomatically, but he's aiming for harmless froth, and what he winds up with, as the hysteria level rises, is something brash and strident.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

FLY AWAY HOME—a thirteen-year-old girl (Anna Paquin) goes to live with her estranged father

(Jeff Daniels) in the wilds of Ontario, and at first the two of them barely speak—she reserves her love for a gaggle of orphaned goose chicks, which she raises as if they were her own. When the birds grow up and need to migrate, the girl and her father go with them, leading the way in tiny aircraft. That the film escapes cuteness to become genuinely affecting is a tribute both to Paquin's stubborn enthusiasm and to the peculiar briskness of the director, Carroll Ballard, who has re-created the old-fashioned, uncondescending magic with which he infused "The Black Stallion."—A.L. (9/16/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Gemini, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

Grace of My Heart—Allison Anders' ode to the sixties' Brill Building composers follows the rise of a Carole King-like songwriter (Illeana Douglas) on the New York scene, and the sequences that show her work being cut by groups that are supposed to represent the Drifters and the Shirelles have a hokey kick. The movie dies, however, when she moves to California and marries a Brian Wilson-like musician (Matt Dillon): the script turns serious, and the pop fizz fades away.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, New York Twin, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Last Man Standing—The action in Walter Hill's new film takes place in a tiny Texas border town during Prohibition: a mysterious loner, who calls himself John Smith (Bruce Willis), arrives and deliberately provokes a war between two criminal gangs—a bloodbath that nearly eliminates both groups of thugs. Hill, remaking Akira Kurosawa's 1961 samurai classic, "Yojimbo," is smart enough not to imitate the style of the original. But, although the picture is impressively shot (by Lloyd Ahern) and edited (by Freeman Davies), its dark look and overdeliberate manner feel wrong for the story: Hill transforms what should be a speedy, gruesome tall tale about an amoral prankster into one of those archetype-heavy action sagas that lumber from mythic tableau to mythic tableau and never generate much excitement. Also with Alexandra Powers, Christopher Walken, William Sanderson, Bruce Dern, Karina Lombard, and David Patrick Kelly.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Lone Star—The setting is Frontera, a small Texas town on the Mexican border, once policed by Sheriff Buddy Deeds (Matthew McConaughey) and now overseen by his son Sam (Chris Cooper). The writer-director, John Sayles, shifts between the two eras with gracious ease, linking them with an old crime—the unsolved and unmourned killing of Buddy's predecessor, Charley Wade (Kris Kristofferson), who held sway through bigotry and corruption. Thanks to Kristofferson's scary and unyielding performance, the murder mystery becomes the core of the film. Elsewhere you can sense the strain as Sayles works away at the generation gaps, but by the end you're grateful for the movie's weight and substance—rare virtues in a flimsy summer.—A.L. (7/8/96) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sutton.)

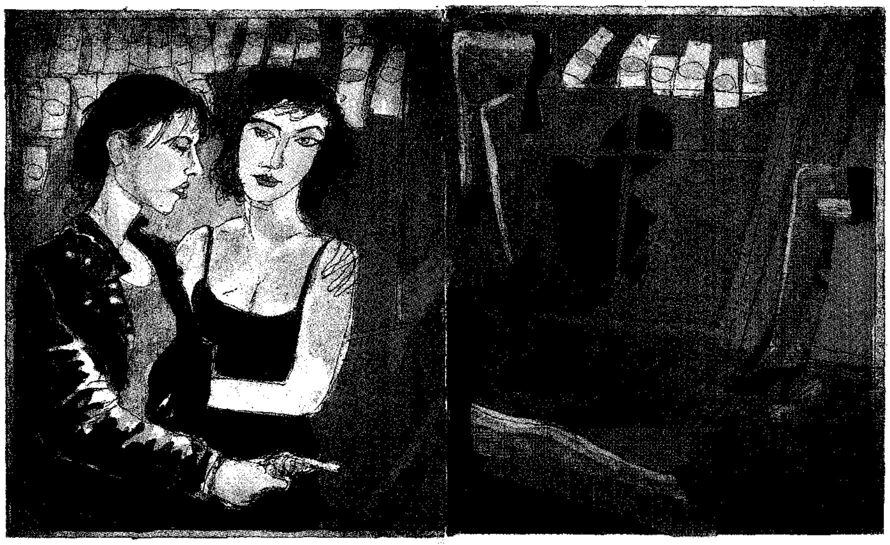
Maborosi—The Japanese director Hirokazu Kore-eda's simple, quiet story of a young woman's slow awakening from grief is impeccably lit, and the actors underplay beautifully. The film builds an emotional momentum, and its poetry is hard to shake; at times it seems as though Kore-eda is photographing sadness itself. In Japanese.—B.D. (Anthology Film Archives.)

Maximum Risk—Jean-Claude Van Damme's new movie has opened without much fanfare, but it's the best of his career, with a well-plotted story about twin brothers, the Russian mob, and a secret list that the F.B.I. wants, and pacing more like "The French Connection" than the usual hit-and-run action fare. Van Damme carries himself smartly, playing a low-key French policeman with a sombre, steady gaze, and the stillness of his performance passes for depth. But his real coup is kick-starting the American career of another stellar Hong Kong director, Ringo Lam, as he did for John Woo in "Hard Target." Lam's technique is different from Woo's: his choreographed violence, more punchy than poetic, explodes after long, quiet scenes. And, while Larry Ferguson's dialogue isn't much, Lam layers his story and creates moods, often hushed and threatening, that give him a chance to develop his characters. This is a rarity among the year's action movies: one that gives itself time to breathe.—B.D. (Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills—A documentary by Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky, about a trio of Arkansas teenagers accused of killing three eight-year-old boys in 1993. (Angelika 57 and Quad Cinema.)

Rendezvous in Paris—Eric Rohmer's new film is a characteristically elegant diversion, consisting of three short stories about young lovers in Paris. The seventy-six-year-old filmmaker has made it his peculiar business, over the years, to dramatize the pleasures of unconsummated love, and this picture demonstrates—in triplicate—that no one makes nothing happen more seductively. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

The Rich Man's Wife—The lowest of the low. In a rehash of the kind of plot that Lana Turner left for dead thirty years ago, Halle Berry plays a television executive's pampered wife who, in a slight lapse of judgment, confides to a psychopath that occasionally she wishes her husband would die. This is a vehicle for Berry, but the only emotion she expresses convinc-



ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Opening October 4, Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly in "Bound."

grippy.

ONE OF the differences
between greatness
and mere eccentricity,
is an ability in the truly great
to draw out the genius
in another.

So it was with some smacking
of the lips that we heard of a
recent tasting organized
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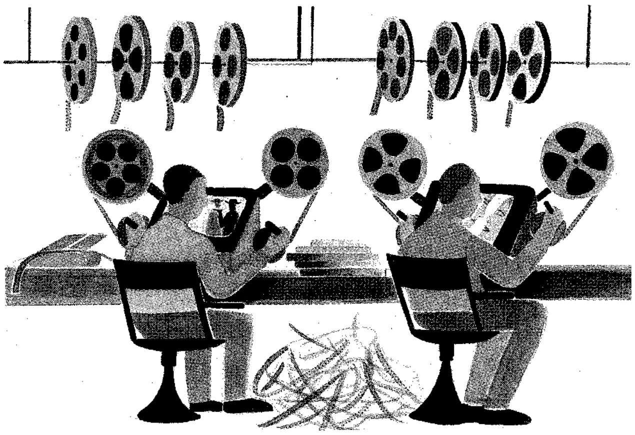
ingly is complacency at her own cuteness; when she attempts passion, anger, or fear, she looks like she's just smelled dirty socks. To distract the audience, the movie has her changing outfits every four seconds, and when that stratagem starts to drag we get some of the meanest, least motivated violence ever put on film. Directed by Amy Holden Jones.—S.K. (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Secrets & Lies—Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste), the heroine of Mike Leigh's broadest and most ambitious film to date, decides after the death of her adoptive mother to seek her biological one. The quest turns up Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), who freaks out: Hortense is middle-class and black, Cynthia working-class and white. Leigh has a feel for the grain of ordinary London life, and he inlays his depictions of it with elaborate jokes—but believing his stories is another matter. He doesn't seem to know whether to tell this one straight or spice it up with laughs. The agonizingly long sequence in which the two women work out the awful truth over cups of tea encapsulates the movie: while Jean-Baptiste gives a quiet, pacific performance, Blethyn deals in spasms of exaggeration which belong in another film altogether. Still, there is a fine supporting cast—Cynthia has a grumpy daughter (Claire Rushbrook), a long-suffering brother (Timothy Spall), and a distraught sister-in-law (Phyllis Logan), and they all gather in the final scene, a cathartic barbecue that starts off as nicely choreographed light comedy and darkens to a Bergman-like chorus of wailing women and slightly overcooked dialogue. "We're all in pain," moans Spall. "Why can't we share our pain?" You can't help suspecting that Leigh is happier with unshared pain.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)



GEOFFREY PARKER

She's the One—The second movie by the twenty-eight-year-old writer and director Edward Burns is almost indistinguishable from his low-budget début feature, "The Brothers McMullen." Once again, he has made a romantic comedy on the theme that young Irish-American guys are utterly confounded by the opposite sex—a notion barely robust enough for a single movie. With Maxine Bahns, Mike McGlone, Burns, Jennifer Aniston, Cameron Diaz, and John Mahoney—T.R. (9/9/96) (Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, 34th St. East, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Spitfire Grill—Writer-director Lee David Zlotoff's first film, a little-people fable set in a picturesque village in Maine, is chock full of uplift: it features redemption, martyrdom, reverent mountain vistas, and cross-generational female bonding. The mountains (which are really in Vermont) perform reliably, but everything else about the picture is solemnly berserk. With Alison Elliott, Ellen Burstyn, Marcia Gay Harden, and Will Patton.—T.R. (9/9/96) (East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Oct. 3.)

Surviving Picasso—Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's refreshingly dry, offbeat screenplay treats the mid-century love affair between Pablo Picasso (Anthony Hopkins) and Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone) according to the feminist line that each of the painter's stylistic periods was nourished by a woman, whom he coaxed and flattered like a toy poodle, then slowly turned into his slave and abandoned to madness; only Gilot, through some inexplicable strength of character, got out unscathed. In unexpected ways, McElhone's amazingly wooden performance supports this view. She's too cold and introverted—a robot with perfect cheekbones, who announces in self-serving voice-overs that she never took money from her lover—to be a victim for long. Hopkins doesn't exactly play it for sympathy, either, but at least his hypocritical, sublimely manipulative Picasso evens the match. Based on "Picasso: Creator and Destroyer," the biography by Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. Directed by James Ivory.—S.K. (Paris.)

A Time to Kill—Joel Schumacher's Deep South courtroom thriller has the solemn tone of a Stanley Kramer social-problem drama. The script—by Akiva Goldsman, from a John Grisham novel—follows a young white lawyer (Matthew McConaughey) as he defends a black man (Samuel L. Jackson) accused of murdering a couple of rednecks. The movie inflates Grisham's modest, perceptive portrait of a Mississippi town into a smug lecture on race relations; what the hero and all the other sweat-soaked characters really need is central air-conditioning, but what they get is an overpowering blast of homiletic hot air. Also with Sandra Bullock and Kevin Spacey.—T.R. (7/29/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Oct. 3.)

2 Days in the Valley—Forty-eight hours of murder and mayhem with hit men, art dealers, and screenwriters in Los Angeles. John Herzfeld wrote the screenplay and directed the large cast, which includes Danny Aiello, Charlize Theron, and James Spader. (Art Greenwich Twin, Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Oct. 3.)

Walking and Talking—In Nicole Holofcener's fresh and accomplished début comedy, Catherine Keener plays Amelia, a thirtyish New Yorker; Anne Heche is her best friend, Laura, whose announcement that she's about to marry sends Amelia into a panic. Cinematically speaking, the movie is somewhat tame, but Holofcener's writing is trenchant and often hilarious, the actors are fine, and it's nice to see a movie about female friendship that doesn't stoop: at no point do the two women catfight over fame, money, or a man.—S.K. (Cinema 3 and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 6.)

ALSO PLAYING

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS: Guild and Waverly. . . . **BULLETPROOF:** Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and National Twin. . . . **CAUGHT:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square. . . . **CHAIN REACTION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CURDLED:** 84th Street Sixplex and Village Theatre VII. . . . **ENTERTAINING ANGELS: THE DOROTHY DAY STORY:** Lincoln Square. . . . **ERASER** (*reviewed in our issue of* 7/8/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FEELING MINNESOTA:** Murray Hill Cinemas and Village East Cinemas. . . . **GIANT:** Lincoln Square. . . . **GIRLS TOWN:** The Screening Room. . . . **GLORY DAZE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **HOUSE ARREST:** Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **HUSTLER WHITE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **INDEPENDENCE DAY** (7/15/96): First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Twin, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **THE LEOPARD SON:** 62nd & Broadway and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE LINE KING: THE AL HIRSCHFELD STORY:** Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE** (6/3/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE NUTTY PROFESSOR** (7/8/96): Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PHENOMENON:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Waverly. . . . **SMALL FACES:** 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **STEALING BEAUTY** (6/10/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SUPERCOP:** Embassy 2. . . . **SYNTHETIC PLEASURES:** Cinema Village. . . . **TIN CUP** (8/12/96): Baronet and Lincoln Square. . . . **TRAINSPOTTING** (7/22/96): Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Square. . . . **THE TRIGGER EFFECT:** Art Greenwich Twin. . . . **A VERY BRADY SEQUEL:** Embassy 3. . . . **WELCOME TO THE DOLLHOUSE** (5/27/96): Carnegie Hall Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

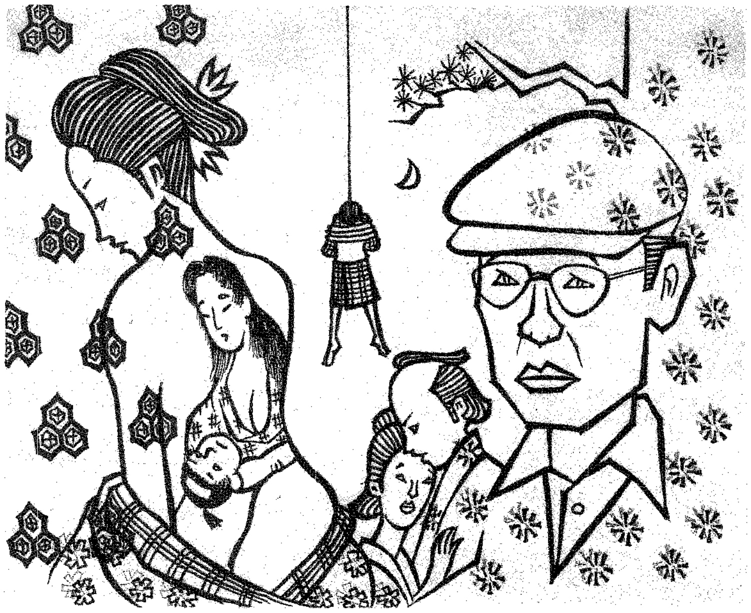
The Killers (1964)—The director, Don Siegel, barges through a loose adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's short story (previously filmed in 1946), bringing at best spurious life to a near-vacuum. John Cassavetes plays a race-car driver with the catchy name of Johnny North (the film's working title), who simply stands and waits for hit men Lee Marvin and Clu Gulager to bump him off. Intrigued by his fatalism and the hefty size of their paycheck, the killers turn detective, uncovering a heist gone wrong and a love-hate triangle consisting of Cassavetes, Angie Dickinson (as a high-class racetrack groupie), and Ronald Reagan (as a criminal Mr. Big). Siegel shows his originality in isolated bits shot through with cheap cruelty, like the opening scene, in which Marvin and Gulager invade a school for the blind in their own dark glasses, silencers in hand. Gulager cobbles together a character from tics (constant exercise, inappropriate laughter), Reagan breathes an air of corporate menace into his sexually insecure tough guy, and Marvin, as usual, commands the screen without hogging it, coming up with one magnetically physical piece of acting after another, right up to the moment when he flexes his trigger finger in the mistaken belief that he's holding a gun. Script by Gene L. Coon. (Planned as the first made-for-TV movie, but deemed too violent for the small screen, the picture went straight to theatres—the reverse of what happens to action quickies today.)—M.S. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 5.)

The Man I Love (1947)—Of its kind, not bad at all. Warner Brothers, combining two genres in the hope of snaring a double audience, put together several of these musical melodramas, and this one, directed by Raoul Walsh, is one of the smoothest. Ida Lupino starred, as a singer, with Bruce Bennett as a jazz musician (one of his few good roles), Robert Alda, Andrea King, Martha Vickers, Alan Hale, and Dolores Moran.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 4.)

The Reckless Moment (1949)—A responsible mother (Joan Bennett), trying to be a conventional wife *and* the man of the house while her husband is overseas, takes extreme measures to distance her daughter (Geraldine Brooks) from the accidental death of the girl's sleazy lover (Shepperd Strudwick). Max Ophuls (credited as Opuls), shooting on location in Los Angeles and in Balboa, a quaint seaside town down the coast, fleshes out the magazine-filler contours of the story with a sort of heightened quotidian: as his camera glides through the woman's house, you feel you know it better than you know your own. And James Mason is magical in the nonsensical role of a sensitive, caring blackmailer. He helps Ophuls turn a soap opera into a wonderfully ironic romantic melodrama: a suburban fairy tale in which the dragon is slain but no one seems likely to live happily ever after. Henry Garson and Robert W. Soderberg adapted Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's *Ladies' Home Journal* story "The Blank Wall" (from a treatment by Mel Dinelli and Robert E. Kent); Burnett Guffey did the cinematography, and Hans J. Salter the music.—M.S. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 6.)

The Set-Up (1949)—This intelligently modest, low-budget film about a shabby, aging prizefighter (Robert Ryan) is generally considered a classic. It's not a great movie, or even a very good one (it's rather mechanical), but it touches one's experience in a way that makes it hard to forget. (Maybe that's why so many movies have imitated it, even though it wasn't a commercial success.) Based on a narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March and written by Art Cohn, it was directed by Robert Wise and shot (by Milton Krasner) in actual locations. Ryan—his face never more craggily heroic than in defeat—raised the picture above its poetry-of-realism aspirations.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 6.)

Vertigo (1958)—It's almost as if you've never seen it before, because you've never *heard* it before. The new print of the ultimate cult movie—Hitchcock's voluptuous exploration of *l'amour fou*—gives the original musical tracks a state-of-the-art presentation that extracts previously hidden undertones and highlights from Bernard Herrmann's brilliant score. Of the composer's eight collaborations with Hitchcock (including "Psycho"), this is the most complex: he deploys everything from a habanera to a *valse macabre* to illuminate the morbid romanticism at the movie's core. With soaring visual eloquence (a unique mixture of the mist-draped and the hard-edged), Hitchcock takes voyeurism and amorous fixation to audacious, almost necrophiliac lengths in this tale of a retired San Francisco police detective (James Stewart) investigating an acquaintance's wife (Kim Novak) to find out whether she is spiritually possessed. Despite its misshapen form and its languor (Stewart crosses a hotel room in the time it took for him to race across London in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"), the movie is hypnotic and gloriously operatic—not a conventional masterpiece but an auteur classic, flooded with the Master's erotic and moral obsessions. Stewart's character is acrophobic, and when Hitchcock links the hero's vertigo to his sexual vulnerability, the result *is* dizzying. The awkwardness of the mystery adds to the film's sense that life is a puzzle with a piece missing. Stewart and Novak match up marvellously: he brings out all of his tortured Everyguy's clammy excitement, and she is fiercely, exhilaratingly physical, even when her character is enigmatic. Barbara Bel Geddes is touching as the film's one sane character—who's hopelessly out of her depth. Alec Coppel and Samuel Taylor wrote the script, from the novel "D'Entre les Morts," by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac. The movie, too, has been revived from death, thanks to the restoration team of Robert A. Harris and James C. Katz, who have given it a clarity and lustre that it's lacked for thirty-eight years.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 6.)



At Film Forum 2, a series of films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

HIROSHI TANABE

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

New York Film Festival—The annual festival of recent international films. Oct. 2 at 6 and Oct. 4 at 9:15: "Fire" (Deepa Mehta, Canada and India). . . . Oct. 2 at 9: "Le Garçu" (Maurice Pialat, France). . . . Oct. 3 at 6 and Oct. 5 at midnight: "Illtown" (Nick Gomez, United States). . . . Oct. 3 at 8:45 and Oct. 5 at 11 A.M.: "How I Got Into an Argument" (Arnaud Desplechin, France). . . . Oct. 4 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 1:15: "Breaking the Waves" (Lars von Trier, Denmark). . . . Oct. 5 at 3: "Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse" (Anne Belle and Deborah Dickson, United States). . . . Oct. 5 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 9:45: "Temptress Moon" (Chen Kaige, China). . . . Oct. 5 at 9 and Oct. 6 at 4:15: "Les Voleurs" (André Téchiné, France). . . . Oct. 6 at 7:15 and Oct. 7 at 9: "La Promesse" (Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne, Belgium). . . . Oct. 7 at 6: "Mahjong" (Edward Yang, Taiwan). . . . Oct. 8 at 6: Trofim" (Alexei Balabanov, Russia) and "Nobody's Business" (Alan Berliner, United States). . . . Oct. 8 at 8:30: "Emigration, N.Y." (Egon Humer, Austria). (Alice Tully Hall. For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Oct. 2-8: A program of films by Kenji Mizoguchi; all films in Japanese, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 7: "Upstage" (1926, Monta Bell) and "Paint and Powder" (1925, Hunt Stromberg).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Films from the Cinémathèque Française, Musée du Cinéma, Paris. Oct. 3 at 2:30 and Oct. 4 at 6: "Yoshiwara" (1937, Max Ophuls; in French). . . . Oct. 3 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 2: "Kitty" (1946, Mitchell Leisen). . . . Oct. 3 at 8:15 and Oct. 4 at 2:30: "The Matinee Idol" (1928, Frank Capra; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 5 at 2 and Oct. 7 at 6: Five short films, by Georges Franju, Douglas Hickox and Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Bresson, Pierre Prévert, and Jean Rouch. . . . Oct. 5 at 5: "Devil in Town" (1924, Germaine Dulac; French intertitles). . . . Oct. 6 at 5 and Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Song of Surrender" (1949, Leisen). . . . Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Du Côté de Robison" (1964) and "Le Père Noël A les Yeux Bleus" (1967), both by Jean Eustache, in French. . . . Oct. 8 at 6: "The Cold Deck" (1917, William S. Hart) and "Braveheart" (1925, Alan Hale; French intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3 and 6: "Haiti, Untitled" (1995, Jorgen Leth).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Oct. 2-8: Films directed by Ritwik Ghatak. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 11, 2:30, 5:45, and 9: "Vertigo" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Oct. 5 at 2: "Big Night" (see Current Films). Writers Stanley Tucci and Joseph Tropiano will be present. . . . Oct. 6 at 2: "Walking and Talking" (see Current Films). Director and writer Nicole Holofcener will be present. . . . Oct. 6 at 5: "Shane" (1953, George Stevens).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Oct. 4 at 4 and 8: "Christmas Holiday" (1944, Robert Siodmak) and "The Man I Love" (†). . . . Oct. 5 at 4 and 8: "The Killers" (1946, Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster, and "The Killers" (†). . . . Oct. 6 at 4 and 8: "The Reckless Moment" (†) and "The Set-Up" (†).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 8 at 7: "Potemkin" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; silent). . . . Oct. 8 at 8:30: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1968, Tomás Gutieréz Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish).

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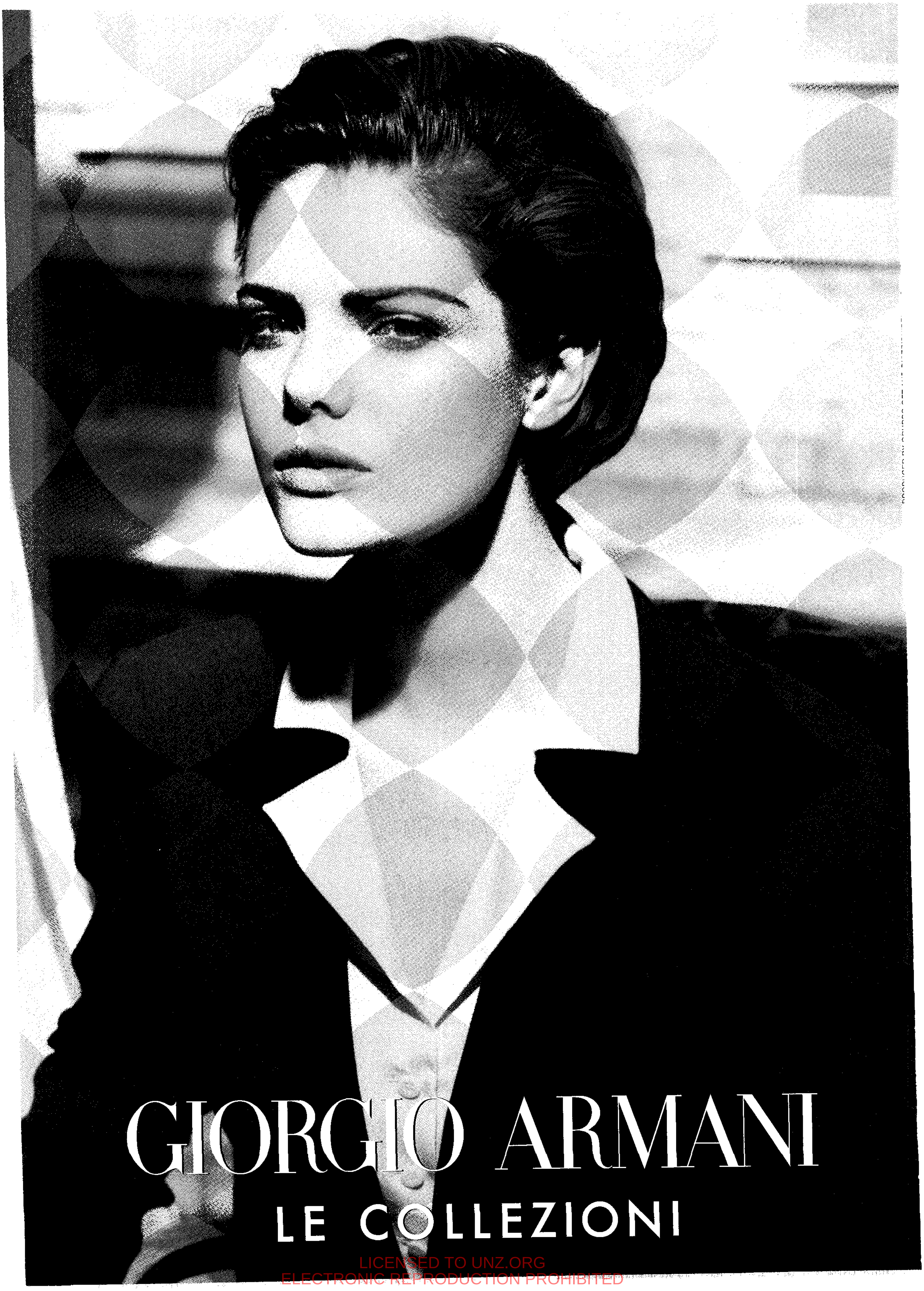

GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

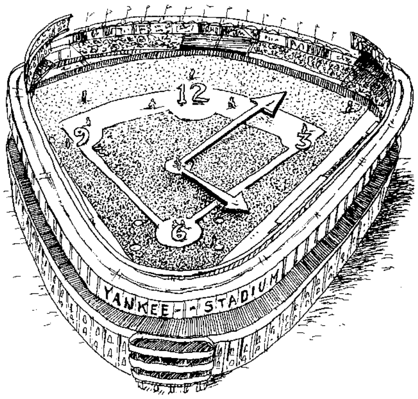
NINTH-INNING STRETCH

THERE was no shortage of baseball highlights to savor at the Stadium while the Yankees were surging toward their divisional pennant, but for fans and baseball writers who were on hand during that last home stand some extended stretches of fatuity or grossly awful baseball may stick almost longer in mind. For aficionados of aggravation, nothing came close to the middle innings of the 12–11, four-hour-and-forty-five-minute affair with the Red Sox the other day, which was terminated thrillingly in the bottom of the tenth, when the Yankee shortstop Derek Jeter, suddenly in the role of Dr. Kevorkian, rapped the winning, run-scoring base hit to short center field.

This has been a homer-soaked, pitcher-intimidating season in both leagues, of course, and its paradigm seemed to have arrived during the fifth, sixth, and seventh innings of the Red Sox game, when the two clubs sent forty-seven batters to the plate and scored nineteen runs. Ernie Harwell, the veteran radio announcer, paused behind the press rows to ask, "Do you think this will ever replace baseball?"

Baseball writers, for all their cool, are driven to distraction by the boredom and embarrassment of such debacles, and late in the game you could watch them calling upon all their time-wasting expertise, their deepest reserves, to carry them through. Memories were dredged, and produced a long-ago Red Sox–Blue Jays game, up in Toronto, when the umpire Joe Brinkman—the presiding culprit of the recent infamous Orioles-game rain-out—had ejected the home-team manager *during a rain delay.* A comparative study of the Yanks' and the Sox's rosters for quirky or lively names quickly ran out when it became clear that the visitors, with the likes of infielders Arquimedez Pozo and Nomar Garciaparra (his first name is his father's, "Ramon," backward) and the Brontë-esque stopper Heathcliff Slocumb, had swept the board. Nothing doing. It was with ravishing pleasure, then, that the press corps fell upon a news-niblet dropped by the Yankee media people just after Bernie Williams led off the bottom of the ninth with a base on balls: if the Yanks could win here and *use up six more minutes in the process,* the game would go into the books as the longest nine-inning contest in major-league history, eclipsing the four-hour-and-twenty-minute record established by this selfsame Yankee club, down in Baltimore, on April 30th.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON



Yesss! Sitting straighter in their chairs, eagerly twitching their gaze back and forth between their watches and the suddenly refreshed scene below, the scribes were back in the game. "*Take,* Derek," one of them murmured cajolingly to the new Yankee batter. "Take a couple, kid. Step out and look this guy over." Derek Jeter obligingly took ball one, and there were five minutes left. Then he bounced out to the third baseman.

Joe Girardi stepped in, far too briskly, and—horrors—swung at the first pitch: another 5-to-3 out. Four minutes left. Darryl Strawberry was announced as a pinch-hitter, and the Boston pitching coach, Sammy Ellis, came up out of the Boston dugout, heading for the mound to discuss the situation.

"Good old Sammy," George Vecsey, the *Times* columnist, said. "Now we'll make it."

Straw was intentionally walked—brilliant strategy—and manager Joe Torre sent Pat Kelly out to run for him. We were down to a minute. A single would do it—but not just yet. A base on balls or a hit batsman, and *then* the single. Where was the unruly fan, or the bleacher beach ball loose on the field, now that we needed it? All of baseball's endless possibilities came flooding to mind as the next Yankee batter, Tim Raines, stood in, already with a single and two homers to show for his day.

"You're the man, Tim," you could hear now. "No hurry, Tim, baby."

Raines swung at the first pitch, lashing the ball on a line straight at the left fielder Troy O'Leary, who made the catch.

Silence.

"That's the trouble with today's baseball," the Boston *Globe* columnist Dan Shaughnessy said at last. "No sense of history."

THE MEAN STREETS OF LAREDO

TWENTY-FOUR hours before F.B.I. agents in Laredo, Texas, arrested Elizaphan Ntakirutimana last week on charges of genocide and crimes against humanity in Rwanda, the seventy-three-year-old suspect's son Eliel and Eliel's wife, Genny, sat in their newly built mansion near the Laredo Country Club, denouncing the accusations that are made against the old man by genocide survivors. "They see us as rich and well educated," Eliel said, and Genny said, "The Rwandese don't like if you are rich or in good health." The Ntakirutimanas are certainly prosperous. Eliel, a cardiac anesthesiologist and a naturalized American citizen who has lived in this country since 1980, has a malachite-faced gold Rolex watch, a TV in his Chevy Suburban, a white Corvette convertible, and, behind a series of electric security gates, a house so large and lofty that voices echo off the marble floors. It is hard to make the leap from the son's lone-star luxury to the scene of the father's alleged crimes in impoverished Rwanda. But, as the elder Ntakirutimana said later, when he stopped by Eliel's house, "They are saying I killed people. Eight thousand people."

Ntakirutimana's voice was full of angry disbelief. "It is all one hundred per cent pure lies," he said. "I did not kill any people. I never told anybody to kill any people. I could not do such things." Ntakirutimana, whose name means "nothing is greater than God," is a Seventh Day Adventist pastor, and he sat with stern composure in a wing chair, wearing a gray cap over his gray hair, a gray shirt, black suspenders, black pants, black square-toed shoes, and squarish wire-rimmed glasses. He did not know, as he spoke, that an indictment had already been issued against him by the United Nations' International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, describing him as an organizer of the program to exterminate the Tutsi minority at two locations in Rwanda's mountainous western province of Kibuye, in 1994.

In Mugonero, the village where Ntakirutimana lived, thousands of Tutsis took refuge in the hospital, and survivors say that the pastor made them false promises of protection, rejected their pleas for help, and collaborated with local governmental authorities in preparing the attack in which all but a handful of those at the hospital were killed in a single day. According to the indictment, which led to his arrest in Laredo, Ntakirutimana then strayed farther afield, leading attacks against Tutsis who had taken refuge in the mountains and launched a fierce but ultimately failed resistance.

Ntakirutimana allows that there was a lot of killing at the hospital in Mugonero, and he said, "I'm very sorry for whatever happened," but he insists that he had nothing to do with it and was helpless to stop it. In Mugonero last month, a few lonely survivors of the slaughter recalled that the pastor had said, "There's no use to save such people," and that he told the Tutsis, "You must die." But Ntakirutimana denies speaking to any of them. On the morning of the attack, he said, he fled to a nearby village that "had killed its people already, so there was peace." Eleven days later, when he returned home, he said, "Everybody was buried and I never saw anything." In mid-July of 1994, he escaped to Zaire, and then to Zambia, where Eliel helped him to get a green card and come to the relative tranquillity of the Rio Grande valley.

"If my father committed crimes, even though I am his son, I believe he should be prosecuted," Eliel said last week. "But I don't believe any of it." (Another of Ntakirutimana's sons, Gerard, who was a doctor in Mugonero, and has been living in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, is said to have evacuated Hutu patients from the hospital in Mugonero before the killings, and has also been indicted.) The family's Laredo lawyer, Lazaro Garza-Gongora, said, "What's the evidence? Eyewitnesses? Anybody can say they saw anything." That is true, but from listening to survivors' accounts, it's hard to believe that anybody could have seen as little as Ntakirutimana claims to have seen.

The Rwanda tribunal is based in Tanzania, and if Ntakirutimana fights his extradition it may be some time before he faces his accusers directly. Garza-Gongora does not seem alarmed by the prospect of a prosecution based principally on witnesses unfamiliar with the Western legal process. The court may then have to confront the difficult question of when an authority figure's failure to resist genocide amounts to participation in the crime. Genny Ntakirutimana, who is of mixed Hutu and Tutsi parentage, and whose Tutsi mother was saved by chance on the brink of being killed in Rwanda in 1994, said that her father-in-law's great wish had been to spend his old age in Rwanda. At the moment, it looks as though that wish may be denied. "This is a man who can't stand to see blood even when you kill a chicken," Genny said. "But anything is possible."

IL DISDEGNOSO

1

He scorns himself because, though he was meant
To lead, he's neither Pope nor President.

2

He scorns his friends more fiercely still, since they
Aren't even Popes or Presidents *manqués*.

3

He further feels that no one but a dope
Could get elected President or Pope.

—RICHARD WILBUR

TRIBUNION

WHEN the final edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* was published, on April 24, 1966, dark conspiracy theories circulated as to how the rival *Times* had contrived to bring about this dénouement. Such talk has been highly popular at reunions of *Trib* alumni, which have been held annually since the paper went under. In recent years, the reunions took place at Sardi's, with Betsy Whitney, the widow of John Hay (Jock) Whitney, the *Trib's* owner in its final eight years, happily holding court—and picking up the tab. Because attendance at last December's event was sparse, Mrs. Whitney and several prominent *Trib* alumni concluded that, thirty years having passed and "30" being a reporter's traditional signoff on a piece of copy, they should end the reunions with one final blowout dinner, at the Century Club. "We didn't want it all to just dwindle away, with everybody doddering off," Kathy Ritchie, who was a secretary to Jock Whitney and has the same role with Mrs. Whitney, explained on the night of the Century gathering, for which some two hundred former *Trib* staffers turned out. When seventy-one-year-old Ogden Reid, the penultimate publisher, arrived, he looked so undoddery that someone asked audibly, "Did Brownie have a face-lift?"

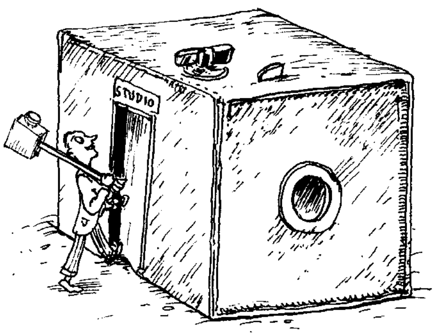
Most of those at the Century were not former *Trib* stars. Jimmy Breslin and Art Buchwald couldn't make it, but reporters and copy editors did—the people who, as they did not hesitate to tell you, had got the paper out. The top editors who were there when the paper folded were on hand, including the final editor, Jim Bellows, and the *Trib's* last literary editor, Richard Kluger, who went on to write the 1986 book "The Paper," a much admired history of the *Herald Tribune*. (It is said that, even in the pitch dark, some alumni can find the pages on which their names are mentioned.)

Though newspaper people have no natural affinity for multimillionaire publishers, at this last *Trib* reunion, as at those in the past, affectionate accounts of the paper's Whitney era were exchanged. Someone remembered that, after Whitney acceded to his financial advisers' ruling that it was imprudent to spend any more of his money keeping the *Trib* alive, he wrote to the sportswriter Red Smith, "I guess this is the emptiest day of my life." At the Century, Richard Wald, a senior vice-president of ABC News and the *Trib's* last managing editor, said that he had visited Whitney at home shortly before he died, and Whitney said that his greatest regret was having let the *Trib* go under. He had been doing some calculating, he said. He could have kept it going—if revenues held up—for a hundred years. Of course, calculations under such circumstances are not reliable. Possibly it was better to stay with the jaunty judgment of the *Trib* experience voiced by a guest participant at the final reunion—a judgment that people kept repeating throughout the evening: "Never have so many had so much fun on so little money."

THE BIG PICTURE

INCREASINGLY, Abelardo Morell finds himself drawn to oversized cameras. One day recently, he got hold of a really big one, and if only he'd been able to come up with an oversized piece of photographic paper—say, about twenty feet by forty feet—plus an Olympic-sized darkroom outfitted with three swimming-pool-size chemical baths, he could've developed a really big picture.

Morell is a virtuoso of the camera obscura—a boxlike enclosure with a tiny aperture that permits light to enter and pass through a lens, projecting inside an inverted image of whatever radiates from the outside. Vermeer, among others, is thought to have used the camera obscura as an artistic aid. In 1963, at fifteen, Morell came to New York from Havana. He now lives in Brookline and teaches at the Massachusetts College of Art, where he introduces his students to camera obscura by darkening a room's windows with heavy black plastic, leaving a single opening—the aperture—usually a half-inch in diameter. Slowly, the world outside flows into the room, which has become the interior of a camera—minus mirror or prism. Photographic paper placed within such a chamber would, given sufficient exposure time, record the scene outside.



During the past few years, Morell has created camera-obscura images in a lot of choice locations around New York and Boston—the Empire State Building projected inside an apartment bedroom in the East Twenties, say, or a chimneyed suburban Brookline street scene superimposed on the wall and ceiling of his son's toy-dinosaur-strewn bedroom. Near the aperture in the plastic, he sets up a tripod mounted with a four-by-five view camera loaded with black-and-white high-speed film that, on a sunny day, he exposes for eight hours. Technically, he is placing a camera inside a camera. Artistically—when things go according to plan—he captures within a single frame two universes, one rigid and static, the other upside down and floating on its surface.

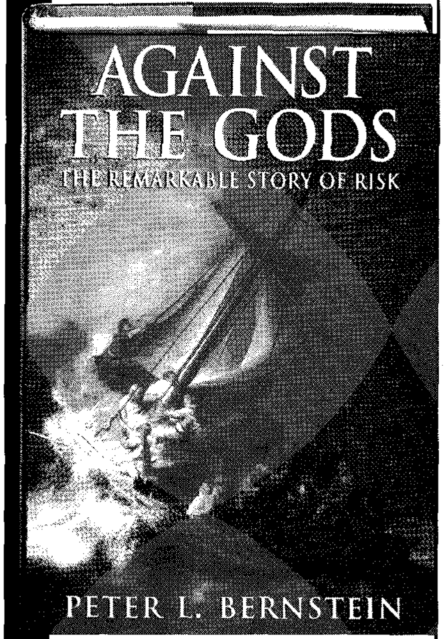
The other day, in a tall building on the East Side, things didn't go according to plan. A friend of a friend gave Morell access to an enormous, magnificently empty penthouse, fifty-two stories up, with a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view. Along a northern wall in the living room, he set up a plain wooden table and two chairs as a focal point. He allowed a half-inch aperture in a southern window and aligned his view camera. At 7 A.M., he turned off the lights and watched as life on Third Avenue—from the Sixties down to midtown—entered the room, playing on the wall and ceiling. Then he opened the camera shutter and tiptoed out, planning to return in midafternoon. On the front door he attached a note that said, "Please Do Not Come In. Long Exposure Photograph Is Being Made. Any Light Coming In Will Ruin the Picture."

Art may be long, but real estate is short. At some point during the day, an agent who wanted to show the penthouse to a prospective buyer came by, ignored Morell's note, barged into the apartment, and tore down some of the black plastic, destroying the camera obscura and a day's work.

The next day, at 5:30 A.M., Morell was back at it. First, he attached a much more intimidating note to the penthouse door. In the living room, as he retaped the plastic sheeting to the windows, he said, "You know how Christo works? Well, I cover up the insides of things. So I'm thinking of calling myself the Anti-Christo." His plans for later that morning included creating a camera obscura in a third-story Brooklyn Heights loft. "There've been a lot of great photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge," said Morell, who has a show opening at the Bonni Benrubi Gallery on October 17th. "But I don't think anybody's ever done it upside down."

By six-thirty, everything was set. "You just make a hole and the world comes in," Morell said. "It's not a high-tech thing. Someone once asked me, 'What's the difference between this and just projecting a slide of the outside world inside?' And I said, 'I could do that, but I prefer the truth.' I'm guessing this is the biggest camera obscura ever. It's certainly the biggest I've ever made. And it's making me ambitious to do very large rooms. I don't know about Madison Square Garden—are there any windows there?—but maybe rooms two or three times that size. I also want to do something in Rome and in Paris. And the Grand Tetons. For the Tetons, I wouldn't need a tall building. Just a room with a view." ♦

"Ninth-Inning Stretch," Roger Angell; "The Mean Streets of Laredo," Philip Gourevitch; "Tribunion," Andy Logan; "The Big Picture," Mark Singer.



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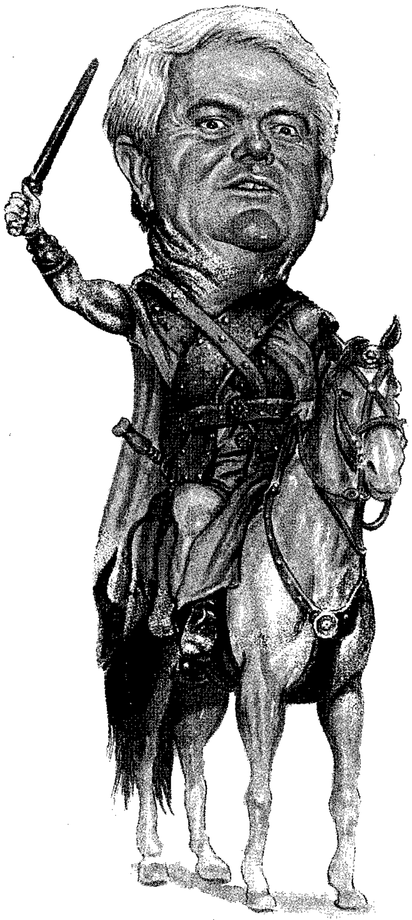
NEWT'S RAGE

Should Bob Dole listen to it?

BY MICHAEL KELLY



Gingrich is taking his fury on the road.

DREW FRIEDMAN

ALTHOUGH Cartersville, Georgia, has been going through a boom period in the past few years, it still does not make much of a dent in the map. About forty miles northwest of Atlanta, in the piney foothills of the southern Appalachians, it is a nice, mostly middle-class town of some thirteen thousand people. This part of Georgia is the heart of the state's textile and carpet industries, and the largest employer in the city is Shaw Industries, which makes carpets, and provides work for about eighteen hundred people. Anheuser-Busch built a brewery here several years ago, and is another major source of jobs, although a good many people also work at the Lockheed Martin Corporation's huge aircraft plant near Marietta, about twenty miles away, and an increasing number of transplanted urbanites commute to work in Atlanta. There are two sites in Cartersville of sufficient historical interest to attract visitors: the Etowah Indian burial mounds; and the home of Sam Jones, a well-known turn-of-the-century Southern evangelist.

Cartersville is in Georgia's Seventh Congressional District, which is next door to the Sixth District, the home of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Newt Gingrich. The Seventh District, which sent the Republican Bob Barr to the House as a freshman in 1994, is at mild risk in the 1996 elections, so it is not, on the face of it, odd that Gingrich should spend a morning campaigning here, as he did last Tuesday. But it is fair to say that this is probably not how Gingrich, a year ago, would have imagined himself spending the autumnal days of 1996. Back then, Gingrich was riding so high that political pundits wondered if he would take the extraordinary step of running for President just a year after he had become Speaker of the House—talk that Gingrich seemed to regard as only natural. Then one could imagine Gingrich in grand settings in September of the election year: conceivably the nominee of his party—or possibly the running mate, or, at least, the acknowledged hero of its revival—appearing before large crowds in large cities to boast of large things to large applause. Instead, here he was in Cartersville: in the high-school library, wedged into a chair built for seventeen-year-olds, and fielding the usual questions from a few local reporters (the national press doesn't follow Gingrich much these days); addressing dutifully assembled students on the secrets of a successful life; taking the podium at a chicken-lunch fund-raiser for Bob Barr at the country club; rushing to the airport to fly off to do more of the same.

The Speaker of the once mighty 104th

is spending the election season fighting for his Congress—fighting for his job—race by race, member by member, candidate by candidate. He has become, according to the polls, one of the most unpopular politicians in the country, and he has been beset for more than a year by Democrat-initiated charges of ethics violations. Last week, the House Ethics Committee, investigating the charges, raised four new ones against Gingrich, including the potentially damaging question of whether he had previously misled the committee. Gingrich has been cleared of most of the accusations, and has maintained that he will eventually be exonerated on all counts.

The day before he hit Cartersville, he had guest-appeared his way through Alabama—stumping for the Republican House candidates Bob Riley in Montgomery, Robert Aderholt in Tuscaloosa, and Wayne Parker in Decatur and in Sheffield. His work on behalf of Bob Barr in Cartersville was the hundred-and-fifteenth such appearance he has made this year; his staff estimates that he will make another twenty before Election Day. The crowds he draws in these places are not big, and they are carefully picked. His entourage is small—just the Speaker and a travelling aide, and volunteers at each stop.

Gingrich gives pretty much the same speech everywhere, and one of its purposes is to brag about the accomplishments of a Congress that he once called "revolutionary"—the Congress of the Contract with America. But Gingrich doesn't use the word "revolutionary" anymore, and he doesn't often mention the Contract with America. When it comes time in his speech to talk about the accomplishments of the 104th Congress, he hauls up onto the podium a big white plastic bucket, labelled "Ice Room HT 47," and tells, with great satisfaction, the story of how he and his fellow-Republicans stripped from the barons of Capitol Hill their perquisite of daily ice delivery. Gingrich totes the ice bucket himself from one appearance to the next—on the plane from city to city, on the seat of a minivan that takes him from stop to stop in each city. Physically, Gingrich has always cut an Everyman sort of figure—he is not very tall, is thick in the waist, and is neither better nor worse dressed than the average member of the Chamber of Commerce—and as he hoists himself, ice bucket in hand, into the van there is something about him that suggests Willy Loman gone into politics.

THE look is deeply deceiving. Gingrich, it turns out, is not the dispirited and forlorn little thing that one might anticipate from the few and mostly dismissive references that appear about him in the national press. What he is is a very angry man. His fury is diffuse in its aim—he is angry at the Clinton White House, the House Democrats, and the national media—but precise in its origin. As Gingrich sees it, what happened to him and his Congress was not just a shame but a crime. The people on the other side didn't play fair. They lied, and the press covered up their lies. In Gingrich's mind he was robbed, by a liberal President willing to lie and a liberal press corps willing to cover for him.

Gingrich's rage might seem beside the point, or, to some, even amusing—after all, the Speaker got to be Speaker by practicing a notably brutal brand of politics—except that he has, as the self-help people would say, channelled his anger. The speech Gingrich is giving every day in places like Cartersville and Tuscaloosa is the speech that Bob Dole until recently shied away from. It has two themes, both easy to grasp: (a) the Republicans are going to cut your taxes, balance the budget, win the war on drugs, defeat crime, save Medicare, and drive the sorry last remnants of liberalism howling into the sea; and (b) the liberal Democrats who suggest that they are thinking along the same lines are lying through their collectivist teeth.

The ice-bucket spiel is typical of the speech's gut-level approach. "Now, many of you may wonder why I walked in here carrying this," Gingrich says, bringing up the bucket from his feet to bang it on the lectern. "Well, this will tell you why Bob Riley and I are different from liberal Democrats. When we got to be a majority in Congress, in January, 1995, we wanted to save a few pennies. So we looked around. And we found that every office in Congress was getting two buckets of ice a day. You could tell because they usually put them right next to the refrigerator. Now, the refrigerator was invented in 1913. The first electric refrigerator was bought at the Capitol in 1937. And in 1995 we had fourteen full-time people delivering ice. Costing five hundred thousand dollars a year. So this ice bucket represents five hundred thousand dollars a year that the liberals were wasting delivering ice. They called it *free* ice,

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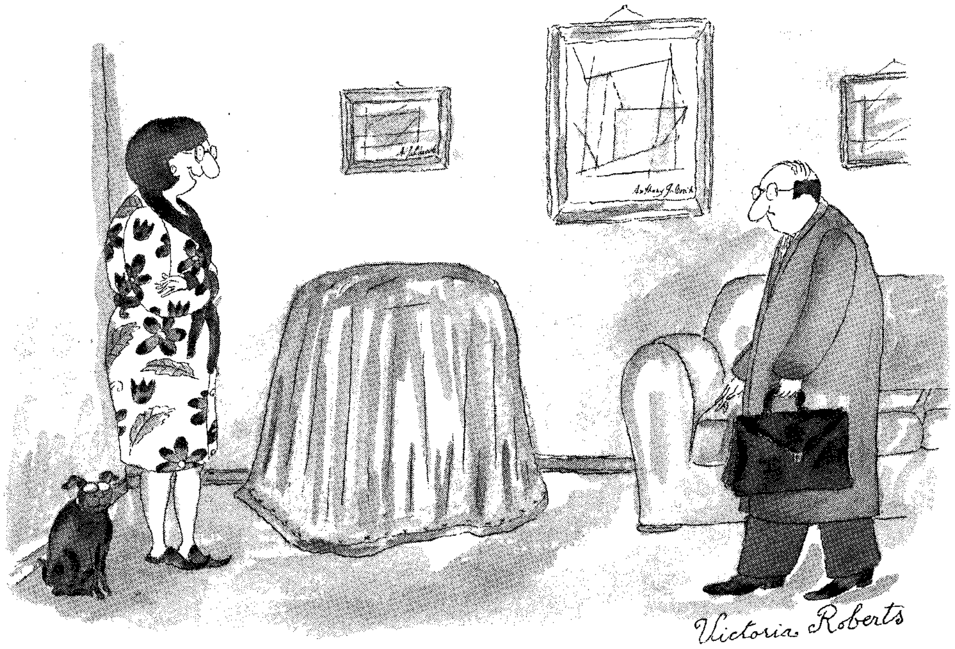


"Too late. I already put the TV to bed."

'cause the taxpayers of Alabama were paying for it, and if you're a liberal you think it's free if the taxpayer pays for it."

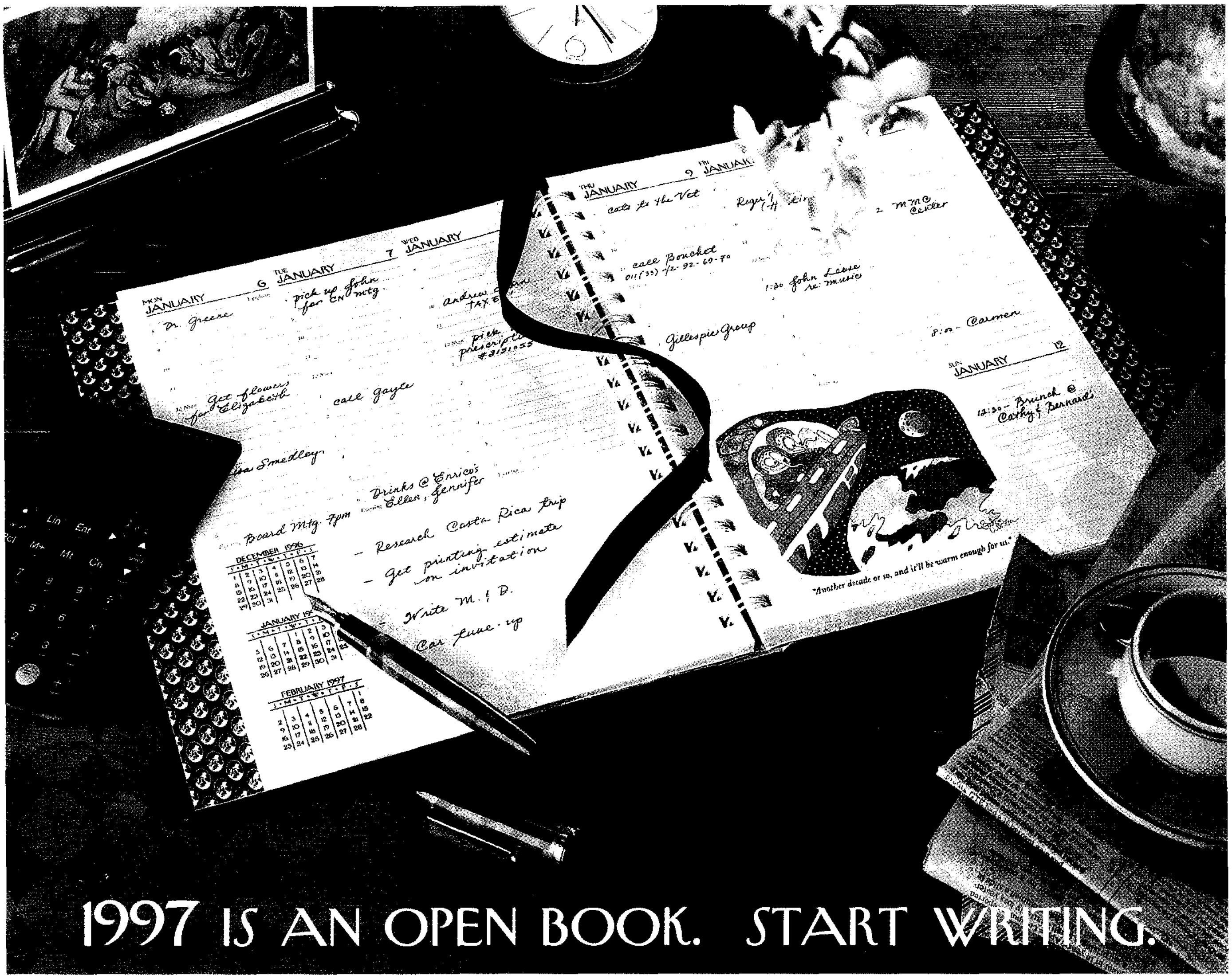
In the attack portion of his speech, Gingrich is breathtakingly without decorum. Freed by his ire, he has abandoned any pretense that the office of Speaker of the House might impose on him the need for statesmanlike restraint. He blithely and frequently calls the President a liar—"On your screen, you see all the time the President of the United States say things that are just false, not true"—and openly mocks the Democratic members of the House, laughing at "liberal offices where they're still standing there staring, waiting for the iceman to come," and boasting of killing "the Rostenkowski Memorial Patronage Post Office—it cost taxpayers four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and it was sending people to jail." He urges his partisan audiences to join him in anticipating the delight of the media reaction to a Republican victory on Election Day—"Just think of it, Dan Rather sitting there, his voice quavering, in shock, the tears running down his face." When Gingrich says this, his own face lights up for a brief moment in a smile of pure, lupine joy.

Gingrich's passion, though theatrical, does not seem to be an act. In an interview, he returns again and again to the subject of the perfidy of the President and the press, and at closer quarters he comes across as more angry, not less. Sitting in the minivan, his ice bucket next to his thigh, Gingrich bit off his words with sharp little snaps as he recalled a particular focus of his outrage—the demagogic White House campaign to convince voters that the Republicans were seeking to destroy Medicare. "I am *stunned* by the notion of the President of the United States looking into the camera from the White House and lying that overtly," he said. "I did not believe that the media of this country would tolerate a campaign of such savage dishonesty. I thought they would police it on some level. I mean, ads that say Republicans want to destroy Medicare are so dishonest that they normally would have been considered, in the past, outside the boundaries of any decent discourse. They were stunningly dishonest." He also said, "As a citizen, I am enraged. It is wrong for this country. It is *sick*. I mean, to think that they want power so badly that they would, as a deliberate strategy, scare ninety-five-year-old people, and that they would not then be censured, every day, by decent commentators. It's just pathetic."

The more Gingrich spoke, the more expansive he became in his denunciations. "This is the most routinely, systematically dishonest team in American history," he said of the Clinton Administration. "And it is at every level. That is what's so stunning. This is the entire White House staff. This is a routine culture of dishonesty." He went on, "I think it is very saddening to see the machinations of sustaining power while living out that dishonesty, which is now the heart of the Clinton system."

NEWT GINGRICH, the first and last angry man of the G.O.P. revolution of 1994, and still defiant against the pundits and the polls, predicts another Republican sweep in 1996: Dole by four points over Clinton; a G.O.P. gain in the House of between six and thirty seats and in the Senate of between three and five. The first is an extremely long shot, and the second two are certainly more likely but still anybody's guess, including Gingrich's. With as much as a third of the vote swinging between the two parties, no one can really know what is going to happen in the congressional races in 1996; no one can know whether the next Speaker of the House is going to be Gingrich or Richard Gephardt. Gingrich says he doesn't think about the possibility of not being the Speaker: "I can solve that by spending all my energy between now and Election Day making sure that doesn't happen." At any rate, he says, it doesn't really matter; he has already won the big fight.

"I believe we have profoundly altered the balance of power in the structure of the system," he says. "I mean the whole psychology of Washington versus the states, and the psychology of the country, and what it expects from its politicians, and this is true even if the Democrats truly regain the House and the Senate. If they then try to go back to the left, the '98 election will be a cataclysm that will make '94 look silly. They can't do it. They are trapped in a world they don't like, where the federal government is diminishing as the arbiter of life in America." He sees victory of a sort even in the idea of a reëlected Clinton. "Having a facile sophist of great glibness in charge may be a dangerous strategy for an ideology in retreat," he muses. "Because what he does is he sells out everything you believe in. He fails to defend any of your core beliefs, and gradually, as his position is eroded, he signs away each specific fortress you are defending. That's Clinton's legacy to liberalism in America." These are, of course, the words of a politician who has been sidelined by his own party. But they are also the words of a politician who orchestrated the shocker of 1994, and called it three months before Election Day. And then there is that smile. ♦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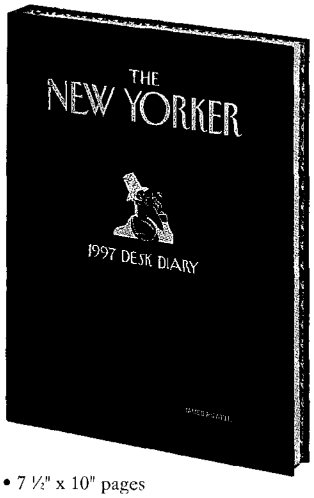

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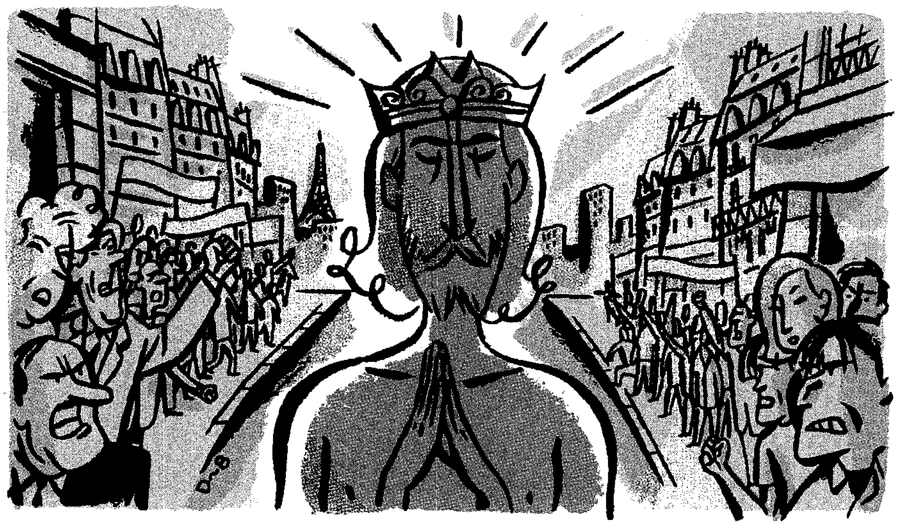
PARIS JOURNAL

THE FIRST FRENCHMAN

Why is all Paris battling over
a fifth-century reformed barbarian?

BY ADAM GOPNIK

THE argument in Paris this fall has been about Clovis, King of the Franks. It began early this year, when President Chirac announced that he would accompany the Pope to Reims Cathedral for the celebration of the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of Clovis's baptism. Before it was over, the argument had set off an anti-Clovis movement that included pamphlets, a bomb, protest marches, an excited op-ed piece in *Le Monde* debating the proper conjugation of two fifth-century Greek verbs, and a fierce polemic written by the head of Yves Saint Laurent. Like all French public controversies, it was a mixture of the absurd, the profound, the inscrutable, the enviable, and, always, the metaphoric. The participants agreed, even as they were arguing, that the argument was really about something else—that it was a displaced argument about another, more important issue. The queer thing was that no one could agree on exactly what that something else was.



Clovis, it turned out, had what in American politics would be called "a character problem."

DUPUY-BERBERIAN

It all began negligently enough. Back in the Mitterrand years, the government decided that in 1996 it would sponsor a celebration of the baptism of Clovis, which many people think took place in 496. Clovis, as every French schoolchild knows, was King of the Franks, a barbarian northerner who was wandering around Northern Europe at the end of the fifth century and into the sixth. Clovis made an upwardly mobile marriage with a Burgundian princess named Clotilde, who, as it happened, was a Christian. Clovis agreed to give up his beloved German gods if Clotilde's Christian God would bring him victory in a squabble with the Alamanni, another Germanic tribe. Clovis beat the Alamanni, and consented to his baptism by St. Rémi, in Reims, the capital of the champagne country. Over the next few years, Clovis consolidated a Frankish kingdom, which included most of northern and a bit of southern Gaul. He even established his capital briefly at Lutetia—Paris—becoming the first monarch ever to camp out there.

Squinting hard, in the right light, you can just make out in Clovis's history the rudiments of an essential Frenchness. There is Paris (though at the time it was just a village), there is champagne (though at the time it was a still wine), there is Catholicism (though Clovis was not particularly pious). Since a certain kind of French historian has always liked to inspect the past by squinting hard in a favorable light, Clovis was soon designated the first Frenchman. Later French kings, of the Capetian and the Bourbon dynasties, would point in an absent-minded way to Clovis as their precursor—his name is a form of Chlodwig, which became Latinized as Louis, the favorite name of French kings. Nobody thought much about him, though, French kings of the Renaissance preferring to look for their predecessors in more high-toned company, like Augustus Caesar, or the Sun, or God.

Then, in the nineteenth century, as part of the romantic medieval revival, Clovis staged a comeback. "The baptism of Clovis is the baptism of France" became one of the slogans of right-wing, anti-republican France—meaning that a non-Catholic France was a historical impossibility. The simplicity of this legend also meant that where, say, King Arthur, Clovis's historical counterpart and his companion in the nineteenth-century romantic revival, was always nicely wrapped in misty romance, Clovis was, in the French manner, *lucide*. His admirers thought, in effect, that he had been responsible for a kind of *décret de loi 496:* From now on, we are French.

Last year, as the Clovis sesquimillennium drew near, the new right-wing government saw a harmless opportunity to win a little credit with its own religious element. At the same time, some right-wing intellectuals began to seize on the Clovis occasion as a way of updating, in suitably allegorical clothes, the old anti-republican polemic. The historian Michel Rouche published a dull, erudite, admiring biography entitled "Clovis," which poked around in the archives to produce a somewhat implausible picture of a French king who had a "project," just like a professor. In Clovis's case, the project was the invention of France. "Clovis" became an unlikely best-seller. Pierre Chaunu, a professor emeritus of history at the Sorbonne, published a sort of Clovisian catechism, with Eric Mension-Rigau, entitled "Baptism of Clovis, Baptism of France." Chaunu gaily admits that "you have to look at the texts of the period with an electron microscope to detect Clovis's conversion." Still, the centuries-old "construction of Clovis" is, Chaunu insists, *the* French myth, and the baptism of Clovis was the starting point of a French national essence that has persisted through wars and revolutions and apparent defeats.

Then another right-wing intellectual, a minor politician named Paul-Marie Couteaux, published a Clovis rhapsody entitled "Clovis: A History of France." Organized, in Ruskinian fashion, around a tour of the five central cities of Clovis's life, this dreamy, mystical account sets out to make the same point: there is a *real* French tradition, a collective soul, inviolable and continuous, which distinguishes France from all its neighbors and competitors, and that tradition began when Clovis was baptized. "A nation," Couteaux writes, meaning France, "is unlimited in time but limited in space," whereas "an empire," he says, meaning either the Roman or the American, "is unlimited in space but limited in time." Both Chaunu and Couteaux offer a scholarly, impassioned patriotism that sometimes touches the edge of nobility, and a pervasive air of unreality that sometimes touches the edge of looniness. (Chaunu, for instance, writes that it is a sign of the transcendent continuity of the French nation-state that it remained intact during the Occupation—as though the fact that the French state stayed intact even when it was being run by Hitler weren't exactly the problem.)

With the success of these books and other bits of Clovis-friendly literature, it began to dawn on leftist French intellectuals that the government endorsement of the Clovis celebration had handed the nationalist right a free pass to make propaganda. A lot of people even began to suspect that the Clovis debate was becoming a displaced argument about the extreme-right-wing National Front and its leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen. The Front had taken up the iconography of Clovis before anyone else, and had helped put the Clovis cult back in motion. Clovis had got onto its letterhead, replacing Jeanne d'Arc, who seemed too wet, as the Party's symbol. Le Pen made speeches before giant, crude, Nazi-art-style posters of Clovis—though the National Front house artist made Clovis look less heroic than sour and bemused, like a small-town French shopkeeper who has just been asked by an American to cash a traveller's check.

It was not that Couteaux or Rouche

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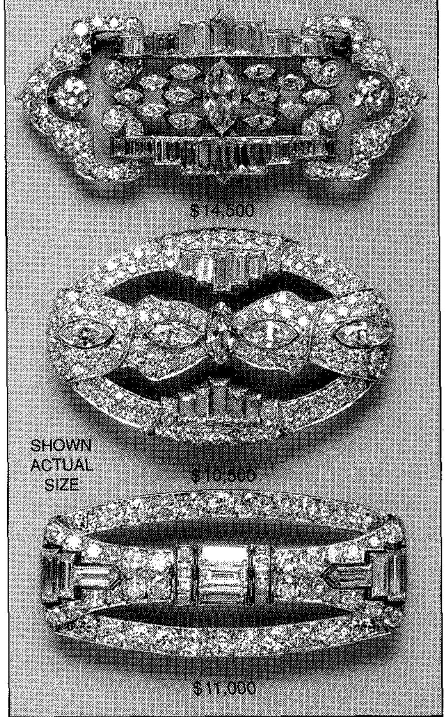

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or any of the other pro-Clovis intellectuals were in any sense Lepenistes. Their insistent romantic search for a French essence was just a reminder that the Occupation had managed to freeze in place here a set of mandarin manners, including a strain of mystical Catholic nationalism, that everywhere else in Europe disappeared with the war. It was just that the language and the ideas of even the upper, honorable reaches of the Clovis cult—continuity, racial unity, national baptism, collective soul—in some ways resemble those of the National Front, and so the Clovis affair became a metaphor for the best way of dealing with Le Pen. Was it better to oppose him resolutely or to recognize the persistence of the goggly-eyed nationalism he appeals to, and attempt to "pietize" it, cleanse it of hatred, and reattach it to a common national myth?

These are good days for Le Pen. He has learned the trick, in America mastered only by Pat Buchanan and Louis Farrakhan, of attracting the attention of the mainstream press by making outrageous statements and then holding it as he "clarifies" the original outrage. Not long ago, Le Pen made a speech on the innate inequality of races, and then spent a happy week on television explaining that what he had in mind was things like the domination of track and field by blacks at the Olympics. The National Front has become emboldened. Its popularity remains fixed at around ten per cent of the electorate, but a new poll in *Libération* shows that more than fifty per cent of the French people are not particularly shocked by its violent, anti-immigrant, anti-Semitic views. Le Pen, with his tiny, piggy eyes and fixed rictus smile, is a relic of another time, too—as much a remnant of the nineteen-thirties gutter right as the impeccable intellectuals are of the old Catholic right. Le Pen knows that he is a villain, and doesn't mind looking like one. The compulsive American ethic of niceness, which is sweeping most of political Europe, is unknown here. (Coercive niceness is our form of nationalism, and is now becoming our imperialism.) Le Pen remains a madman and a menace, and enjoys it. He sneers and grimaces and growls and mocks. The other week, he was interviewed by Christine Ockrent, the Diane Sawyer of France. She spent fifteen minutes at the start of her Sunday-evening program apologizing for having him on at all, and then he reduced her nearly to tears by unapologetically remaining himself.

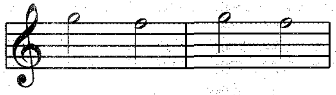
A lot of people on the left felt that it was necessary not just to protest against Clovisian excesses but to take on the whole "Clovis construction," from the ground up. The Réseau Voltaire, an anticlerical organization, and its president, Thierry Meyssan, began going after Clovis and the Pope's visit, pointing out that the Pope was coming to celebrate Clovis's anniversary not on Christmas Day, which was when legend had it fixed, but, provocatively, on September 22nd, the day of the proclamation of the First Republic, in 1792. "The combat begins," Meyssan warned ominously, and a flurry of op-ed pieces began to appear in the pages of *Le Monde* and *Libération*, questioning the government's involvement in the celebration, and generally giving poor Clovis hell.

Clovis, it turned out, had what in American politics would be called "a character problem." Readers of *Le Monde* and *Libé* learned that Clovis wasn't the first Christian king in France. Fifth-century Gaul was filled with minor chieftains who were Christians, but most of them were adherents of the Arian heresy, which holds that God the Father did not share the same substance as Jesus Christ. Clovis, far from being a pioneering pagan-basher, was just an opportunist, who saw a way of getting papal support by triangulating himself between the heretic Arians and the pagan Alamanni. The historian Odon Vallet made this point in an op-ed piece in *Le Monde*. Vallet went on to prove, with a thoroughness startling to a New Yorker happily accustomed to reading critiques of Barneys on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*, that the implicit ambiguity of the participial forms of the Greek verbs *gennao* (to engender) and *gignomai* (to become), which lay at the heart of the Arian perplexity, could not have been understood by either the illiterate Clovis or the Latin-only St. Rémi. This suggested that their decision to embrace orthodoxy was political rather than truly theological.

Clovis's negatives kept going up. He was a butcher who had killed his uncles and most of his nephews.

"Great legs, good cook, and not half bad in the sack, but hopelessly tied to his mother's apron strings."

[TANK FERMENTED]



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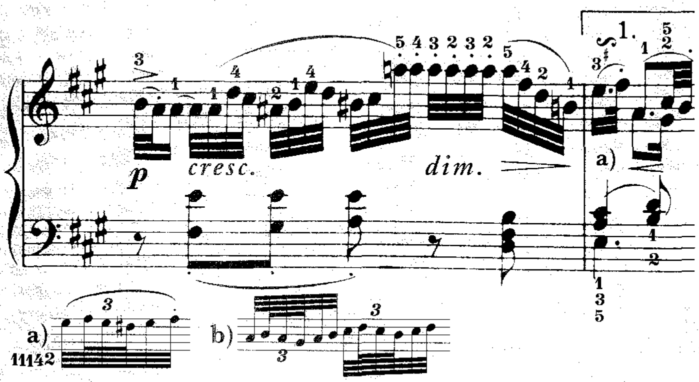
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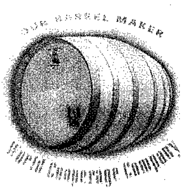
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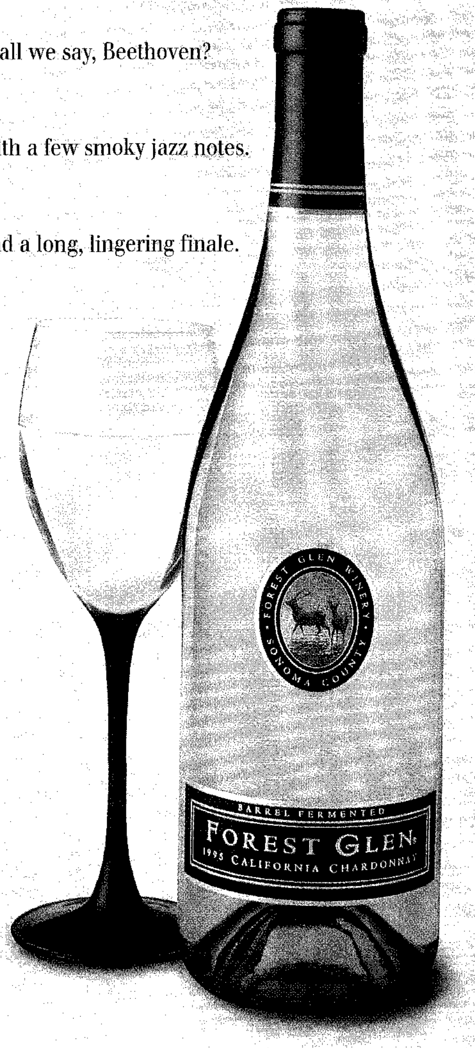
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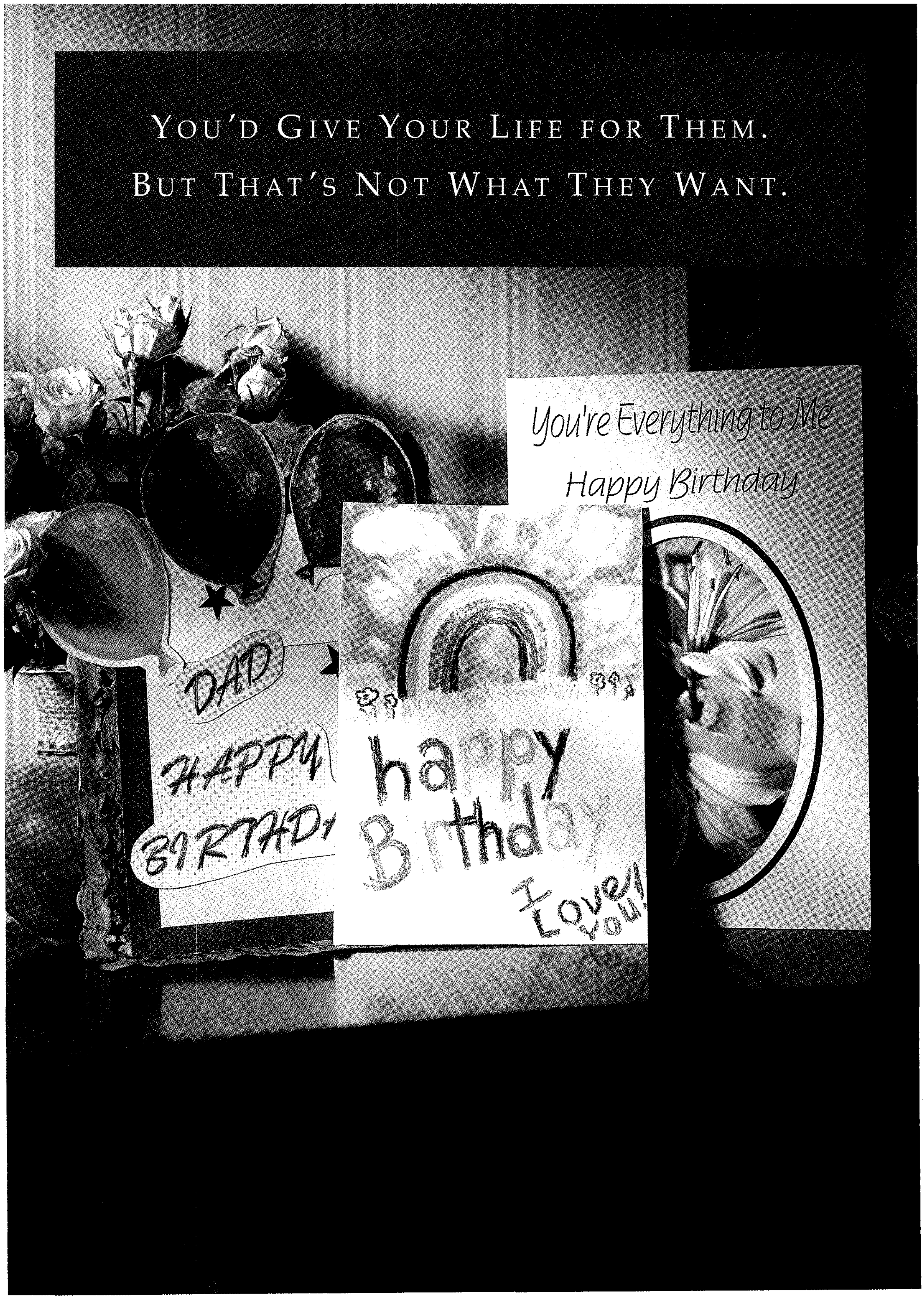
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CONTRAINDICATIONS: *Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication.* Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should *have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and* other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed before the initiation of treatment, at 6 and 12 weeks after initiation of therapy or elevation in dose, and periodically thereafter (e.g., semiannually).** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare ($< 0.1\%$) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated* concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination. PRECAUTIONS: General —** Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life ($t^{1}/_{2}$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients —** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions —** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle.** *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on *the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome* isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy.**) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0-12\ hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol*, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p< 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity —** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a *dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans* taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility —** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of *malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls* ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae.* In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X. —** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers —** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use —** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events —** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) ($N = 3302$) or placebo ($n = 3293$) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more *of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia* rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities*: elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities —** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy —** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions.**) **OVERDOSAGE:** To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Consult package insert before prescribing PRAVACHOL® (pravastatin sodium).

Revised July 1996
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He was bad on labor relations—he liked to chop off the heads of underlings if they displeased him—and bad on ethnic-cleansing issues. (He massacred the Alamanni after he defeated them.) The left declared that Clovis was really more German than French. Ever since the time of the Revolution, there has been a split in the French historical imagination between the right, which claims descent from the Franks, and the left, which claims descent from the Gauls—the Celtic-Druidic people who were in this part of the world before the Romans came. In French left-wing mythology, the Gauls—Vercingetorix is their national hero—are communal, libertarian, and egalitarian. More important, appealing to them as the founding race of France proves that you can have an idea of France without Christianity—that the idea of Frenchness preceded Catholicism. The state's endorsement of Clovis was therefore not merely an affront to the memory of Danton and Mitterrand but a calculated insult to Vercingetorix.

It turned out that the Lepenistes, far from being uniformly Clovisite, were torn by a doctrinal dispute. The orthodox Catholic God-of-Clotilde-and-Clovis wing was matched by an equally strong neo-pagan wing, led by Pierre Vial, the National Front's adviser for the Rhône-Alps region. He looked past Clovis, to Thor and the other Viking divinities, as the gods who might yet save France. Clovis, by contrast, was a hopelessly cosmopolitan fellow, and under the thumb of his Madame, too.

To many on the left, the Clovis–Le Pen connection had always seemed overdrawn. Le Pen is much more effectively excluded from the French establishment right-wing parties than, say, Pat Buchanan, with his scarily similar ideology, is from the American Republican Party. The Clovis argument, then, couldn't *really* be a displaced argument about how you ought to manage Le Pen, so it must be an argument about something more important—perhaps about whether or not the *laïcité* of France would remain inviolate. This argument is the central thesis of Pierre Bergé's "The Clovis Affair," which appeared from the classy publishing house of Plon in early September and was displayed, in a demonstration of *fraternité*, in the windows of the Sonia Rykiel boutique on the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Bergé—the head of Yves Saint Laurent, the former head of the Paris Opéra, and a Mitterrand intimate—had detected in the Clovis business not a move to sanitize the far right but a major power grab by the Church: a full-scale assault on the laicity of the French state, which was guaranteed by law in 1905. "Laicity" has a different meaning in France from the equally sacrosanct "separation of Church and State" in America. In America, the separation is meant to be neutral; in France, laicity has symbols and holy dates and places of its own—the Tricolore, July 14th, the Pantheon—which are as loaded with meaning, as nearly religious, as their alternatives. Laicity is a kind of state religion—or, at least, a state cult—intended to provide a common church of Frenchness. By assaulting laicity, the Church was disuniting France.

In Bergé's polemic, the moving personage behind the Clovis affair was not the coarse and hateful Le Pen but someone far more capable and intelligent, and almost universally admired—Cardinal Jean-Marie Lustiger, the Archbishop of Paris. Lustiger is one of those improbable geniuses whom the Catholic Church still manages to attract. Lustiger was born a Jew; his mother died in Auschwitz. He hid with a Christian family during the war, and was then converted to Catholicism. Shrewd and brilliant, very much in the Mazarin and Richelieu tradition, Lustiger was recently made a member of the Académie Française, and his long, aquiline jaw, brushed-back silver hair, and precise manner of speech are familiar to every French television viewer.

Bergé sees in the Pope's visit—and in the entire Clovis occasion—some adept political positioning on the part of Cardinal Lustiger regarding the next papal conclave. Why, Bergé asks, apropos of Lustiger, was the celebration of the Clovis baptism held in 1996, and not in, say, 1998, which is just as plausible a date for a Clovis anniversary? Could it be, he wonders, with a battle-weary political knowingness obviously bred in the back rooms of the couture houses, that someone sensed that the current Pope, ill and failing, just might not live long enough to attend the celebration? And

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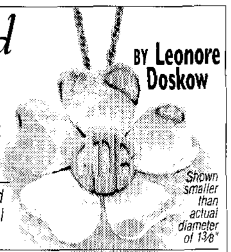
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wouldn't that mean that no particular political advantage would accrue to the cardinal who brought him here? By showing that he can "deliver" France, like a ward boss, Lustiger will become more *papabile* to the next gathering of cardinals. That must happen sooner rather than later, and the conclave, Bergé theorizes, will be unable, after the Polish experiment, to go back to an Italian—and will probably not be quite ready for a Third World Pope. So what better compromise than a Jewish Pope from Paris?

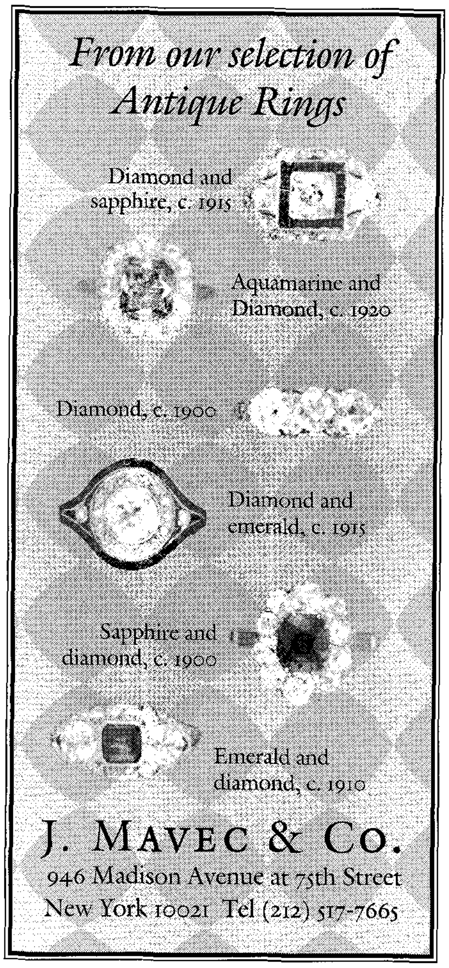
It is touches like these that make Bergé's book appealing. He goes on to argue that, whatever Lustiger's ambitions, the attempt to entangle all France in the Clovis celebration has one particular, smaller aim: forcing the government to begin withholding taxes to subsidize religious schools. Bergé's book is striking, at the very least, for its courage: it isn't easy to imagine Calvin Klein writing a learned, pugnaciously anticlerical manifesto. And Bergé is a fitting antagonist for Lustiger, or for Clovis himself—an irascible, intense, and elegant little chieftain who presides over the Saint Laurent empire from an office in a *hôtel particulier* on the Avenue Marceau.

"Americans can't understand the idea of laicity, because religion is everywhere in America," Bergé said recently in his office, under an Andy Warhol portrait of himself. "You take an oath on the Bible in court, and the President himself is sworn in on the Bible. I always think of the photograph of Lyndon Johnson on the plane back from Dallas, after the death of Kennedy, swearing on the Bible. Here in France, such a thing is completely unknown. We have a state that is independent of any church at all. There are no Bibles in our hotel rooms. Not one! This is why the assault on the laicity is so frightening. It represents a lie about the history of France." He went on, "Our history is not one continuous development of an essence. It is a series of strata, one blending into the next. There is no Clovis moment, no Clovis succession. There are a thousand moments, a thousand ways, in which France became France. To distinguish one—and a religious one, at that—is to deny our reality. But our real fear should not be of Le Pen. It should be of losing the courage that makes us state clearly what we are for—the Republic, laicity, and liberty, equality, and fraternity, if I may use those expressions. Perhaps the Clovis moment will be useful, if it gives new courage to the left. It may appear that there is a great difference between French and American businessmen, which emboldens me to speak out on vital issues. I wish that this were so. But it is not. It's just me."

Cardinal Lustiger, for his part, responded to the attacks with quiet, alliterative dignity. In an interview with *Le Figaro*, he denounced "paranoia," said that the real reasons for the Clovis celebration had nothing to do with the antirepublican ideological designs that some people were opposing, and criticized "*pompiers pyromanes*"—firebug firemen.

THERE are people in Paris who will tell you that the Clovis debate was never a displaced argument about Le Pen, who is really only a nuisance, or even an argument about the ambitions of Cardinal Lustiger and the assault on the French laicity, which was never in any real danger. Arguing about Clovis, they say, was really a way of protesting the approaching European Union. One of the paradoxes of French life now is that France depends on a unified Europe as the only means of taming Germany and defying America, and yet the achievement of a unified Europe means the abandonment of the French nationalist mystique that is Gaullism's ideological centerpiece. Perhaps this is one of the reasons that Chirac and Prime Minister Juppé have had such a hard time making an impression on their countrymen. The glory of France demands a policy that forbids them to talk very much about the glory of France.

"It is a displaced argument about the displacement of the national argument," a French psychoanalyst said recently, meaning that the Clovis affair was not a displaced argument about anything contemporary but an expression of longing for the bright opposed certainties of the old debates. Most nations look to their legendary history for an illusion of a lost concord. Only in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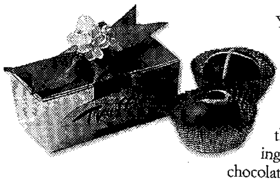

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VERMIN

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"
What child cries out, "An exterminator!"?
One diligent student in Mrs. Taylor's
class will get an ant farm for Christmas, but
he'll not see industry; he'll see dither.
"The ant sets an example for us all,"
wrote Max Beerbohm, a master of dawdle,
"but it is not a good one." These children
don't hope to outlast the doldrums of school
only to heft great weights and work in squads
and die for their queen. Well, neither did we.
And we knew what we didn't want to be:
the ones we looked down on, the lambs of God,
blander than snow and slow to be cruel.

—William Matthews

France does the past produce a series of set struggles, a lost Eden of neat, two-sided arguments. The obviously tendentious right-wing version of the French past produces an equally unreal left-wing version. And there is a secret, tacit complicity between the two, since together they give official history an abstract Cartesian clarity that no lived history could possess. The cult of the Franks produces a corresponding cult of the Gauls; Clovis produced Vercingetorix. The reality, of course, was always more muddled, often beautifully muddled. The journalist's cliché is that the Clovis argument has shown how deep the old divisions really are. In fact, it has shown that they can now exist only as a style of argument.

Although muddling through, liberal style, is now a creed, it is not yet a faith. Most people in France have decided that there is no real alternative to our fin de siècle's new catholicism of compromise and slow reform. Yet they can't help longing for the beauty of the old battles and the glory of the old gods—as Clovis must have done after his conversion, too.

By the time the Pope arrived, it was hard to remember exactly what the argument had been about in the first place. When President Chirac welcomed him in Tours on Thursday, the Pope seemed shockingly frail: the once ruddy, potent Polish peasant philosopher shuffled along looking as though his head had collapsed directly into his shoulders. Everyone's behavior was impeccable: Chirac, who had decided not to go to Reims after all, welcomed the Pope on behalf of the French lay state; the Pope said that he was glad to be in France as an unambitious visitor.

On Sunday, in Reims, conducting a vast outdoor Mass in Clovis's memory, the Pope spoke his French text with the heavy Polish accent that the French associate with workmen and cash-only carpenters. No one could have looked less like the conquering imperial cleric whose approach the French left had been pleasantly shuddering over for months. In emerald-green robes and an incongruous, geometrically decorated tiara, he looked like the grandfather of an immigrant family at the end of Christmas dinner, nodding off silently under a party hat. Barely able to keep his eyes open, he wiped his nose on his vestments as a symbolic barrel of champagne was brought up the steps for his blessing. The commentator on French television explained, delicately, that "champagne is a symbol of the abundance of God's love." It may have been the only inarguable proposition of the entire affair. ♦

Naked by the Window: The Fatal Marriage of Carl Andre and Ana Mendieta. *Robert Katz*. Absorbing and tragic story of the minimalist sculptor who was tried and acquitted of publishing his beautiful artist wife out of a 34-storey window. —*Hacker Art Books catalogue.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

At what point is a story complete? On the eve of the last Presidential election, this magazine published an account of an unlikely American political prisoner—Brett Kimberlin. But the author was convinced there was more to the story. Four years later, he reveals what he discovered.

BY MARK SINGER

FREEDOM

EVERY day for more than five thousand days, Brett Coleman Kimberlin thought of freedom as something he had coming to him—not eventually but right now. The problem was that the prosecutors in Indiana had asked for a hundred and fifteen years, and the judge had obliged with fifty. Kimberlin had persevered, and, at last, with not quite fifteen years behind him, he reached the cusp of liberty. From Memphis, where he had spent four and a half years getting to know the interior of the federal correctional institution but missed out on Graceland and the ducks in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel, he was scheduled to travel by bus, on November 9, 1993, to the District of Columbia, where he still owed society three months in a halfway house. For several weeks, each of our daily phone conversations began with a countdown. The operator would announce a collect call, and I would accept it and then hear Kimberlin's uninflected Midwestern voice: a laconic greeting segueing to an up-tempo "Thirty-six and a wake-up" or "Twenty-two and a wake-up" or "Nine and a wake-up"—a still youthful Rip van Winkle anticipating his journey out of a bad dream. At night, as he slept, his brain processed images of menace and violence, quotidian treachery. He never regarded freedom as abstract or spectral, and he never dreamed of it. Freedom was a palpable entitlement, air he could taste, an opportunity to exploit.

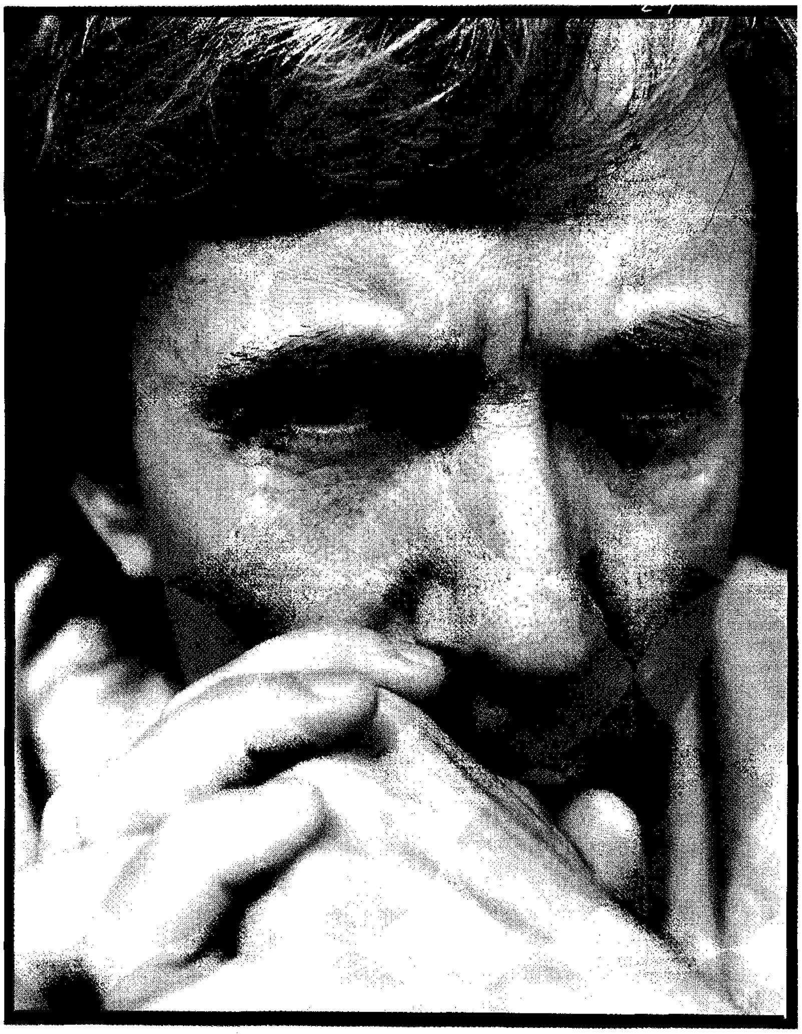
Kimberlin's physical condition was superb. He didn't like cigarettes and had never drunk alcohol in his life. As a child, he had been found to have acute food allergies: wheat, milk, eggs, and red meat. Given what the Bureau of Prisons dietitians had to offer, and the fact that most fights got started in the mess, this seemed a tolerable disability. Usually, he prepared meals in his cell, subsisting on oatmeal, rice, tuna fish, and fruit juices from the commissary, a monotony interrupted by contraband onions, peppers, and tomatoes. Though he had entered prison a runt—five feet five, barely a hundred pounds—along the way he had become a successful competitive power lifter, and he was leaving as a buffed-out hundred-and-thirty-pounder who could bench-press more than twice his weight. He had high cheekbones, a fine jawline, a pallid complexion, and hooded blue eyes, which he tended to aim directly at your eyes. A few months shy of his fortieth birthday, he might have passed for ten years younger if it weren't for his hair. Its natural color was light brown, but an invasion of gray had evidently begun, because it looked as if he had taken to rinsing with a dye.

Never in his life, Kimberlin said, had he felt more in control. "It's like when I've spent months training for a power-lifting meet," he told me. "Let me on the platform! I feel like I've *created* this—my release—and I'm going to be living in that creation. Most people leave prison and all they do is react to stimuli. It's all too much for them to absorb. I'm not going to be doing that. I feel like I'm going out into what I've created, and I'm ready for it."

Kimberlin's case manager had suggested having his mother send a pair of Guess jeans and a nice sweater, maybe a sports jacket. Kimberlin found this morally reprehensible. He was contemptuous of what he called "the convict attitude." He had never been tattooed, never joined a prison poker game or pool game, never been sexually humiliated. Why get all decked out like a neon ex-con? He wanted to hit the sidewalk wearing Bureau of Prison-issue khakis. "I feel like a P.O.W., and I want to walk out of here wearing P.O.W. clothes," he said. "That way, I'll be making a statement that I feel I have to make. They want me to pretend that everything's O.K. And I want to say that everything is not O.K."

IT was seven-thirty on a silvery autumn morning, two and a half hours since Kimberlin's final prison wake-up. The temperature was in the mid-forties; the oaks and maples were turning. I sat in the back seat of a parked compact car, thirty yards from the prison gate. Dennis Freeland, the editor of a weekly alternative newspaper called the Memphis *Flyer*, was the driver, and Kimberlin's sister, Cynthia, and Roy Cajero, a photographer for the *Flyer*, were fellow-passengers. The *Flyer* had published two cover stories and several shorter articles about Kimberlin during his time in Memphis. Earlier, as we turned onto the service road and caught sight of the concertina wire and the corrugated-concrete outer walls, Cynthia had started crying. Now we all waited silently. A steady trickle of employees, mostly black, arrived for the eight-o'clock shift. Just before the hour, the cab that would transport Kimberlin to the bus depot pulled up, and soon we could see him standing inside the prison portal's glass vestibule, counting money. Roy Cajero poked a long lens out the rear window of our car. When Kimberlin stepped outside, he deliberately faced us, smiling but not waving—a man comfortable posing.

We followed the taxi along the interstate, a twenty-minute dash downtown, during which Kimberlin occasionally glanced through the rear window, smiled, winked, and faintly waved. On the sidewalk outside the Greyhound terminal, he embraced his sister. Waiting inside was a friend who, though he lived in Memphis, had never met Kimberlin face to face. This was Clyde Stephenson, a pen pal who in recent months had written several rambling single-spaced letters, metaphysical free-association riffs that described his life as a figure-skating instructor, a spiritual pilgrim, and a devotee of Walter of Pontoise, an eleventh-century saint. The correspondence began after Clyde saw an article about Kimberlin in *People.* The accompanying photographs, Clyde felt, revealed a striking resemblance to St. Walter. Clyde had brought a shopping bag that was loaded with barbecued shrimp, a silver amulet that he said he had received from the Dalai Lama and had got blessed by the Pope, and some last-minute advice. "Tell Brett to watch it," he said to Cynthia. "He's going out of here totally fearless. A lot of people won't be able to deal with that."



Brett Kimberlin photographed by Ken Schles on September 16, 1996. "I feel like a P.O.W., and I want to walk out of here wearing P.O.W. clothes."

Cynthia was toting an insulated knapsack filled with food, a knapsack packed with clothing, a small duffel, and a carrying case for her video camera.

Seasoned bus travellers refer to any trip on the Greyhound Lines as "ridin' the dawg"—best forgotten but ineluctably memorable. The ambience of the terminal suggested that celebrity sightings in Memphis typically took place in some other setting. A skinny woman with dirty-blond hair and dark rings under her eyes walked over, carrying a four-foot-tall Barney the Dinosaur. Gesturing toward Kimberlin, she asked Clyde, "Who is he?"

"He's rich and famous," Clyde told her.

In that case, she wanted to be photographed with him.

"Sure, I'll hold Barney," Kimberlin said. "Barney was born after I went in." He smiled at the cameras.

"This Barney has come all the way from Lakeland, Florida, today," the woman said.

After she moved away, Kimberlin said, "What the hell was that all about?"

Cynthia continued to follow his movements with her video camera, Roy Cajero stayed busy taking photographs, Dennis Freeland and I were jotting things in notebooks. It occurred to me that together, unwittingly, we were turning what might otherwise have been a deeply private moment of transition into a minor media event. Then I caught myself and realized that each of us—from Cynthia, who idolized her brother, to Clyde, who was looking on with what appeared to be controlled rapture, and on to the serendipitous skinny lady with the stuffed purple dinosaur and all the mileage on her odometer—was a player in a performance directed by the ostensible subject. Like Kimberlin, each of us had an investment in his being somebody.

I FIRST met Brett Kimberlin in the summer of 1992. Over two consecutive days, we spent fourteen hours in a glass-walled private cubicle off the main visitors' room of the Memphis Federal Correctional Institution. He did most of the talking, unspooling a tale that was both linear and byzantine in its complexity. I already knew that the person I was listening to had, as a teen-ager, been convicted of perjury; had progressed from small-time marijuana dealer to big-time marijuana smuggler; had been a suspect in a murder case that was never solved; and in 1981 had been convicted of a series of apparently motiveless bombings in the town of Speedway, Indiana, the last of which left a man severely maimed. I knew that Kimberlin had defiantly maintained his innocence, and to our first meetings he brought a tall stack of legal filings and other documents that amounted, he said, to proof of his having been railroaded. He had a reputation as an exceptionally adroit jailhouse lawyer, and the papers he showed me included briefs he had written himself or collaborated on with respected members of the bar.

Though I entered the room armored with the skepticism of any self-respecting journalist, I found it impossible not to be impressed by Kimberlin's intelligence and self-discipline. He referred me to a sympathetic newspaper reporter who had known him for more than a decade, and whom I dutifully called afterward to ask whether he believed Kimberlin's story. "Which one?" he replied. "Brett's an interesting character."

Two months after that first meeting, I published a lengthy article about Kimberlin in this magazine. Though it addressed his criminal convictions and his avowal of innocence in the bombing case, its focus was a series of events that started during the Presidential-election campaign of 1988, when George Bush chose Dan Quayle as his running mate. In the closing weeks of that campaign, Kimberlin began sharing with reporters a claim that in the early seventies he had routinely supplied Quayle with small amounts of marijuana.

At the time, Kimberlin was an inmate of a federal prison in El Reno, Oklahoma. Four days before the election, as the story began to surface and dozens of reporters called the warden's office seeking audiences with Kimberlin, he agreed to a prison official's suggestion that he appear that evening at a press conference. The event was then cancelled on orders from the director of the Bureau of Prisons, and Kimberlin was placed in administrative detention, apart from the general prison population. He was released twenty-four hours later, but on the day before the election he was isolated again, when it was discovered that he planned to hold a telephone press conference with a gathering of Washington reporters. This time, he remained incommunicado for almost a week. Then, several weeks later, after an account of these incidents appeared in a legal publication, he was placed in detention a third time.

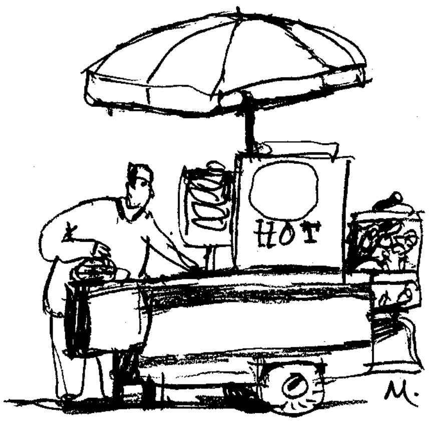
When I caught up with Kimberlin, he was still incarcerated but was pursuing a civil-rights suit against the director of the Bureau of Prisons and an official of the Justice Department. He had attended a parole hearing in the summer of 1988, about a month before Dan Quayle was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Parole had been denied. Subsequent appeals of the parole decision were also denied, even though Kimberlin had generally been an exemplary inmate. All this lent credence to the notion that he had become—and I resorted to this phrase with sober hesitation—a "political prisoner."

By 1992, Kimberlin had acquired considerable skill at dealing with the press. When I first contemplated writing about him, I tried to make it clear to him that my purpose was not to enhance his standing as a cause célèbre. I wanted to figure out who this guy was. How was it that, by virtue of his being a convict, certain members of the press could dismiss him as not credible? How was it that Dan Quayle, by virtue of his position in public life, could be deemed credible? I wasn't comfortable with many of Quayle's statements; they seemed so categorical: he had never met Kimberlin, he never used illegal drugs, he never attended a party where drugs were used, he had no friends who had used them. Was there a subtext to the silencing of Kimberlin in prison? This was, after all, an election year, and much had been made of Bill Clinton's admission that he had smoked marijuana in England.

Some months later, I signed a contract to write a book about Kimberlin's life. He agreed to coöperate, and in exchange he would receive a share of the book's royalties. This venture was predicated on the idea that there was a richer story to tell than the one I had previously told. Looking back, I think we both assumed that we had the same story in mind—an assumption that now strikes me as both conspiratorial and naïve.

By ten o'clock, we were on the bus, rolling east. In western Tennessee, we cruised past beige autumn foliage as dull as the pewter sky, and ripe white cotton fields ready for harvest. For Kimberlin, every frame had a Technicolor brilliance. In the terminal, savoring a stick of chewing gum that Clyde had given him, he said, "That's the first piece of gum I've had in a long time. That's contraband. They send you to the hole for that." Now Cynthia began to unpack provisions from her knapsack. He bit into a coconut-almond bar, looked deeply satisfied, and said, "Real food." He drank from a chilled container of cider that Cynthia had pressed from her back-yard apples in Utah the previous morning. When she gave him an oatmeal cookie, he said, "I haven't had a cookie in fifteen years."

We stopped in Nashville, and Kimberlin asked Cynthia how to use her telephone credit card. "I've never used one," he said. "They didn't have them where I was." The price of gasoline hadn't changed much, but the price of Life Savers had doubled. A visit to the men's room became a mild epiphany: "I can't tell you how wonderful it is to be able to go into a stall and close the door. If I have any psychic scars, it's been from the loss of privacy—having to shit and piss two feet away from someone else for fifteen years."



Back on the road, with dusk falling, Kimberlin put on Walkman earphones to listen to "All Things Considered" on National Public Radio. Unaccustomed as he was to visual stimulation, he was struck by the beauty of the oncoming car headlights. An hour later, however, while doing transcendental meditation, he was serenely lost in his thoughts when the bus went down a hill and the glare of headlights hit him in the eyes—like a guard's flashlight during nighttime count in the joint—and for a few moments he panicked. Once he'd calmed down, he told himself there were likely to be nights when he would awaken and not realize he was free.

Kimberlin met a girl on the bus, a pretty auburn-haired Mexican-American seated in the row ahead of him. He began chatting with her in an aggressively amiable way, and when the seat next to her became free he took it. Monica was eighteen, on her way from Los Angeles to Philadelphia, chaperoned by an aunt and a grandmother. Later, nearing the Virginia border, he asked his sister to hand him an issue of *Powerlifting USA*, in which he was credited with the eighteenth-heaviest all-time squat-lift in the hundred-and-fourteen-pound division. "I told this girl I'm one of the strongest men in the world, and she told me I'm full of shit," he explained. "I want to prove it." By Fort Chiswell, Virginia, at one-thirty in the morning, he was in a McDonald's, paying for Monica's Egg McMuffin. Too wired to sleep, Kimberlin was soon leaning his head on her shoulder and stroking her hair. Before dawn, she asked him about other girls. "Yeah, there are other girls," he said. "They're like flies. I mean, I like them, but they're not special. Not like you." And she replied, "Boy, you've got every line, don't you?"

Naturally, there were facts that Kimberlin couldn't share. He couldn't tell her where he had just come from. He couldn't tell her that looking up at the stars wasn't just pleasant but was the first time he'd seen them in fifteen years. He couldn't tell her that there were people in Indianapolis who, if they kept their word, were going to start carrying guns now that he was free. Anyway, it sure was nice to smell a woman. And it was a challenge to talk with one again.

Kimberlin was seated next to me as we reached the outskirts of the District. His mother would be waiting in the bus terminal, along with a couple of friends. Knowing that Cynthia would be videotaping their reunion, I asked Kimberlin how he intended to explain this expectant entourage to Monica.

"You go out ahead of me and tell everyone not to mention prison," he said.

Dryly, I said I wasn't sure whether that would be proper.

"Come on, man," he said, laughing. "Don't blow some pussy for me."

I had spent more than a year examining Kimberlin's life, and I was already reassessing my original perceptions of him. Who he was and where he'd been had begun to seem ambiguous; where he was now heading was impossible to predict. Verities that I had filed away as tangible and solid now struck me as hazy and transient. There were questions I could pursue endlessly, their answers growing yet more elusive. I knew for sure only that I was witnessing the middle passage of a long and strange American voyage.

"She has her mother's management style."

• •

HOMEGROWN EVIL

WHO was Brett Kimberlin? To be sure, he was someone who had supplied illegal drugs, mainly marijuana, to a lot of people. At fifteen, he began selling ounces of pot to his high-school classmates, in Indianapolis. That he was short and scrawny enhanced the impression that he was a prodigy of sorts, a peewee Dr. Feelgood, whose customers later recalled with bemusement how he would sometimes interrupt business proceedings to call home and ask permission to stay out past the dinner hour. This was the late sixties, and the counterculture was proving just how aggressively cannabis and hallucinogens could fill a vacuum created by the chronic understimulation characteristic of so many affluent suburban sprawls like Indianapolis—the white-bread heartland where restless adolescents' fear that nothing would ever happen existed in counterpoise with their parents' anxiety that something actually would. Kids like Kimberlin, instead of looking for work in the mall, started selling nickel bags of pot. It was as if Kimberlin, guided by some preternatural instinct, had arranged the timing of his own adolescence.

By the time he was sixteen, Kimberlin had a connection on the Texas-Mexico border and was receiving weekly loads of a few hundred pounds of pot. Without the knowledge of his mother and father—an educational psychologist and a corporate attorney—he operated this business from a bedroom of the family's house, which was in a well-to-do neighborhood on the north side of Indianapolis. That same year, he got both his driver's license and his pilot's license. Soon he was buzzing all around the country and the Caribbean, occasionally doing reconnaissance and sometimes carrying cash but never, he told me, moving drugs; for smuggling, he had middlemen in Miami, Atlanta, New Orleans, New York, and Kentucky. Once, another dealer in Indiana, observing the eighteen-year-old Kimberlin in action, said to a cohort, "The fucking kid thinks he's gonna be Howard Hughes." One of the dealers later recalled, "Selling pot was love and peace to the rest of us, but to Brett it was figuring out the angles. To him it was money and power from the git-go. Everybody dealt with Brett very carefully, because when he was on the street he was a force."

At nineteen, Kimberlin was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for lying to a grand jury investigating drug trafficking. With eleven months of the sentence suspended, and with credit for good behavior, he ended up serving only twenty-one days in jail. While locked up, he bought and sold, he says, five thousand pounds of marijuana.

By 1976, when he was twenty-two, he was unquestionably a player. Once his probation was completed, his drug business was turning over hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. A partner paid bribes on the Mexican border while Brett cooked up forgery scams to get planes refuelled in the Bahamas. Along the way, he accumulated multiple aliases. At the same time, he was engaged in a range of ostensibly legitimate counterculture enterprises—a retail health-food store, a vegetarian restaurant, an Earth-shoes franchise. During the fabled "energy crisis," he started an alternative-energy construction company and landed contracts with both the federal government and the Indianapolis public-school system. He had so much money—such excessive amounts of money—that concealing it was a recurrent problem. The safest

"Wilkins, this is Cosgrove. All our offices are now double occupancy."

method was stuffing it inside a polyvinylchloride pipe—the type used for plumbing and electrical conduits—which would be sealed with silicone and buried. The trick was to remember where the pipe was interred, because a metal detector couldn't find it. Money that wasn't buried was invested. "I bought two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in silver," Kimberlin told me. "I bought gold, too—about ten or twenty thousand. I had these thousand-dollar bags of solid-silver U.S. currency stashed in my house, in my secret room. I bought antique rugs—Afghani, Iranian, kilims." He had a two-bedroom house and a guesthouse in Indianapolis, secluded within a heavily wooded public park. In rural Jackson County he bought a three-hundred-acre piece of property surrounded by national forest, built a five-acre lake, and began constructing a solar house whose design called for hidden access and escape passages as well as fuel- and food-storage areas and other features that reflected a survivalist inclination.

In his early twenties, Kimberlin was a local legend in a corner of the Midwest, a hippie entrepreneur, even a budding robber baron. And then, after July 29, 1978, the perception of him shifted. That day, shortly after three in the afternoon in Speedway, a township west of Indianapolis, Julia Scyphers, the sometimes meddlesome mother of a female friend of Kimberlin's, was mortally wounded with a gunshot to the head.

Fred Scyphers, the victim's husband, got a close look at the killer. He was a white male, thirty years old, six feet tall and weighing about a hundred and eighty pounds, with collar-length dark hair and a neatly trimmed mustache. Two weeks earlier, the Scypherses had had a garage sale. A man who claimed to be interested in some unsold items from the sale called and came by. He arrived in a white late-model Oldsmobile—Fred and Julia watched from the living room as he parked in their driveway—and got out, carrying an attaché case. Fred later recalled making a disparaging observation about the length of the man's hair. In the garage, Fred moved a leaf mulcher that was in front of the table with the sale items, then checked the oil in Julia's car. While he was inside the house, washing his hands, he heard "a loud pop." The white Olds was pulling rapidly out of the driveway. In the garage, Fred found his wife lying in an expanding pool of blood. The calm manner of the killer—and also the apparent lack of motive, since nothing was stolen—suggested the work of a professional. Neighbors who saw him drive off reported that he stopped within a block of the Scypherses' house and put his attaché case in the trunk of the car, which had out-of-state plates. In the previous decade, only two homicides had been recorded in Speedway.

Kimberlin's connection with the Scyphers family was one that interested the authorities. Eventually, Julia's daughter, Sandi, conceded that Kimberlin was "her best friend in the world"—her description, for a public courtroom, of an entanglement that remained, to most observers, obscure and ambiguous. Sandi was eleven years older than Brett and occasionally worked in his health-food store. Though he later characterized their bond as "platonic," he often spent the night at her apartment, where she lived with her two adolescent daughters. Kimberlin had met the younger daughter when she was nine and he was nineteen. From the beginning, Kimberlin said, she was attached to him, and the three of them—mother, daughter, and Kimberlin—regularly took trips together: camping, trail rides, transcendental-meditation retreats. For three consecutive summers, 1974 through 1976, Brett and the younger daughter—just the two of them—took vacations of a week or longer in Disney World, Mexico, and Hawaii. In 1976, she was twelve years old.

Julia Scyphers was unhappy about Kimberlin's role in the family. In time, the police theorized that she was deeply concerned about Kimberlin's relationship with her granddaughter, that she also knew of his drug trafficking, and that she had threatened to blow the whistle, and that, as a consequence, he'd had her bumped off. At the outset, public pronouncements by Robert Copeland, the chief of police, suggested that a solution was imminent: " 'MAJOR BREAK' IN MURDER SEEN" and "KILLER SUSPECTS NARROWED TO 3." The Speedway police, however, were having trouble proving their case. Before long it became apparent that the murder investigation was testing the authorities beyond their capacities. The department had only three detectives, one of whom handled juvenile cases. Crime in Speedway was a tiny industry.

Within a week and a half, the police were nakedly frustrated. They questioned Kimberlin, but he proved uncoöperative and refused to take a polygraph. Their interrogation of Sandi (who refused to take a polygraph) was unsatisfactory as well. "We're almost sure we know what happened," Copeland said. "But just go try to prove it. We were very optimistic last week, but the investigation is taking a lot longer than we expected. We're running into a lot of roadblocks." Fred Scyphers and the two witnesses who had seen the killer put the attaché case in his trunk were placed under hypnosis by a Marion County sheriff's deputy, in the hope that they might recall more precise details of the killer's appearance.

And then, five weeks after the killing, the bombs started going off.

THE first night—Friday, September 1, 1978—and into the early morning, there were four explosions: shortly before ten o'clock, one in a trash container in front of a stereo-equipment store in a shopping center; about fifteen minutes later, one in a dumpster in a motel parking lot; forty minutes after that, one in a residential area; and, finally, more than three hours later, one under a crab-apple tree near the entrance to a school. All the bombs detonated within a half-mile radius and could be heard five miles away. The third was less than a hundred yards from the Scypherses' residence. The shopping center was called the Speedway Shopping Center, the motel the Speedway Motel, and the school Speedway High School, so there was no choice but to call the perpetrator the Speedway Bomber. It had an evocative ring—name-brand recognition.

Bomb squads from the Indianapolis Police Department and the 64th Ordnance at nearby Fort Benjamin Harrison, officers from the Indiana State Police and the Marion County Sheriff's Department, and agents from the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms reported for duty. They found bits of wiring and springs that seemed to have come from clocks, and pieces of metal from six-volt batteries. That no one was injured seemed a matter more of luck than of design. A fifth blast and then a sixth—in a cornfield and outside the Speedway Lanes bowling alley—took place on the following two nights. The agents gathered fragments and sent them to the lab for analysis. While awaiting the results, the local supervisor publicly hypothesized that each bomb consisted of a soft-drink can packed with smokeless gunpowder, which was triggered by a simple timing device.

The bomber decided to take a day off and then planted a bomb beneath a Speedway Police Department patrol car. "Now we know we've got a real nut," Chief Copeland told the press. Local businesses began receiving phoned-in bomb threats that turned out to be hoaxes. The town was terrorized. A woman who was living in Speedway told me, "The whole place was paranoid. If you saw a paper bag in the road, you'd veer into oncoming traffic to avoid running over the bag."

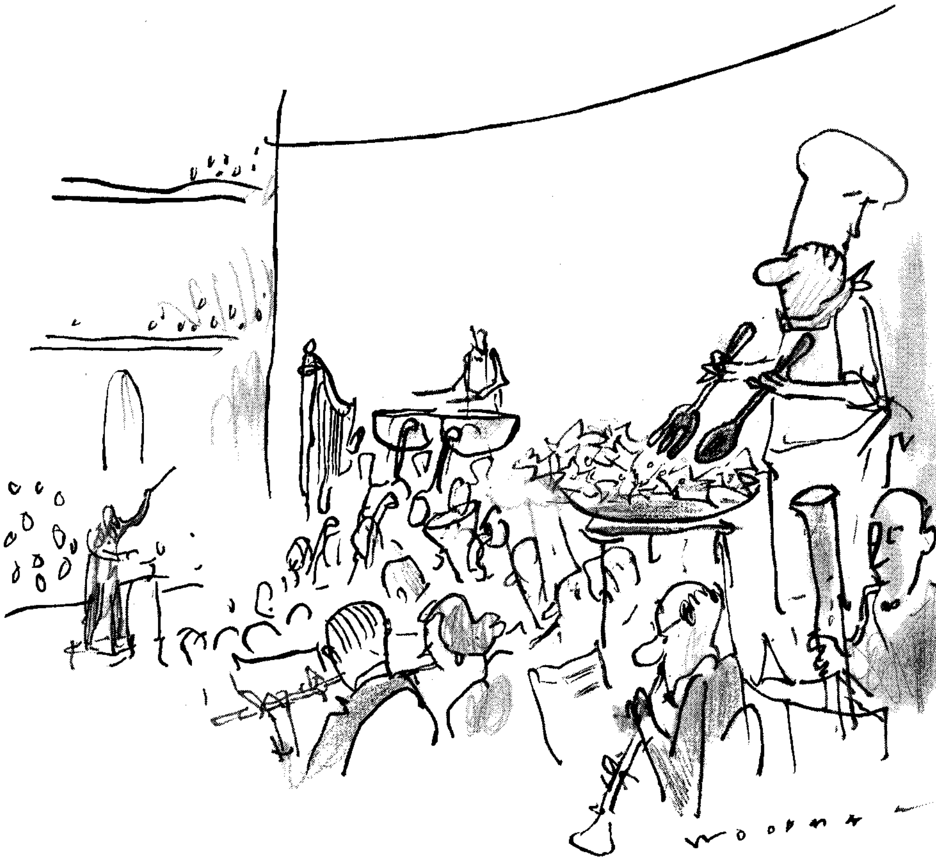
"There's no rhyme or reason to this thing. Police headquarters could be next," Chief Copeland said, exhibiting such a feeble grasp of the fundamentals of spin control that quite possibly there were citizens who hoped that the headquarters would indeed be the next target.

As it happened, however, the next explosion destroyed the right leg of a man named Carl DeLong, a Vietnam veteran. Then, no more predictably than the bombings had begun, they stopped, as if the bomber had experienced a revelation: Well, I didn't mean to blow off some guy's leg, particularly some guy I've never met, so maybe I need a new hobby.

Carl DeLong and his wife, Sandra, had attended a football game at Speedway High, where their son played on the freshman team. The game had ended, the players were in the locker room, and the DeLongs and other spectators were waiting in the parking lot when Carl noticed a small brown-and-gold gym bag lying on the pavement. His wife, who also received shrapnel injuries to one leg, recalled that as he approached the bag he made an offhand allusion to the bombings. There were conflicting reports as to whether he kicked the bag or picked it up.

The force of the blast lifted DeLong into the air. "I remember looking down on the tops of cars and wondering why they were there," he later testified. "I stood up to take a step and fell down, hitting my head. I tried to get up again but fell. I looked down at my right leg, and my kneecap was blown up on my thigh. My left leg was just shredded away to the bone. I yelled 'Oh, God, get those kids out of here!' and tried to crawl away from there." Then he passed out. His leg was amputated, one of his eardrums had been punctured, and two of his fingers had to be reattached. Four and a half years later, Carl DeLong committed suicide.

A search of the area turned up a piece of plastic embossed with the name of a manufacturer in Connecticut; it was the back casing of a sixty-minute Mark-Time timer. Within a week, investigators had determined the Indianapolis distributor, Graham Electronics; pored over the store's receipts; identified three recent sales involving a total of fourteen timers;



and interviewed its employees. The timers were designed to turn off a flow of electric current, and one clerk described having explained to the buyer how to reconfigure a timer to do just the opposite—to turn it on. When used in a bomb, it could be set to allow current to heat a blasting cap, causing the explosive material to detonate. The salesclerks were subjected to hypnosis, in sessions conducted by the same Marion County sheriff's deputy who had hypnotized the Scyphers-murder witnesses. The posthypnotic interviews yielded details that enabled an artist to come up with a number of composite portraits of the buyer. When members of the Speedway Police Department saw the sketches, they recognized the face of the person they believed had arranged the killing of Julia Scyphers.

Kimberlin was the prime suspect and was placed under surveillance. The supposition of the Speedway police was that the bombings were intended to distract and subvert their investigation of the murder. A short time later, Kimberlin was arrested by the F.B.I. for an entirely different matter. The owner of a printing shop, alarmed because he had been asked to duplicate the Great Seal of the President of the United States (which Kimberlin was to use in one of his smuggling ventures), had tipped off the F.B.I., who arrested Kimberlin when he returned to pick up his order. He was going under an alias and wearing an odd costume—a Department of Defense Police uniform and gray wide-brimmed felt hat—and the F.B.I. didn't immediately connect him to the bombings. A week later, they unexpectedly dropped their charges—on the condition that they could be reinstated at the United States Attorney's discretion. The strategy, it seemed, was to give Kimberlin just enough slack to ensnare himself. Which he soon did. On a makeshift airstrip in Texas, he was managing the ground crew awaiting a DC-4 loaded with approximately ten thousand pounds of Colombian marijuana. Poor weather made navigation a nightmare, and as the plane ran low on fuel, the crew jettisoned the cargo, raining bales of marijuana across the southeastern part of the state. Within a few hours, Kimberlin was once again under arrest.

In Texas, Kimberlin plea-bargained his way to a four-year sentence. He was shipped back to Indianapolis to face a thirty-four-count indictment arising out of the print-shop arrest and the bombings (the murder case stalled after Fred Scyphers, the chief witness, died of cancer). Long before a verdict was reached—the prosecution dragged on for fourteen months, through one hung jury and three trials—Kimberlin had become a reviled figure. He was seen as Indianapolis's own homegrown, holistic Hannibal Lecter. For the benefit of the jury, one prosecutor perfected his enunciation of *Brett Cole-man Kim-ber-lin*—lingering over every syllable with such distaste that the name itself sounded like a crime. The final verdict—guilty on the major counts—was reached on October 15, 1981, three years after the bombings. At the sentencing, two months later, the prosecutor expressed his wish that Kimberlin "not walk the streets to terrorize any other citizens." Although the law allowed for the imposition of sentences totalling two hundred and thirty years, the court figured that fifty would suffice.

POLITICAL PRISONER

In prison, Kimberlin proved to be no less industrious than he had been on the outside. He completed a college degree with a 3.96 grade-point average, became a nationally ranked power lifter, studied Russian, and signed up for—and completed—virtually every self-improvement course offered by the Bureau of Prisons. As part of his work assignment, he taught classes in nutrition, yoga, aerobics, weight maintenance, smoking cessation, sensitivity and assertiveness training, and rational-behavior therapy. For many years, vegetarianism and transcendental meditation had been part of his regimen. On paper, he was the proverbial model prisoner. But his greatest achievement was his new career as jailhouse lawyer.

"The same laws that put you in will get you out," Greg Kimberlin, Brett's father, had advised his son, adding that, when you're locked up, there are worse places to kill time than the law library. Even without his father's prodding, Brett would have found his way there. What any given convict did to wind up in prison mattered far less to Kimberlin than whatever "they"—the ubiquitous and odious "they," the government's morally rancid agents and prosecutors—had done to make the charges stick.

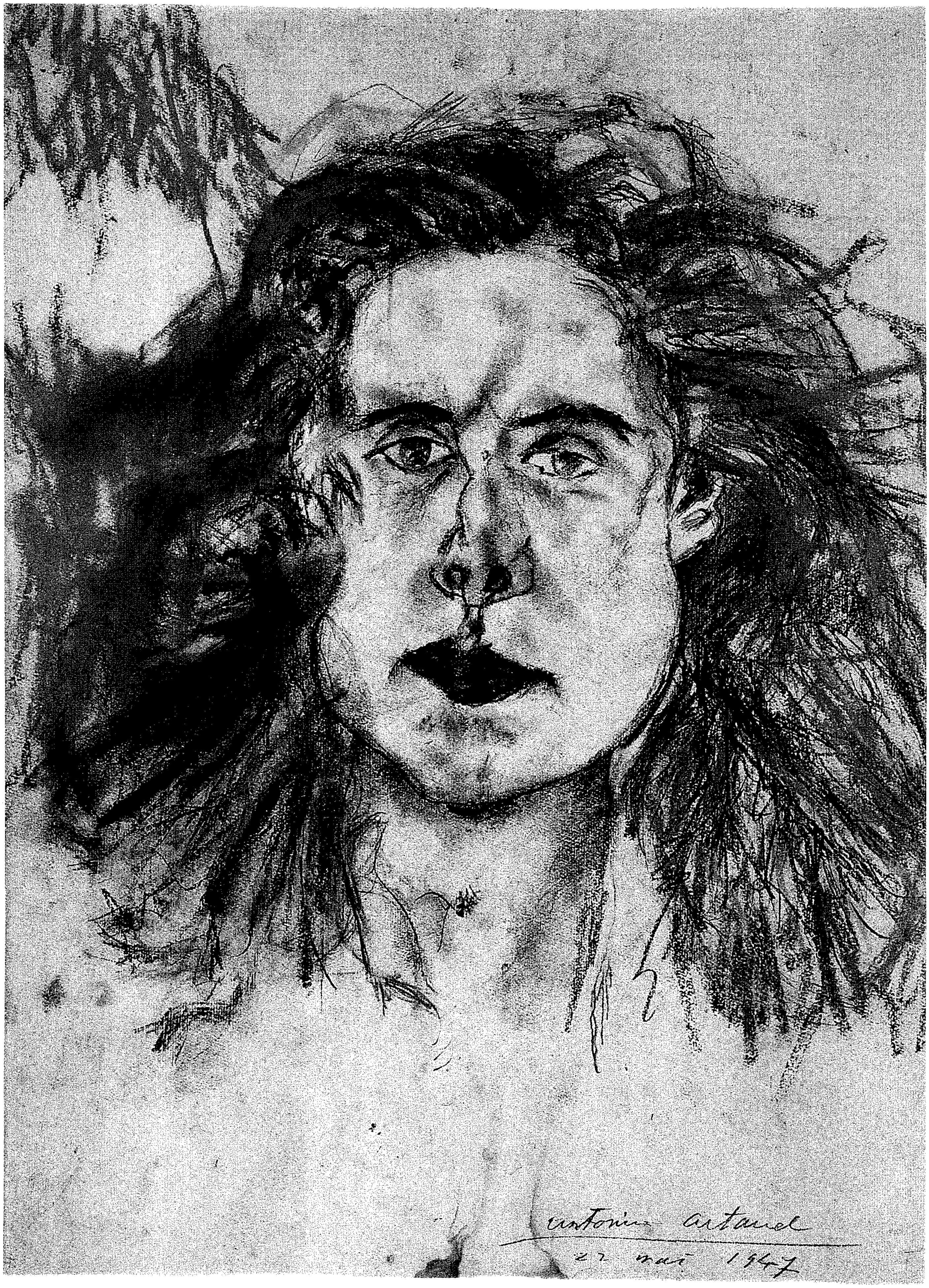
By the time of his release on parole, Kimberlin had spent nearly fifteen years in custody; virtually every day of that time he was petitioning for an audience—before Bureau of Prisons administrative panels, with parole commissioners, in state and federal courts, in trial-level and appellate courts (including the United States Supreme Court).

He had not yet been convicted of the bombings when he wrote to Sarah Evans Barker, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of Indiana, requesting a grand-jury investigation of a September 21, 1978, illegal search inside his house in Jackson County. His next dispatch to her was a manifesto that stated, "I have not yet begun to fight." A month later, he wrote again, this time demanding the appointment of a special prosecutor "to investigate the illegalities involved with the construction and presentation of my case . . . the use of planted evidence, perjured testimony, destroyed evidence, prosecutorial misconduct and vindictiveness . . . and violations of my civil rights by government agents and attorneys." The coup de grâce of this epistle was diverting: "I hope you don't think for one minute that I am doing this out of frustration or revenge. I can honestly tell you that had I been acquitted, I would have done the same thing." To assume that he was being less than sincere was to under-

ARTAUD HEAD ON

The drawings of Antonin Artaud, which go on view this week at the Museum of Modern Art, were virtually unknown until the last decade. Artaud (1896-1948), the theatrical genius whose concept of a Theatre of Cruelty influenced playwrights from Eugène Ionesco to Robert Wilson, spent many years in mental hospitals. After a series of electroshock treatments in the nineteen-forties, he began to draw compulsively and copiously, often in a state bordering on frenzy. An interne at the Rodez clinic remembered him as "breaking one crayon after another . . . all the while shrieking and reciting feverish poems." Many of his self-portraits and portraits of friends have a haunted quality that goes beyond likeness—a penetration to what he called "the reality on the other side." In a 1947 prose poem, Artaud spoke of the human face as "an empty force, a field of death," and demanded that his portraits "be accepted in the barbarity and disorder of their graphic expression."

MUSÉE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS ©1966, ESTATE OF ANTONIN ARTAUD/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY, N.Y.



antonin artaud

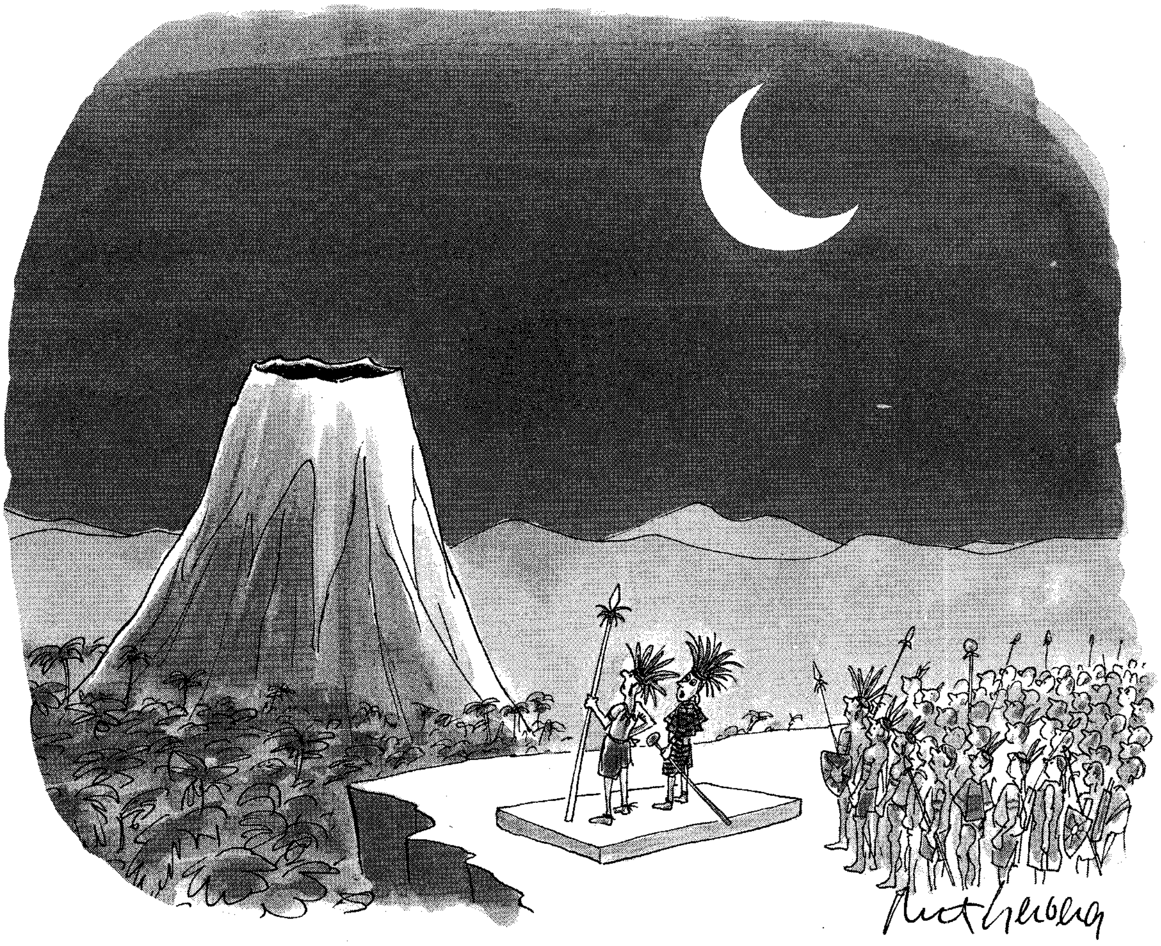
22 mai 1947

estimate him. Two days after he put that letter in the mail, he filed a twenty-four-million-dollar damage suit against one of the witnesses in the trial, claiming that the man's testimony contained "malicious falsehoods" that were intended to "cause harm." When nine months passed without Barker's appointing a special prosecutor, he sued her as well, along with two dozen law-enforcement officials (including the Attorney General of the United States) and several more witnesses. There could be no mistaking his fundamental jurisprudential strategy: sue the bastards, then sue them some more, then some more.

By the fall of 1983, Kimberlin had prepared a list of cases in which he was either a plaintiff or an appellant. There were more than twenty. "I began working on motions for reductions of sentences and motions to vacate convictions," he told me. "Then I branched into tort claims against the Bureau of Prisons and other civil litigation. I filed a shitload of civil suits. I started suing everybody—all the people who lied about me. I sued the agents who performed the illegal search and seizure of my home and property." By 1992, Kimberlin had filed more than a hundred lawsuits and motions in the federal courts on his own behalf, and nearly as many for other convicts. In a barbed denial of one of his many motions for a reduction of sentence, the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit noted, "Kimberlin is no stranger to the appellate proceedings." He sued an Indiana probation officer who he alleged had arranged for false and defamatory information to find its way into his prison file. When he felt he had been unfairly denied a parole hearing on his drug-smuggling conviction, he sued a warden. Claiming he had been unjustly deprived of "good time" credit, he sued the United States Attorney General. When he thought he had found a loophole in a federal sentencing-reform law, he sued the Parole Commission, claiming that he and thousands of other convicts should be released immediately.

His appeal against the Speedway-bombings convictions wasn't heard before the Seventh Circuit until December, 1984. It took nearly two years before a decision was reached: convictions upheld, motion for a new trial denied. The Supreme Court became his legal last resort, and he orchestrated a series of press stories to support his case. "Media mogul is my middle name," he liked to joke. He spent a good part of each day on the telephone throughout his incarceration. While he was locked up in the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Chicago, he was introduced to a switchboard operator for a manufacturing company that had a Wats line. For the price of a local call, Kimberlin would, with her assistance, stay on the phone for hours. "She was just like a personal operator for me," he recalled. "It was great. As soon as a call was done, it would click right back to her. I mean, she saved me tens and tens of thousands of dollars." Kimberlin seemed to have memorized the contents of a large Rolodex. There was no one he was too timid to call, no favor he was loath to solicit. He had been in Chicago less than a year when James Warren and Brian Kelly, of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, wrote, "If you've dealt with Kimberlin, you wouldn't be surprised if somehow he's got home numbers for Dan Rather or Ted Koppel."

For the appeal to the Supreme Court, Kimberlin knew that he needed a bigger gun than any of the lawyers he'd used before. After being turned down by both Alan Dershowitz and Laurence Tribe, he persuaded Erwin Griswold, a former Solicitor General of the United States, a former dean of Harvard Law School, and the epitome of judicial rectitude, to represent him, pro bono. Griswold later told me that he took the case because of Kimberlin's extraordinary persistence and because the posthypnotic testimony of several of the witnesses had been used at his trial—a practice that Griswold gener-



"The gods must be on-line tonight."

ally characterized as "very dubious." The government's hypnosis method in the Speedway-bombings investigation he labelled "an outrage." In any event, the Supreme Court declined to hear the appeal. Barring a Presidential pardon, the bombing convictions were, once and for all, irreversible. But Kimberlin had found in Griswold a long-term valuable ally. If vindication ever came, it would now occur in the court of public opinion, a venue in which Griswold, a man who could have papered several rooms with honorary diplomas and other tokens of his professional accomplishments, could be trotted out as an unimpeachable character reference.

Would Kimberlin have been so successful at manipulating others if he hadn't been locked up? For a year and a half, I spoke to him almost daily while he was doing time in Memphis, and whenever the phone rang and I heard his voice I sensed a special hollowness in the timbre of the connection—an added dimension of long distance. Empathy with Kimberlin was impossible, because, questions of guilt or innocence aside, he had witnessed events that I could only imagine with dread. Given that he literally and metaphorically had my home phone number, this was an unequal arrangement I'd decided I had to live with. Consciously or intuitively, Kimberlin grasped that this was the essence of his relationship with the outside world, and he used it brilliantly as a lever. Again and again in our conversations, he characterized as "close friendships" his interactions with people who, having discovered themselves wedged into a corner by his presumptuousness and their own fear of actual contact, had tacitly agreed to be manipulated in ways that felt safely antiseptic. The switchboard operator who facilitated his phone calls, for instance, was "one of my girlfriends"—though he had never laid eyes on her. He referred to other people who were even more marginal, but had at some point accepted his collect calls, as "some of my strongest supporters." In time, I stopped debating whether his narcissism was a component of his personality or an adaptive trait acquired for prison survival. What mattered was that it was the engine powering him.

IN the simple, familiar paradigm of perspective, parallel lines appear to come together in the distance, when in reality they never do. Train tracks recede from view, and a convergence, or vanishing point, materializes. This is an illusion, a trick played on the eye, and it's not especially impressive, since the rational mind hasn't been fooled. Memory or history can have a similar effect. Coterminous lives plotted on parallel time lines and projected back into the past might be said to have come together. Certain evidence might indicate that no convergence has taken place; but in the absence of such evidence the lines extending back in time will blur and warp. Lacking eyewitnesses, photographs, or business records, Kimberlin could never conclusively demonstrate that he knew Dan Quayle, as he said he did. But he understood a precept taught by, among others, Senator Joseph McCarthy: the more damning the accusation, the more helpless, eventually, the denial. For Quayle, the virtually insurmountable burden was to prove a negative—to show that his path and Kimberlin's had never converged.

On fifteen or more occasions in the early seventies, Kimberlin claimed, he had sold marijuana to Quayle. They had met at a fraternity house in Bloomington, Indiana, and Quayle later phoned him in Indianapolis, Kimberlin said. This tale first received a public airing in 1988. Then and later, Kimberlin produced witnesses who, while unable to corroborate these alleged encounters, were nevertheless willing to state that the story itself had a history. In 1976, when Quayle had first run for a seat in the House of Representatives, Kimberlin said, he'd come across a news photograph, pointed it out to his sister, and told her that years earlier the candidate had been a nickel-bag marijuana customer. (Cynthia Kimberlin later confirmed this, as a "vague memory.") Brett had last seen "Danny" in 1973, he later recalled, and hadn't thought of him since. After all, he'd been otherwise engaged. By 1976, he'd long since stopped peddling nickel bags and was routinely trafficking in multi-ton shipments from Colombia and Mexico.

In 1978, when Quayle won reëlection to the House, Kimberlin was still a high-volume smuggler—a fact that was suspected by law-enforcement authorities and was actually one of their more benign conjectures, following the Scyphers murder and the Speedway bombings that summer. On the afternoon that Kimberlin was arrested at the printing shop, he tried to bargain for his freedom with a desperate offer of information. As a government document—which Kimberlin would brandish years later like an indictment—noted, "[Kimberlin tried to] talk the agents out of formally charging him with any violations in exchange for information which he had concerning . . . drugs . . . and a Congressman of the United States."

The document was a routine presentencing report. The passage in question was, in a sense, secondhand, since it had been extracted from an F.B.I. account filed at the time of his arrest. But the fact that the presentencing report bore the imprimatur of the F.B.I. endowed it with a credibility that the declarations of fellow prison inmates or a Kimberlin family member could never approximate. Though this document didn't specify Quayle by name and could, in theory, have referred to any of the other five hundred and thirty-four members of Congress, it became in time the most valuable nugget of hard data at Kimberlin's disposal.

Kimberlin's memory of having seen the presentencing report when it was filed with the court led, ultimately, to a Freedom of Information Act request that brought a copy into his hands. By then, it was November of 1988, and Quayle was the Vice-President-elect.

Several factors, some more tangible than others, led me to believe Kimberlin's story about Quayle. Griswold's favorable appraisal mattered greatly. When I went to see him during the summer of 1992, he said of his erstwhile client, "I can only tell you that in my relations with him, which were intense five years ago and have continued in minor ways ever since, I have always found him to be reliable, and he has never made a statement to me which turned out to be untrue or misleading." I was equally influenced by Garry Trudeau, the creator of the comic strip "Doonesbury." In 1991, he had created two series of strips about Quayle and Kimberlin, which included the revelation that the Drug Enforcement Administration had a file on Quayle dating from the early eighties. Trudeau and I had been friendly since the late sixties, and it was he who first told me the basic outlines of Kimberlin's story. The cadence and colloquial familiarity of Kimberlin's narrative of his dealings with Quayle also had the ring of truth. But, above all, what set the hook was the piece of paper which Kimberlin showed me—with its record of the F.B.I.'s report.

As my 1992 *New Yorker* article was going to press, an editor requested that I include a description of what it felt like to be in Brett's presence. At first I resisted—in order to avoid subjectivity—but finally I added the following: "Kimberlin's voice seems to float within an eerie magnetic nimbus, and, whether he is seated across a table in a prison visitors' room or is disembodied at the end of a wiretapped telephone, he radiates the unmistakable aura of a haunted survivor—a man who is both protagonist and victim."

At the time, I thought of this little passage as smartly poetic filler, if a touch melodramatic. In fact, I wholly believed that Kimberlin was a survivor—a heroic protagonist and a victim of a political system that had tried to silence him.

I believed that he was telling the truth about Quayle. I also felt that he hadn't received a fair trial in the bombings case. It seemed possible that he'd been framed. There had been two trials addressing the major bombing charges, and the first ended with a deadlocked jury. At the second, the government produced new witnesses who gave damaging testimony. One of them said he saw Kimberlin plant a bomb; later the witness shared in a ten-thousand-dollar reward. I tracked down another defense witness who, though he had no kind words for Kimberlin, derided the testimony of this new eyewitness. "I never understood the jury," he said. "My personal observation is this testimony was fabricated to accommodate the prosecutor's need to rid the street of Brett Kimberlin. I think they"—the government—"forced this guy off the street. They had some other things on him that they couldn't nail him on, so they did this." I also thought the posthypnotic testimony was specious, and I was convinced by Kimberlin when he argued that a search of a car in which incriminating evidence turned up had been illegal; the search of the house in Jackson County was blatantly illegal. Kimberlin's accusers, he would aver—the very people charged with upholding the law—were cheaters and liars and enemies of the Bill of Rights.

And then there was the treatment of him in prison during the 1988 election. It seemed clear that prison officials had retaliated against him when he attempted to speak with reporters. Evidence later gathered in Kimberlin's lawsuit against the director of the Bureau of Prisons showed that the effort to silence him was being monitored by individuals within the Justice Department, who had difficulty keeping their stories straight. Finally, Kimberlin had given me a frightening account of having been verbally and physically abused by prison guards while being escorted to administrative detention. The whole thing seemed part Oliver Stone, part Keystone Kops.

And, of course, there was an election, and George Bush, our last Cold War President, was waving the flag and ranting about an innocuous visit that Bill Clinton had made to Moscow in 1969. George Bush is not Richard Nixon, but it did not seem inconceivable that, once again, civil liberties were being violated to fortify the position of the Republican Party in power. Ardently, inordinately, I wanted the Democrats to win the election.

"You realize," one of Kimberlin's attorneys had forewarned me when I first set out, "you're getting into the murkiest, most amorphous mass of story in the world. You're entering a black hole." Another lawyer, an old friend, told me after reading my article that he'd found it interesting but had no sympathy for Kimberlin, "because he's obviously such a bad guy."

Bad guy or not, Kimberlin was still, for me, a story not finished. He promised me more tales—of prison and drug dealing and bad-boy outlaw behavior. There was also more about Quayle. I was told by a knowledgeable Washington journalist that there were certain to be undisclosed portions in the file that the D.E.A. had kept on him; I was also told that the file could be obtained. What's more, it seemed likely that the civil-rights suit that Kimberlin had brought against the director of the Bureau of Prisons and a Justice Department official would reveal that many more people had been involved in the prison fiasco in which Kimberlin was prevented from talking to the press and kept from public view. Was it possible that even James A. Baker III was somehow orchestrating the whole thing? After all, within the Bush-Quayle campaign, Baker had presided at meetings during which the Kimberlin matter was discussed in detail. The fate of Brett Kimberlin, it seemed, was a deeply political one.

Kimberlin would remain in prison for another year following the election, and in

LUCKY PALMS

Above the pillow
the red targets
of the Lucky Strikes
shine in the dark,
each pack a red moon
taken down in the palm.

On the bed when
he will reach it,
the pillow smoothed
to sleep,
the dark flannel shirt,
the sweetness in the collar
taken from the hair.

He rises to the hallway now,
girls seated along
the corridor wearing
red robes in the night,
their shoulders moving
like moons,
and cups held in their laps.

Down the hall
in the shiny machine
the red targets
of the Luckies rising
in each small lighted
plastic window.

Zeros in the palm,
thin reeds taken out and smoked
in the dark,
the bulb a little cloud
for meditation seen
through the shade

as he rises at last now
to the hallway to see
the soft shoulders
of the girls who smoke
and never care,
white cups of nothing
held up in the small white palms.

—Stephen Jamison

the meanwhile I set out to discover where his story would end. I made a number of trips to Indiana—always with Kimberlin's blessing, always with a list of people whom he wanted me to contact: for information about his early life, for the intrigues and color of the drug business, for further proof that he had been framed in the Speedway bombings. But the effect of these trips was unnerving.

In Indiana, I got in touch with several of his friends—"friend" often meaning someone involved in the drug trade. But the friends were not friendly. I was struck by how certain people Kimberlin had referred me to spoke of him quite disparagingly, even with unmitigated hostility; the contempt was such that, if I closed my eyes, I could imagine I was listening to cops or government attorneys.

One was a retired drug dealer—I'll call him Woody McDermott—who had done plenty of business with Kimberlin. McDermott asked for a copy of my *New Yorker* piece; I gave it to him, and he returned it the next day, decorated with marginalia: Kimberlin's dealings with Quayle were "complete and utter bullshit"; his claims of innocence in the Speedway bombings were "folly"; my accounts of the drug trade were "romanticized"; and Kimberlin himself was an illustration of "psychotic egomania." What I'd written, he declared, was "revisionist history"—I'd bought Kimberlin's version.

I was taken aback by the power of McDermott's convictions. But many of the other people I spoke to seemed to share something of McDermott's strong feelings. A D.E.A. official who worked in Indianapolis at the time of the bombings confronted me: I had swallowed Kimberlin's claim of innocence, he said, "hook, line, and sinker." Kimberlin, he said, was a psycho.

So what, I thought. He *would* say that. But then I met a private detective who had been retained by Kimberlin's allies to look for evidence of Quayle's drug life. The detective, too, confronted me: he possessed a "moral certainty" that Kimberlin was the Speedway bomber.

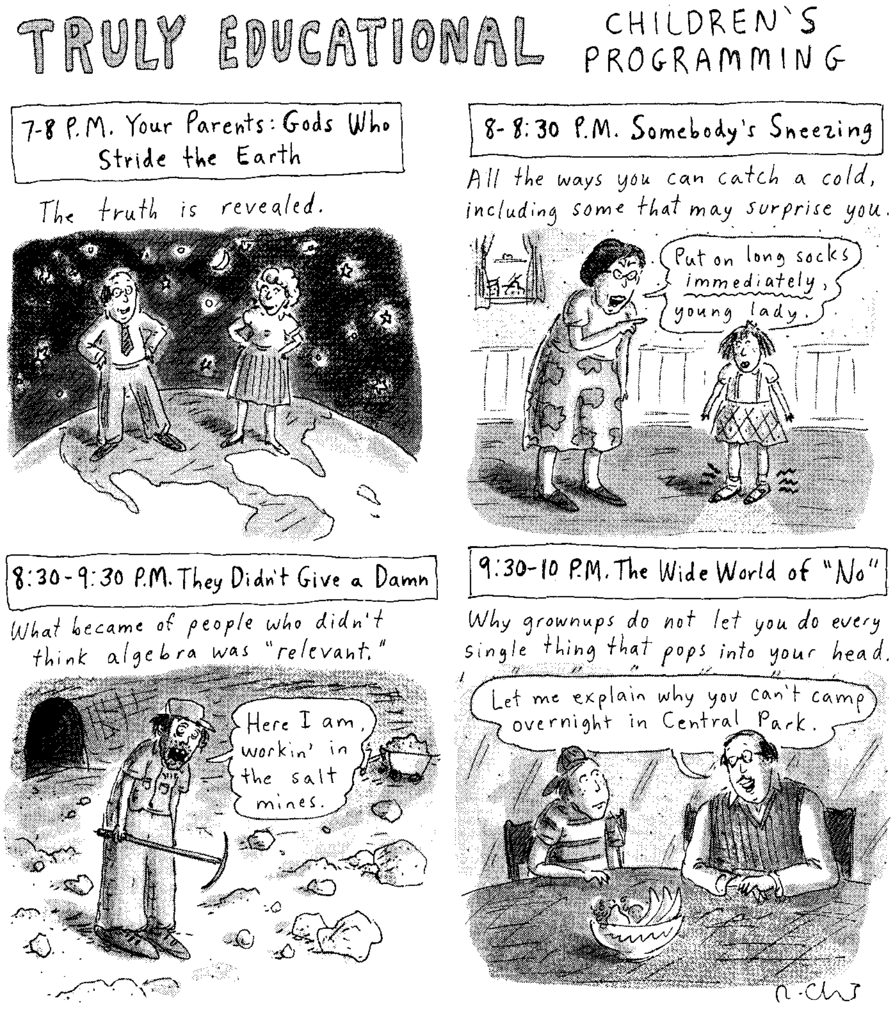
Again, this was only conjecture, but it made me uneasy. Eventually, I read the court transcripts of the trial—thousands of pages. I tracked down the investigators, many of the people close to the case, and people close to Kimberlin. The overall evidence was chilling. And so, too, were the details of the life—however circumstantial, however coincidental. Kimberlin wasn't responsible for all the deaths, but the sudden frequency of them—and their violence—was disturbing. Julia Scyphers, the mother of one of Kimberlin's best friends—dead. Carl DeLong—dead (his widow successfully sued Kimberlin for damages for wrongful death). Even Scott Kimberlin, Brett's beloved younger brother—horribly murdered with his own gun (an AR-15 semi-automatic rifle) by a seventeen-year-old punk in the woods outside Dayton, Ohio.

Nothing in what I felt I was discovering changed my views about the story I had published—about, in essence, the clear violations of an individual's constitutional rights. But I did find that my view of the individual was changing.

I started a new file called "megalomania," which included some of the things that I was picking up: that Kimberlin regarded the police as idiots; that, just before the Gulf War, he became convinced that his own interventions with the Iraqis could bring Saddam Hussein to his senses; that he grew irritated with Vincent Foster, Jr., when he committed suicide ("that asshole who killed himself"), because it might keep the Clinton Administration from focussing on his own case. And then I discovered that Kimberlin had notions of becoming a rock star—thus completing the metamorphosis from criminal to victim to celebrity.

CITIZEN KIMBERLIN

IN my earliest conversations with Kimberlin, he had described the diversity of his interest in things Russian. First, there was Juliya, who "loves me to death." (Juliya Chupikova, then a teen-ager living in Ukraine, was the niece of David Sushansky, one of Kimberlin's friends at the Memphis Federal Correctional Institution.) Then there was the fact that he had studied Russian for four semesters while working toward his college degree. To refine his reading and writing skills, he had translated stories by Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Chekhov. And his friend Sushansky gave him conversation lessons. There were also articles about him in the Soviet press, Kimberlin told me, which led to contacts


TRULY EDUCATIONAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING
7-8 P.M. Your Parents: Gods Who Stride the Earth
The truth is revealed.
8-8:30 P.M. Somebody's Sneezing
All the ways you can catch a cold, including some that may surprise you.
Put on long socks immediately, young lady.
8:30-9:30 P.M. They Didn't Give a Damn
What became of people who didn't think algebra was "relevant."
Here I am, workin' in the salt mines.
9:30-10 P.M. The Wide World of "No"
Why grownups do not let you do every single thing that pops into your head.
Let me explain why you can't camp overnight in Central Park.
R. Chast

among Russian human-rights activists.

Sushansky phoned his family in Ukraine about once a month. During one of these conversations, Juliya mentioned a newspaper article about a heroic American political prisoner. Voilà! The prisoner was Sushansky's friend. And that, Kimberlin said, was how he and Juliya had begun corresponding.

When the relationship started, Juliya was a blond, blue-eyed eighteen-year-old with a round, cherubic face. Kimberlin kept dozens of photographs of her in his cell and referred to her as "my baby." At another time, he described her as "very aristocratic." She craved the life of the mind, he said.

In May, 1990, with a plane ticket paid for by Kimberlin, Juliya flew from Kiev to New York and then travelled to Philadelphia, where she stayed with Sushansky's wife, her aunt. She enrolled in an intensive English-language program and, in time, upgraded her visitor's visa to a student's. One of her plans was to study voice—she was a "high soprano with perfect pitch," Kimberlin told me. While still in prison, Kimberlin was soon footing the bill for her private lessons with a teacher who "told her she had the clearest and most beautiful voice she'd ever heard."

During his final stretch in Memphis, he wrote song lyrics at the rate of almost ten songs a month, including one called "Butterfly." ("It took time for me to be reborn, I needed boundaries so my wings could form. . . . Butterfly in the wind, forget where you've been. You're finally free, to find your destiny.") Some had political themes, others were brazenly sexual, some were romantic ballads. And many were written for Juliya Chupikova to sing. He had compiled a typewritten agenda that itemized his plans for his first ninety days of freedom: setting up an office in the basement of his mother's house, in suburban Maryland; visiting a couple of doctors; finding a friendly banker; getting a credit card; financing a car; buying clothes; and dropping in on several journalists, congressmen, and attorneys in and out of government, all of whom he assumed would be delighted to meet with him. Then he would line up a composer—he mentioned Paul McCartney and Sting—and some other collaborators and make this music thing happen.

As usual, Kimberlin's hyperbole was more than idle talk. He had been home only a few weeks when he had business cards printed up, naming his enterprise Brettsongs. He read *Billboard* every week, and studied such books as "Breaking Into the Music Business," "The Complete Handbook of Songwriting," "Successful Artist Management," and "Moguls & Madmen." He linked up with a songwriter who lived nearby and who, in turn, introduced him to competent studio musicians. Before long, he'd produced a demo tape. He had not yet been inside a recording studio when he put together a promotional brochure—a brass-colored folder that included a bound volume of lyrics titled "Songs of Passion," photographs of himself and Juliya in various poses (together on a love seat; Juliya standing in front of a Christmas tree; Brett in his weight-lifting room, shirtless, with his bluejeans strategically unzipped), and a capsule biography heralding the arrival of a pair of new pop icons:

> Success depends largely on timing. The time is right for Brett and Juliya. Together, they form a rare combination of musical, cultural and theatrical talent.
>
> Brett is American; he grew up on rock and roll in a musical family. At odds with the right-wing Administration during the 1980's, he was jailed as a political prisoner. While there, he experienced first-hand the suffering of the underclass and the cynicism of governments. He became a champion for those less fortunate and rose above the evil around him. . . .
>
> Juliya is Ukrainian; she was raised under the specter of Communism and saw the lost hope and despair of an entire nation. She coped by immersing herself in art and music at the best schools. After being noticed for the clarity and brilliance of her high soprano voice, she studied Italian opera at a special college and was chosen the *most beautiful and talented diva*. . . .
>
> Brett and Juliya have an agenda; they want nothing less than to be a phenomenon and to change the world for the better with their music and personalities.

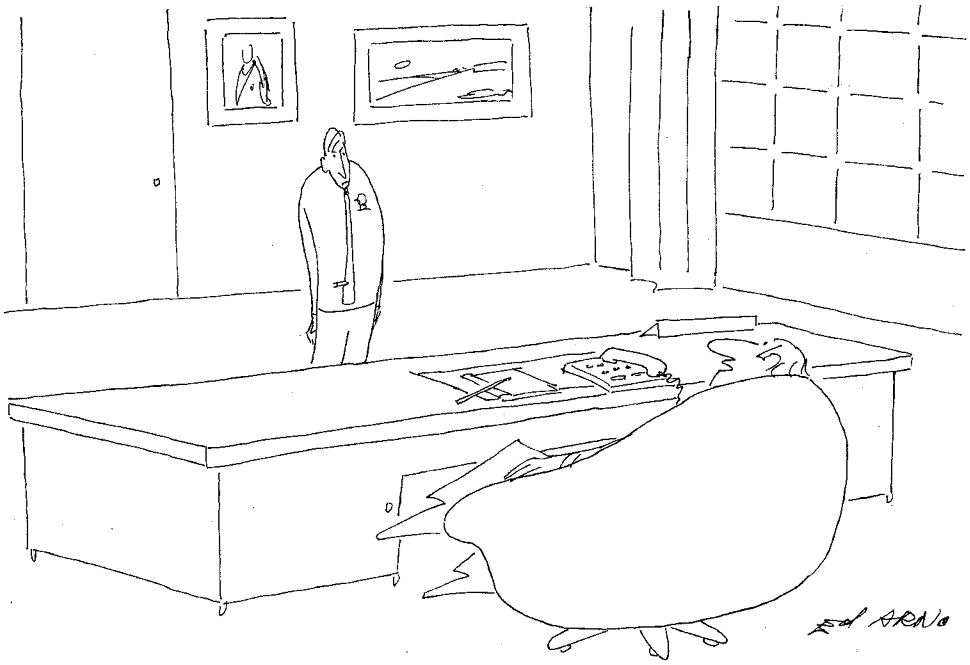
KIMBERLIN'S love affair with Juliya Chupikova was not meant to be. Even though the capsule biography described her as "exceptionally beautiful, shapely and sexy" and a creature of "no bad habits," they'd been together only a few months when, according to Kimberlin, he decided the whole thing was a mistake.

While their relationship was still cordial, I engaged Juliya in conversation one day—her twenty-second birthday, as it happened. I wanted to know whether she had saved copies of any articles about Kimberlin that had appeared in the Soviet press.

What articles?

I repeated the touching drama I'd heard of how they met—of how, while still living in Ukraine, she had read a newspaper story about an American political prisoner, and how she had mentioned this while speaking to her uncle, and how this extraordinary coincidence had sparked their romance, and . . . She obviously hadn't a clue what I was talking about.

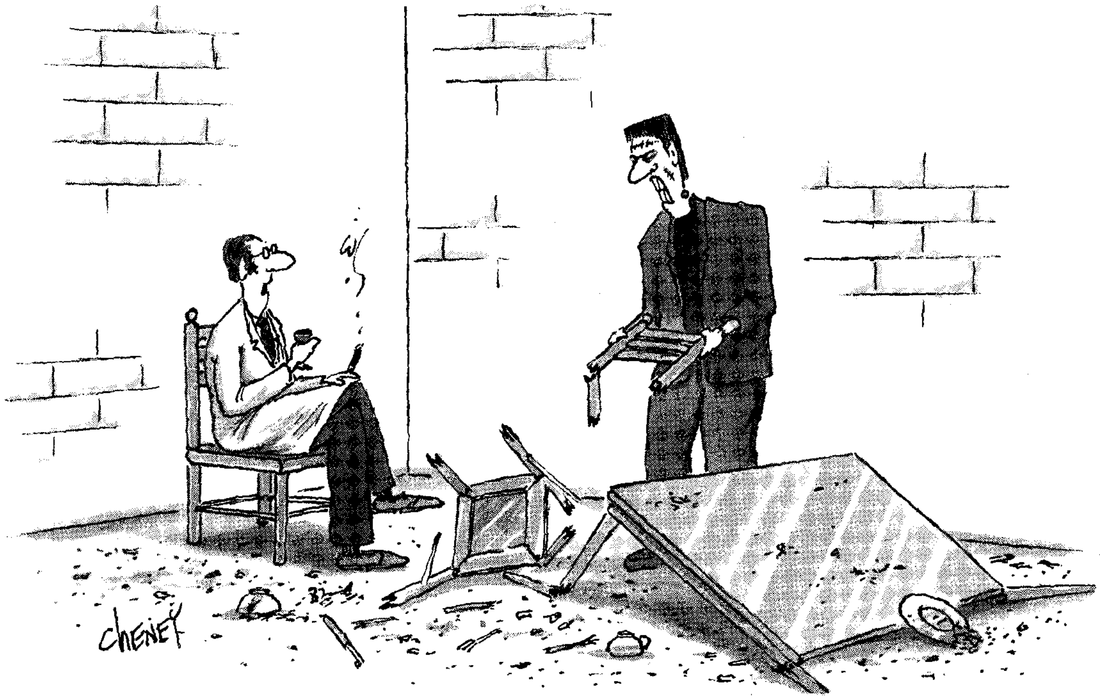
"I never read anything political," she said. In prison, her uncle



"You're not fired, Harris. I'm just having you frozen till things pick up again."

had showed Brett photographs of her. For almost a year, she explained, Kimberlin pestered her uncle for her address. When their correspondence finally began, she had just turned eighteen. He wrote in English, and she had someone translate into Russian. They didn't speak on the phone until she arrived in America and began to learn the language.

As we spoke, I began to suspect that in Kimberlin's archives—a trove, he'd said, that included his diaries, copies of virtually every letter he'd written or received in prison, every newspaper and magazine clipping—I would find very few completed translations of stories by Pushkin, Tolstoy, or Chekhov.



"Well, that was much better than yesterday, but you're still using your salad fork for the entrée."

• •

How, I asked Juliya, were Brett's translating skills?

"He speaks Russian to say 'Hello,' 'How are you?' He reads it. But he doesn't write it."

I was growing weary of Kimberlin, bored by his narcissism. I was losing sympathy for his claims of political persecution. And then an opportunity presented itself—a test.

"RASHOMON" SIMULCAST

Six months after Kimberlin was let out on parole, Quayle published his political memoir, "Standing Firm." I learned that he would be signing copies of it at 1 P.M. on May 13th, at a Brentano's bookstore in a mall in McLean, Virginia, not far from Kimberlin's mother's house. I phoned Kimberlin and proposed that we attend the event together, my thought being that I would witness either a reunion between long-standing acquaintances or an anything-goes first encounter—in other words, that I would learn something that by then I badly needed to know. It was, Kimberlin said, an interesting idea, but he needed to think about it. He needed to check his schedule. That afternoon, he called back and agreed. The next morning, Kimberlin met me at National Airport, and we drove the short distance to the mall in McLean. Along the way, I asked how he intended to greet Quayle.

"I'm gonna say, 'Hi, Danny, remember me? From law school?' " he said. An acquaintance of ours had advised that "Mr. Vice-President" would be a more fitting salutation, but Kimberlin objected. "Fuck that. I've always known him as Danny. I'm not gonna change now."

We were two and a half hours ahead of schedule when we pulled into a parking garage adjacent to the mall. "I wish I'd brought my goddam camera," Kimberlin said. "Can you imagine having a picture of me and Quayle?"

On the seat lay a copy of "Standing Firm," which Kimberlin had bought the previous day. "My mom was outraged. She said, 'I can't believe you paid for his book.' " Brett showed up on page 71 (the 1988 election) and on page 262 (the "Doonesbury" series). "Look at this. Notice how he never says in here that I was arrested for smuggling? Only perjury and bombings. He says I maimed two people. Two people weren't *maimed*. And he says '60 Minutes' investigated me for two years. They didn't investigate me for two years. They decided right off the bat not to do me."

Brentano's was sandwiched between a Gap Kids and a Nordstrom, which operated an espresso bar and had created an ersatz sidewalk bistro. A trio of Pinkertons and a store manager were stationed outside the bookstore. We sat at a café table and tried to blend in with the early-bird Quayleophiles. Being seen with a copy of "Standing Firm," however, seemed to make Kimberlin self-conscious; after reviewing the passages that mentioned him, he turned the book face down.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"Not at all," he said, shaking his head. "I'm as cool as a cucumber. This is fun." He wore black trousers, black wingtips, a white dress shirt, tinted aviators, and a white-blue-and-turquoise nylon windbreaker. His light-brown hair was neatly trimmed. "The last time I saw Danny, my hair was about shoulder length. But when I first met him it was down to my butt."

Why, I asked, did he plan to begin the conversation with a reference to law school, given that he and Quayle hadn't attended law school together?

"When I say, 'Remember me? Indiana Law School—1972,' I want to see how he reacts, and ad-lib it from there. I might say, 'You have me in your book, and there are some errors.' And he'll say, 'Well, who are you?' And I'll say something like 'Brett Kimberlin, the guy you say is doing fifty-one years in jail. But I'm not. I'm out. I'm right here.' "

At noon, a line began to form. Twenty

or so people were allowed to wait inside the store. Kimberlin and I took our places in the mall corridor, at the head of a queue that grew steadily until eventually we were joined by about three hundred other pilgrims. At twelve-thirty, a Brentano's representative declared that the author would sign no more than two books per customer, and that there would be no time for personalized inscriptions. Sotto voce, I told Kimberlin we'd clearly entered a zero-tolerance sector. A skinny, bespectacled man with a video camera stood five yards away and captured us on tape. "Look out," I whispered. "That's the Zapruder film."

Precisely at one o'clock, heralded by cheers and applause, Quayle took a leisurely, majestic stroll through the mall. Perfectly groomed, per usual, he wore a dark suit, a white shirt, a black-and-white print necktie, and a bright smile.

"I'm excited," Kimberlin said. "This is fun. It's been a long time. I like this. I'm going to ruin his day. You watch. I'm absolutely going to ruin his day. As long as I don't get lynched by the right wing."

A smooth assembly line mobilized. We were instructed to open our books to the title page, and they were handed to a lackey. He passed them to Quayle, who had mastered the ability to scrawl an illegible signature while sustaining hey-nicetameecha-goodtoseeya palaver at the rate of about four happy campers a minute. Suddenly, it was my turn: an instant of eye contact, not quite a smile, then—*zip*, *slash*, *autograph*—the books were back in my hand. I edged a few feet away as Quayle greeted his next admirer.

"Hi, Dan," Kimberlin said.

Quayle looked up and, without changing his expression, signed his name. I heard him say, in what seemed a perfunctory monotone, "How ya been?" This was supposed to be the moment of truth—Kimberlin confronting Quayle with " 'Hi, Danny, remember me?" But it never happened.

"Here," Kimberlin was saying.

What? Why wasn't Kimberlin following the script? Why wasn't he revealing his identity? Instead, he was smiling faintly and saying, "I'm glad you're running for President in 1996. I'll be seeing you then." And Quayle was nodding, appreciative of the friendly tidings. The encounter lasted less than half a minute, another autograph seeker advanced, and Quayle kept his chatter going.

Kimberlin sidled over to me. "He recognized me!" he said, his voice pitched high with excitement. "He knew me. Did you see that? He recognized me a hundred per cent."

I was momentarily dumbstruck.

"Did you hear what he said? He said, 'Where have you been?' I couldn't believe that. He asked me where I've been. He *knows* where I've been."

"What are you talking about, Brett? He didn't say, 'Where have you been?' He asked you *how* you've been."

"Mark, he fucking said 'Where have you been?' He asked me how I've been and then he said, '*Where* have you been?' He clearly, *clearly* knew me. He kind of caught me off guard by saying 'How've you been?' real casually. It reminded me of an old dope deal, where they say 'Hey, how've you been?' under their breath—like at a concert or something, when they're passing something and they don't want to make it seem like they're doing what they're doing."

"*Brett*," I said, suddenly aware of the pulse in my temples. "He said 'How are you?' or 'How've you been?' or whatever he said because that's just small talk. It doesn't mean anything. He's just chatting people up as they come through. What makes you think he recognized you?"

"There's no doubt in my mind. He totally fucking knew who I was. Why would he say 'Where've you been?' if he didn't know who I was?"

The phrase " 'Rashomon' simulcast" floated through my addled consciousness. Instinct told me to flee the bookstore. If I hung around Kimberlin much longer, I feared, I would begin revealing too much. I knew now that I was being deceived; I knew, in fact, that I had been manipulated and deceived from the start. But what would I gain by revealing that to him? (The pounding inside my brain—was this how a cerebral hemorrhage announced itself?) About ten feet away from where Quayle sat was a cordon sanitaire for members of the press. I stationed myself there, behind a reporter who was holding a white legal pad. As he raised the pad to add some notes, I saw that he had scribbled "Where have you been?"

"The question 'Where have you been?' " I asked. "Is Quayle saying that to a lot of people?"

"Yes, he is," said the reporter, who identified himself as Graham Fraser,

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ON STAGE BY GUY AROCH

UNSINKABLE

LONG ago, in the nineteen-eighties, Karole Armitage was the guerrilla girl of downtown dance: she danced on point to shattering punk music; she assaulted classical tastes with brazen sexuality. Her career followed the roller-coaster trajectory of the times. At twenty-five, she formed her own company; six years later, she choreographed a piece for Mikhail Baryshnikov. But by the end of the decade she was a memory. Her funding dried up after the stock-market crash of 1987, and then bad reviews finished her off. As if this weren't enough, she was dropped from Madonna's "Blonde Ambition" tour. As a vagabond choreographer and dancer in Europe, she began to envision work that would capture the "hypnotic acceleration" of the decade that had made her, so briefly, a star. On October 16th, the Brooklyn Academy of Music will be presenting the American première of "The Predators' Ball," a two-and-a-half-hour spectacle based on the life of Michael Milken, the disgraced junk-bond king and archetypal figure of the age of excess.

Armitage hopes to evoke the hallucinatory spirit of that time through a dizzying mixture of genres and media. "The Predators' Ball" tracks Milken's spectacular rise and fall, with five actors impersonating such Wall Street players as Carl Icahn and Ivan Boesky, who sing and do the occasional soft-shoe. Also on hand are a Greek-style chorus, represented by two hip-hop dancers; a full corps de ballet; sets by another eighties art star, the painter David Salle; and a barrage of video images.

The central character in this whirligig is a surprisingly sympathetic figure—less a rascal than a misguided idealist. "I identify with Milken," Armitage says. "I identify with the obsession of someone who always wants to go further. And as you go further you not only alienate people but you put yourself in a very dangerous situation, because the rules are unknown." Armitage's extravaganza is a tribute to what she unregenerately calls "the excitement of more." —JAMES TRAUB

Karole Armitage in New York City.

Washington bureau chief of the Toronto *Globe & Mail*.

I beckoned to Kimberlin. "Brett, this reporter is writing down what Quayle says as he gives autographs. He tells me Quayle has said 'Where have you been?' to a lot of people."

"I heard him say it to at least one person," Fraser said.

"Was it me?" Kimberlin asked.

Fraser regarded him for a few moments and replied, "Yes, it was you."

Kimberlin smiled triumphantly. "Quayle asked me where I've been because I'm an old friend of his. I'm in the book. I used to be his marijuana dealer." He showed Fraser his listing in the index, then opened his wallet and revealed his driver's license. Fraser seemed satisfied that Brett Kimberlin was Brett Kimberlin, whatever that might mean.

"He keeps looking at me," Kimberlin said, nodding in Quayle's direction. From what I could tell, Quayle was signing books and, without breaking stride, maintaining his bonhomie. "See that?" Kimberlin nudged me. "Quayle knows exactly who I am. I've got him nervous now."

I studied Quayle for traces of nervousness, detected none, and told Kimberlin I'd had enough. As we wandered into the mall, he kept it up. "He recognized me a hundred per cent. It was just like the old days. His exact demeanor, like—it was like 'We have a secret.' "

I said, "I thought you were going to say, 'Hi, Danny. Remember me?' What happened?"

"I don't know. It just seemed formal. I planned to say 'Danny.' I don't know. I guess it was because of the atmosphere of the place."

"Don't you think it would have had a more striking effect if you'd called him Danny?"

"I don't know. Just with the timing and everything combined, I just didn't do it."

We rode an escalator down one flight and found a place to eat lunch. When we sat down, Kimberlin perused the photographs in Quayle's book. One picture showed the future Vice-President as a young father, with tousled hair and long sideburns. "That's how I remember him," Kimberlin said. "Exactly. He was much more casual. Much more normal. He wasn't all combed and groomed, the way he is now. He let the wind blow through his hair."

Kimberlin flicked through the pages. "He said, 'How have you been?' And then it was like he corrected himself. It became 'Where have you been?' He wouldn't have said that to somebody he didn't know. No way."

He paused, surveyed the mall crowd, and then said, "Can you believe these people?" Seven months earlier, as he prepared to leave prison, he had told me, "I feel like I'm kind of the conscience of the country right now. I have this eagle's-eye view of the situation. Everybody else seems to have these very restricted, myopic views of what's going on." Now he soared above the throng—a mythical self-creation, the moxie and talent behind a vanity production, a one-man starstruck audience. A fortune cookie had come with his lunch. Kimberlin opened it, smiled with satisfaction, and passed me the message: "Your ability to juggle many tasks will take you far."

DID HE OR DIDN'T HE?

When a dope dealer jumps a connection, he eliminates a middleman, hoping to cut his costs while diminishing his risk. Jumping the connection was Kimberlin's habit—both literally and figuratively. He told stories, often heroic minidramas, in which he claimed center stage, though in reality he'd participated at a distance or not at all. Or, when it suited his purpose, he might do just the opposite, ascribing to others acts that he had actually performed himself. Why did he do it? Was it egotism? Insecurity? An insatiable appetite to be the most important person you'll ever meet?

When it came to Quayle, I believe that someone Kimberlin knew had either sold or claimed to have sold pot to the future Vice-President, and that Kimberlin had appropriated for himself the role of seller. Who was the jumped connection? One candidate was a man I'll call Larry Harvey, a dealer who Kimberlin said was present at the fraternity house in Bloomington when he first met Quayle. But in 1977 Harvey died of a shotgun wound to the head—self-inflicted, according to the coroner in Columbus, Indiana. There was no fear of contradiction from him.

Woody McDermott, the retired drug dealer, knew both Harvey and Kimberlin in the early seventies. Why, I asked him, would Kimberlin bother to mention in 1976 that Quayle had been a customer?

"It was a parlor game in the trade: 'Guess where my pot ended up.' With this Indiana Pacers forward or that cop or some politician. So all of a sudden it's 'your' pot. *You're* selling it to these guys, even though you're doing it through four people and three words-of-mouth. It's 'Ha-ha-ha! I know about this guy's private life and he doesn't know I know it. So I own him.' "

Basic business principles suggested that Kimberlin had tampered with the truth. By his own account, more than a year before he met Quayle he'd begun receiving regular shipments of Mexican weed from a source near the Tex-Mex border—two or three hundred pounds, twice a week. By late 1971, he told me, he had jumped that connection and was being supplied with a ton of inventory a week. Also in the fall of 1971, he bought his interest in the Good Earth, the health-food store. With all that on his plate, why go out of his way every few weeks to meet Quayle at a Burger Chef to sell half an ounce or so?

So did he sell to Quayle? Probably not. But it's impossible to say whether or not someone else did. When Kimberlin started crooning, he stirred conjecture and gossip aplenty. I spoke with two Indiana lawyers who told me their clients claimed to have had drug experiences with the former Vice-President: one lawyer had clients who said they had sold Quayle marijuana, and the other had a client who said he had done drugs with Quayle in college at DePauw. But they chose not to go public with the information. "Had the source of Quayle's problem been someone other than Brett, these people might have come forward," one lawyer told me. "But nobody felt like getting into bed with Brett Kimberlin."

TRUTHS

I have always been mindful of Janet Malcolm's famously devastating thesis in "The Journalist and the Murderer": the notion that journalism is a confidence game in which the reporter holds a stacked deck—"preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse." But my dealings with Kimberlin had hardly been such a straightforward transaction. "Like the credulous widow who wakes up one day to find the charming young man and all her savings gone," Malcolm wrote, "so the consenting subject of a piece of nonfiction writing learns—when the article or book appears—*his* hard lesson." Our relationship differed from Malcolm's paradigm. My consenting subject was very experienced in the matters of the press. Subject and author, author and subject: each party knew how to use the other; each party was writing this story. The relevant question in my mind was not "Who's conning whom?" but, instead, "Given the stakes dictated by Kimberlin's proved and apparent deeds, why shouldn't I try to beat him at his game?"

I never misled Kimberlin with an explicit assurance that I was writing hagiography; I didn't need to, because he had convinced himself of that from the beginning. But Kimberlin also assumed that he was always a couple of steps ahead of me, and while that was true in 1992, by the end of our game I had caught up. Or, at least, I believed I had caught up. After Kimberlin reads these words—and when he reads my book—we will enter yet a new phase.

How did things ever get this far? Originally, I took the bait because the most salient elements of Kimberlin's story seemed irrefutable—powerful evidence of political hypocrisy. But then I did what any reporter instinctively does: pulled on a piece of string, trying to discover where it would end. In this instance, it turned out that the string was grafted to a tangled mass of yarn—of a different color and texture than I'd imagined. I kept discovering too many versions of what I thought was the truth. I will offer up an example: two versions of where Kimberlin was when he learned that Julia Scyphers was killed.

The day Julia Scyphers was murdered, Kimberlin told me, he had made a trip to Martinsville, half an hour southwest of Indianapolis, to the home of a man named Rodney Fint. Fint, Kimberlin told me, was someone in the marijuana trade. "I went down there in the morning," he said. "It had to do with some business, probably to pick up some money. I don't remember what it was. Some routine thing." In a subsequent conversation, he remembered the purpose of the trip after all. He had got a new shipment of T-shirts at his health-food store, and Fint's thirteen-year-old daughter and a friend of hers wanted one, so he drove there to deliver them. While driving back to the city, he said, he got a call from his sister on his beeper. He found a roadside pay phone, reached his sister, and she told him that Mrs. Scyphers was dead. "This was early afternoon, one o'clock. I think she was killed at 12:30 P.M." He asked his sister if Mrs. Scyphers died in a car accident, but she didn't know.

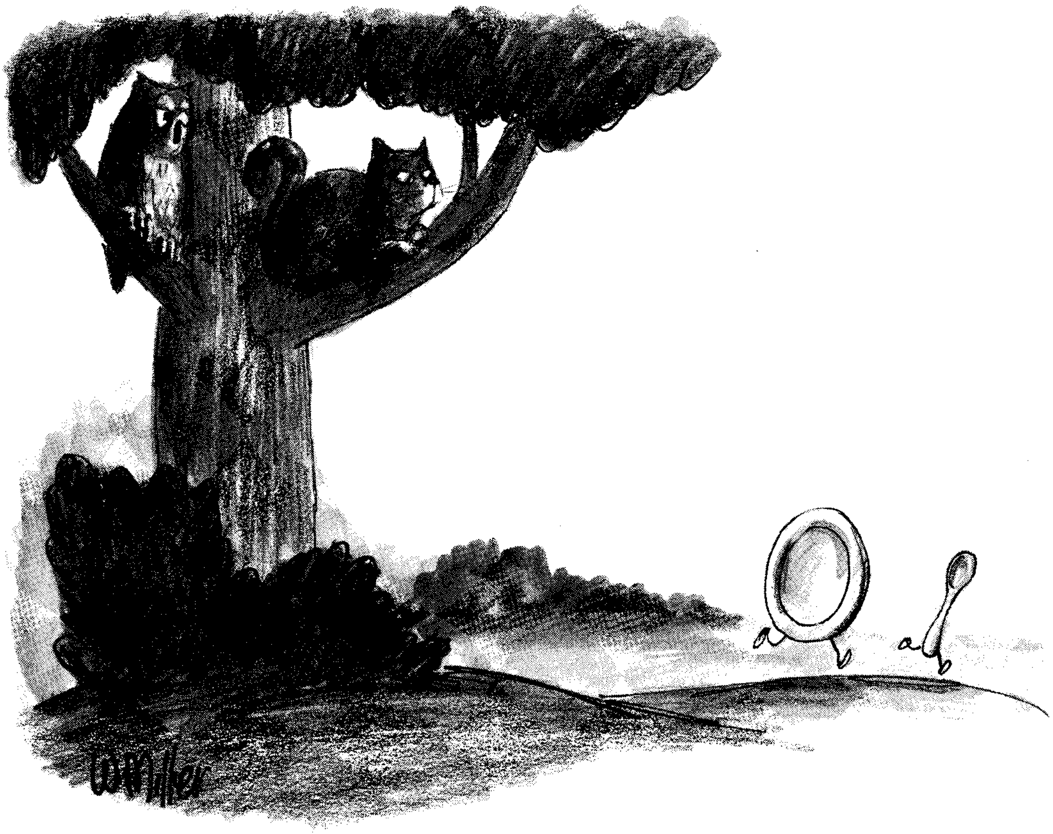
In fact, the police reports indicate that Julia Scyphers wasn't shot until nearly three o'clock.

There is another version of where Kimberlin was when he heard the news: not dropping off a couple of T-shirts at Rodney Fint's house but consummating a multi-ton marijuana deal there.

"We were in the middle of a weighing operation," a man who says he was present told me. "And Brett said he wanted to go watch the news." At five o'clock, the early edition of the local television news is broadcast from Indianapolis. The dope transaction hadn't got started until late afternoon. "What was strange was that he wanted to break routine in the middle of a deal involving thousands of pounds of marijuana and go watch the news. We had the scales and the load in the garage, and to see the TV we had to enter the house and climb a flight of stairs. The Scyphers murder was the lead story, and Brett reacted with surprise. He said, 'My God, that's Sandi's mom!' He made a phone call immediately."

Kimberlin was asked about these two versions last week. He denied that he was doing a drug deal that day. He denied that he learned about the killing on the five-o'clock news. He denied that any of this mattered: "I got beeped within thirty minutes of Mrs. Scyphers' being killed. Either way, I would have known about it before five." He was in a state of some agitation.

Between these versions is the bigger story. That bigger story doesn't negate what I wrote four years ago—which, to this day, remains largely true. But the universe of a narrative can sometimes accommodate more than one truth. My original story was an account of an individual's civil rights abused by politicians and bureaucrats who were protecting their interests. I still stand by the essentials of that story. But the injustices it describes must stand alongside the history of injustices I kept discovering—of law, of humanity, of life: injustices that dwarfed this little man's original complaints. And that story is true, too. ♦



"I myself don't see much hope for an inter-utensil relationship."

ANNALS OF SCIENCE

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

What do great leaders have in common? What about revolutionaries? After a quarter century of research, Frank Sulloway has discovered a very simple factor that may explain history.

BY ROBERT S. BOYNTON

IT was the fall of 1967 when Frank Sulloway realized that the key to understanding Charles Darwin's genius lay in the fact that Darwin hadn't been one. Sulloway, a Harvard sophomore at the time, was hardly the first to be struck by how improbable it was that the theory of evolution had been discovered by so undistinguished a scholar, someone who once described himself as possessing "rather below the common standard in intellect." The historian Gertrude Himmelfarb, for example, once asked, "Why was it given to Darwin, less ambitious, less imaginative, and less learned than many of his colleagues, to discover the theory sought after by others so assiduously?" The answer that most biographies gave was simply that Darwin was a genius. To Sulloway, this sounded like a cop-out.

"The one thing I knew as soon as I read 'The Voyage of the Beagle' and his 'Autobiography' was that Darwin was an ordinary person," Sulloway recalls. "Sure, he was smart, but he didn't start out as a genius—he was nothing like Isaac Newton, who could probably solve differential equations in his head. No, Darwin wasn't capable of anything I couldn't understand myself, and that was part of his appeal. I identified very strongly with him, because he proved that we all have a chance. I thought Darwin would make a fascinating case study of how a modest, hardworking guy with terrible spelling but lots of heart became one of the most famous scientists in five hundred years. I thought, Gee, *that* would be an interesting nut to crack."

So, over the next thirty years, as his peers traded the cerebral passions of their youth for careers in finance and law, Sulloway pursued his interests with a tenacity that would have pleased Darwin, a man whose favorite expression was "It's dogged as does it." Having rejected the academy for the life of a freelance intellectual sleuth, Sulloway retraced the Beagle's Galápagos voyage, mastered Darwin's œuvre, won a series of illustrious awards (a MacArthur "genius" grant among them), and wrote a much praised study of Freud and a series of brilliant monographs that changed the face of Darwin studies—all the while pondering the question of what had made his mentor tick.

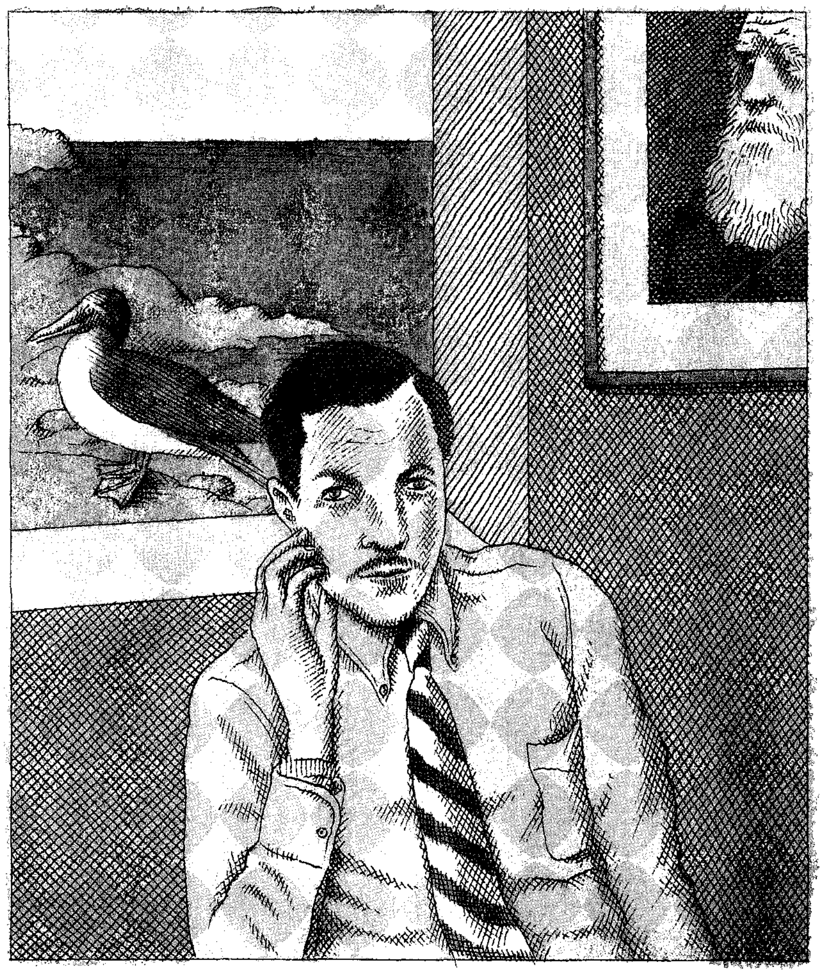
Today, Sulloway believes he has finally solved the puzzle of Darwin's genius and, in the process, discovered why the great figures of history have been inspired to reject the conventional wisdom of their day. The single best predictor of revolutionary creativity, he argues, is birth order. Firstborns tend to become conservatives, and "laterborns," like Darwin, are more likely to become freethinking iconoclasts. Some people are simply "born to rebel"—a proposal that Sulloway defends in a provocative and quirky book of that title, to be published this month by Pantheon.

In short, Sulloway wants us to completely rethink standard theories of personality development and history—to cast aside modernity's Freudian and Marxist scaffolding, renounce such notions as the Oedipus complex and the class struggle, and replace them with a thoroughly Darwinian view of human behavior. The engine of history, he argues, is sibling rivalry, the Darwinian ur-conflict between firstborns and laterborns. Lest this sound like the kind of facile pop psychology one finds in supermarket self-help books, Sulloway has actually tested his claims and presented a massive trove of statistical evidence to illustrate the role of birth order in history.

"Born to Rebel" is supported by a sophisticated multivariate analysis of three thousand eight hundred and ninety scientists who took part in twenty-eight scientific revolutions; the eight hundred and ninety-three members of the National Convention that ruled France during the French Revolution; seven hundred men and women who were involved in the Protestant Reformation; and participants in sixty-one American reform movements. The result is more than a million biographical data points, culled from five hundred years of history. In the twenty-six years Sulloway worked on the book, he read more than twenty thousand biographies. He had over a hundred professional historians evaluate his historical findings; the chairman of Harvard's statistics department and a colleague drew on their work for the United States census to create software for the enormously diverse data. Entering the data in a computer took two years, and designing the book's graphs took another year.

For all its technical complexity, however, Sulloway's birth-order theory shares the parsimonious elegance of the Darwinian principles that were its inspiration. Personality, he argues, is the repertoire of strategies that siblings use to compete with one another, secure their place in the family, and survive the ordeal of childhood. By recasting Darwin's theory of natural selection in terms of family dynamics, Sulloway highlights the adaptive tactics that siblings deploy to differentiate themselves from one another in the eyes of their all-powerful parents. "Depending on differences in birth order, gender, physical traits, and aspects of temperament, siblings create differing roles for themselves within the family system," he writes. "These differing roles in turn lead to disparate ways of currying parental favor." Parental favor increases parental investment, which, in turn, improves a child's chances of survival. "During the brief period of childhood," Sulloway says, "children use their brains to accomplish the differentiation and adaptation that species like Darwin's finches took millions of years to achieve." As Jonathan Weiner observes, "The mind is our beak."

The most basic niche is that of the firstborn. In the family, firstborns identify more strongly with power and authority than their siblings do: they employ their superior size and strength to defend their special status and frequently "minimize the costs of having siblings by dominating them." In their relations with siblings, firstborns are more assertive, jealous, and defensive than laterborns. They also tend to be more self-confident, and are overrepresented among Nobel Prize winners and political leaders, including American Presidents and British prime ministers. Churchill, Washington, Ayn Rand, and Rush Limbaugh might be taken as illustrative.



Unlike Darwin, Sulloway applies evolutionary theory to the human personality. "History," he states, "is biography writ large."

PIERRE LE-TAN

As the underdogs of the family, laterborns are more inclined to identify with the downtrodden and to question the status quo—sometimes to the point of becoming revolutionaries. They are more open to experience, because this openness aids them, as latecomers to the family, in finding an unoccupied niche. Their openness tends to make them more imaginative, creative, independent, altruistic, and liberal. From their ranks have come the bold explorers, the iconoclasts, and the heretics of history. Joan of Arc, Marx, Lenin, Jefferson, Rousseau, Virginia Woolf, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Bill Gates typify the behavior of laterborn siblings.

The volume of biographical information that Sulloway has amassed on the nearly seven thousand historical figures he assays is astonishing. In addition to birth order, he has gathered details on gender, family size, social class, temperament, relationship with parents, connection to siblings, and two hundred and fifty other variables, which together give "Born to Rebel" an interpretative nuance rarely found in quantitative studies. Of course, anyone is capable of becoming a revolutionary under certain conditions, and the bulk of Sulloway's book is dedicated to deciphering the complex combination of conditions whose final product is personality. His method is extremely sensitive to context and was designed to account for the fact that particular variables interact in different ways, depending upon the individual in question. An "interactionist perspective," Sulloway writes, "lies at the heart of this book."

A tendency toward shyness, for example, can either promote or inhibit the revolutionary personality, depending upon one's birth order: shy firstborns tend to be more reflective and therefore more open to experience than most firstborns, while shy laterborns are likely to become more cautious and less rebellious than most laterborns. Extroversion, on the other hand, increases the chances that firstborns will be outspokenly conservative, while extroverted laterborns are likely to be more self-confident in their revolutionary opinions. Conflicts between parents and children also interact with birth order and increase the likelihood that a child will reject authority. This is especially true in the case of firstborns who have bad relationships with their parents—a group of potential rebels whom Sulloway designates as "honorary laterborns."

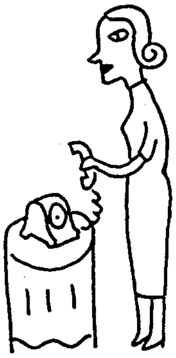
Using Sulloway's model, one can calculate the probability of someone's demonstrating revolutionary behavior. Darwin, for example, was replete with the kinds of attributes that promote radical tendencies. The fifth of six children, he was four years younger than his next eldest sibling, and he suffered the loss of his mother at age eight. Sulloway's estimate of the probability that someone with Darwin's background will support a radical revolution is ninety-four per cent. The firstborn Isaac Newton, on the other hand, was left in the care of his elderly grandparents at age three, when his mother remarried, and not until his stepfather died, seven years later, was he allowed to live with his mother and three half siblings. Apparently as a result of this poor treatment, Newton rebelled against his mother; Sulloway calculates the probability that someone in these circumstances will support radical innovation at seventy-three per cent.

But birth order doesn't just interact with other traits and circumstances; it also encapsulates some of them. Sulloway writes, "It is a proxy for differences in age, size, power, and privilege within the family system"—and thus serves as a Rosetta stone for decoding the principles of family niches. "Like other predictors of radicalism, birth order is a *fallible* indicator," he continues. "Its principal virtue lies in its being *less* fallible than any other predictor I have been able to identify." He contends that birth order plays a consistent role across the twenty countries and five centuries he has examined, and that it is as predictive of behavior in religious upheavals as in scientific and political revolutions. "History," he states, "is biography writ large."

Of course, not all rebellions are alike: attacking the status quo in Hitler's Germany has a different political complexion from challenging creationism in nineteenth-century England. Sulloway argues that theories with socially radical implications tend to be championed by laterborns, while conservative revolutions are most often backed by firstborns. Firstborns, for example, favored eugenics in the early decades of the twentieth century, presumably because it rationalized socioeconomic disparities in terms of genetics. Laterborns, on the other hand, were nine times as likely as firstborns to champion phrenology, which was a movement that “sought to make talent, not privilege, the main criterion for social advancement.”

Sulloway’s dynamic developmental model undercuts the tumultuous “nature versus nurture” debate that has plagued evolutionary psychology since the publication of Edward O. Wilson’s “Sociobiology,” in 1975. Sulloway likens the nature/nurture relationship to that between an artist and his tools. “Genetics supplies the equivalent of canvas and paints,” he writes. “The environment, which guides the process of individual development, provides the equivalent of the artist’s brush strokes.”

If some of Sulloway’s variables sound inherently vague, the results are impressively concrete. In Western history, the likelihood that a laterborn will champion a radical political revolution is eighteen times that of a firstborn. During the Reformation, a laterborn was forty-six times as likely as a firstborn to suffer martyrdom for the Protestant faith. During the French Revolution, laterborn members of the French National Convention, being more liberal, were twice as likely as firstborns to vote in favor of sparing the King’s life. Republican Presidents have consistently nominated firstborns to the Supreme Court, while Democrats have favored laterborn justices, who, once appointed, have been significantly more likely to vote in a liberal fashion. During the first decades of the Copernican revolution, laterborns were five times as likely as firstborns to accept the theory that the earth rotates around the sun. Upon the publication of “On the Origin of Species,” laterborns were 4.4 times as likely as firstborns to support Darwin’s ideas. “Laterborns are consistently overrepresented among the champions of conceptual change,” Sulloway writes. “The likelihood of this difference arising by chance is substantially less than one in a billion.”



Early readers of “Born to Rebel” have been impressed by its depth and its scope. “It definitively settles the question of birth order’s importance in the development of personality,” Edward O. Wilson says. “I’d be surprised if there are serious scholars who can mount significant arguments against it.” Steven Pinker, a cognitive scientist at M.I.T., calls Sulloway’s work “completely original and unlike anything I have ever seen,” while the eminent anthropologist Sarah Blaffer Hrdy seems hyperbolic in her praise. “I am almost embarrassed by the strength of my conviction,” she says, “but I think that with this book Frank will join the pantheon of thinkers, like Freud and Darwin, whose work has radically and forever changed the way we look at ourselves and the world.”

“Born to Rebel” is also an extended homage to Darwin and the culmination of Sulloway’s lifelong fixation. His relentless empiricism and reliance on hypothesis testing mimic Darwin’s own intellectual style. But, unlike Darwin, who dared apply evolution directly to “man” only once in the entire text of the “Origin,” Sulloway has no misgivings about extending evolutionary principles to human affairs. “In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches,” Darwin wrote in the final pages of the “Origin.” “Psychology will be based on a new foundation. . . . Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history.” Little did he suspect that the foundation would be an electronic maze of correlation coefficients and regression analyses. “My book,” Sulloway says proudly, “aspires to be the kind of history that Mr. Spock on ‘Star Trek’ might have liked.”

On a hot summer morning in Washington, D.C., the vast strip of lawn stretching from the Washington Monument to the Capitol is teeming with brightly clad tourists who have descended on the capital to visit its monuments and museums. Off to one side, a somewhat more sober-looking crowd wends its way into the Smithsonian Institution, down two flights of stairs, where they are attending a two-day conference on evolutionary psychology, the hybrid discipline that examines human behavior through the lens of Darwinian theory. Sulloway arrives early, and finds that his lecture has been sandwiched between a presentation entitled “Politics as Sex” and one on the psychology of homicide. “How can I compete with *that*?” he remarks dryly. “I’ll have to throw in a little sex and violence.”

Sulloway stands six feet tall and has a slight paunch; his pencil-thin mustache and thinning, slicked-back hair give him the look of a nerdy Clark Gable. He has a fondness for silly puns and exhibits the good-humored goofiness of someone who has spent a great deal of time alone. (One evening over dinner, he asked a puzzled-looking waiter whether the baby roast pig was a firstborn.) Wearing white sneakers with black socks, rumpled khakis, and a blue tennis shirt whose pocket bulges with pencils, pens, and a calculator, he seems an unlikely candidate to join the august company of those who claim to have solved the riddle of history.

Sulloway slumps onto a folding chair at the back of the lecture hall and talks of his fears about the way “Born to Rebel” may be received. “I get a chilly shiver up my spine when I realize my work shows that one version of pop psychology has turned out to be true,” he says. “I worry that people won’t take it seriously, because they’ll think I’m saying something like ‘Well, there actually *is* something to phrenology’ or ‘You’ve *missed* something about mesmerism.’ ”

As it happens, the study of birth order isn’t in particularly good standing among social scientists these days. In the nineteen-twenties, the psychiatrist Alfred Adler suggested that firstborns became “power-hungry conservatives” as they struggled against siblings to restore their lost eminence within the family. Since then, psychologists have churned out mountains of birth-order research, exploring possible links to everything from homosexuality to I.Q. In 1983, the Swiss psychiatrists Cécile Ernst and Jules Angst reviewed over a thousand of these studies in a book-length critique and concluded that “birth-order influences on personality and I.Q. have been widely overrated.” The problem with previous birth-order studies is that most of them were poorly designed and lacked good data and proper statistical methods. “But once you control for factors like family size and social class,” Sulloway counters, “it is easy to distinguish between differences due to social background and those caused by birth order.”

Sulloway opens his presentation with a question. “Why is it that siblings from the same family are so different from each other?” he asks. “Recent research has discovered that, contrary to conventional wisdom, siblings raised in the same family are almost as different in their personalities as people plucked randomly from the population at large. What’s more, the longer they live together, the *more* different they become.” He cites a 1987 paper by Robert Plomin and Denise Daniels in the journal *Behavioral and Brain Sciences.*

"Yet *__another__* *bipartisan commission!"*

"Upper middle-class brothers who attend the same school and whose parents take them to the same plays, sporting events, music lessons, and therapists," they wrote, "are little more similar in personality measures than they are to working-class or farm boys." What psychologists once thought was a shared family environment turns out not to be shared at all; although the family seems to be a homogeneous entity, from a child's perspective it is a "panoply of microenvironments," as Sulloway puts it—a collection of niches, consisting of distinct vantage points from which siblings experience the same events in very different ways. "The family doesn't provide a monolithic experience that automatically immerses its offspring in a single environmental bath," he says.

Siblings are so different from one another because they act in accordance with Darwin's "principle of divergence," he explains. In the family, as in nature, diversification is a strategy that helps individuals minimize direct competition for scarce resources. In Darwinian terms, childhood is the search for a family niche.

The reason Sulloway concentrates on sibling rivalry can best be understood in the context of recent research in behavioral genetics. One of the greatest puzzles for Darwinians had always been the question of why organisms coöperate despite the fact that natural selection acts for the good of the individual only. Why, in other words, do we help others when all we are programmed to care about is getting our *own* "selfish genes" into the next generation? In 1963, the biologist W. D. Hamilton came up with an answer that he called the theory of kin selection. Since copies of an individual's genes are present in close kin, he reasoned, it makes good Darwinian sense for individuals to coöperate with one another to the degree that they are related. Hamilton even quantified the nature of this relationship, calculating that one is likely to be more altruistic to a full brother than to a half brother, and so forth.

In 1974, this cost-benefit explanation was further refined by the biologist Robert Trivers in his theory of "parent-offspring conflict." Trivers argued that, given the fact that each parent and his or her offspring share only half their genes, parents will disagree with each child in the family about the optimum level of investment that is due to that child. Each child wants to monopolize more of his parents' resources (in order to increase *his* chances of survival) than they are willing to give, for the parents' genetic interests are better served by spreading their resources among *several* offspring.

Sulloway's contribution to this line of thought is at once subtle and dramatic. He noticed that beneath Trivers' parent-offspring theory lay an even more fundamental Darwinian conflict; namely, sibling rivalry. After all, when a sibling strives for parental attention it is primarily his other siblings that he is competing against; conflict with the parent is actually a byproduct of this primal competition. Sibling altruism is sharply delineated by sibling rivalry. As anyone who has ever watched two siblings fight over the size of a piece of cake knows, they tend to disagree about the allocation of shared resources. As a rule, an offspring's idea of "fairness" is to give a sibling a *third* of any shared item, not half. "Children may not know if they are loved less than the children of other parents, but they are painfully aware when they are loved less than a sibling," Sulloway explains. They are extremely sensitive to inequality, whether real or perceived—an insight confirmed by studies that have found that children become increasingly agitated and demanding the instant they perceive a sibling getting something they are not getting. Though incremental differences in things like food and shelter might seem insignificant given the abundant resources of the present day, in the hunter-gatherer societies of early man, even the smallest advantages could make the difference between life and death; throughout history, half of all children have failed to reach adulthood. "Even the Bible concurs with evolutionary theory regarding the primacy of sibling strife," he writes. "The first biblical murder—that of Abel by his elder brother, Cain—was fratricidal."

Sulloway now tells his audience, "We all come into this world with roughly the same bag of tricks. No one is genetically destined to be a first- or lastborn; we merely find ourselves in that position and have to make the best of it. Then, depending on the specifics of our family, we select strategies that help us compete with our siblings and find an available niche. Over time, the strategies perfected by firstborns will spawn counterstrategies by laterborns, and so on—the result being something like an evolutionary arms race played out in the family."

When Sulloway concludes, he is deluged with questions from members of the

"He's not Mr. Right, he's more like Mr. Now."

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audience. Someone asks about only children: Where is the rivalry in a family with just one child?

"Even an only child is locked in sibling conflict," Sulloway answers with evident enthusiasm, "because he is trying to maximize parental investment in *anticipation* of a sibling. All he wants to know is: 'Is there any more investment to be had from my parents, any more blood to be squeezed from this stone?' Children are hardwired to use sibling strategies to maximize parental investment. They don't even *need* a sibling to do it; they have hundreds of millions of years of biology telling them to do it anyway."

LATER that week, over lunch at a small Cambridge café, I ask Sulloway about his own experience of sibling rivalry. "I have two older brothers and a much younger half brother, so I grew up as the youngest of the first bunch and would classify myself as a functional lastborn," he says. "We are all about two and a half years apart. It was not a particularly friendly sibling group, which probably has something to do with my interest in the topic."

The Sulloways descend from an old New England family, whose earliest American ancestor, a Scotch-Irish indentured servant, arrived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1652. Sulloway was born on February 2, 1947; soon afterward, his mother suffered a nervous breakdown, and she was in treatment for much of the first three years of his life, his care being left to a housekeeper. It is an absence to which he attributes his intellectual independence. "When my mother came back home she was horrified to find that I would walk around town knocking on the doors of strangers and introducing myself," he says. "I was a totally intrepid, kind of weird three-year-old. She couldn't control me, so she just taught me to look both ways before crossing the street and left it up to the Fates." According to family lore, she read "The Voyage of the Beagle" to Frank when he was five, although he has no memory of it.

In his small prep school, Sulloway was put in the awkward position of having his father as an English teacher. "I was a good student and once got the highest score on a test," he recalls. "But my father didn't want to appear to favor me, so he went over it again and again until he found a reason to mark it down."

The Sulloways were an athletic family; Frank's father and grandfather were national father-son tennis champions in 1938, and his second-oldest brother went on to become a professional tennis player and coach. To avoid competition, Frank took up track. The strategy he developed for the sport was one that he would use throughout his life. "When the coach told us to run four quarter-mile intervals, I would run twenty of them—five miles of sprinting!" he recalls. "Nobody had ever *heard* of workouts like that. As a freshman at Harvard, I'd run an extra workout before practice. I found that if I was willing to be insanely persistent I could always outcompete other people—not necessarily through natural talent but just by doing something so absurdly more labor-intensive. Still, it wasn't until the last meet of my junior year, against Yale, that I finally got enough points for my letter in cross country." In a close race, he managed to edge past a Yale runner to the finish line. His opponent was Frank Shorter. "I had to beat a future Olympic gold medallist to get a lousy college letter," Sulloway says.

Between running and studying, he didn't have time for campus politics. Although the basement of his off-campus coöperative housed the S.D.S. printing press, his room upstairs was home to far less subversive activities. As he became familiar with the capabilities of the newly developed computers, he learned how to analyze market trends and identify undervalued stocks, and he then sold the information to several Boston investment firms.

At Harvard, Sulloway signed up for a hybrid history-of-science major, which required a senior thesis. One day, after a class on evolutionary theory, he asked Edward O. Wilson, his professor, what he should do. "Go to Galápagos!" Wilson shouted. "You'll find all of evolution there in a microcosm." After doing a little research, Sulloway found, to his disappointment, that the Galápagos Islands had been practically overrun since Darwin's visit, in the eighteen-thirties—that every naturalist, ornithologist, and evolutionary biologist worth his salt had made the pilgrimage. Nobody, however, had ever retraced the Beagle's entire voyage through South America. Sulloway did so, after raising enough money to make a documentary film of the trip.

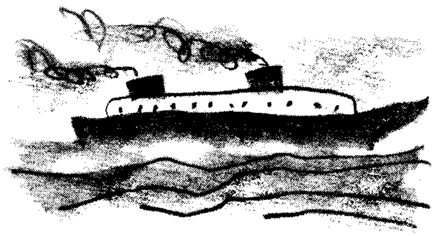
Sulloway graduated summa cum laude and won a Harvard travel grant, which he used to study finches in the Galápagos and then to pore over the original Darwin manuscripts, in England. "I had been bitten by the Darwin bug," he says. He began a history-of-science graduate program at Harvard in 1970, intending to write a biography of Darwin. While doing preliminary research on scientific creativity, his interest was piqued by a comment made by a professor of his, the psychologist Jerome Kagan, to the effect that one of Darwin's friends had opposed the theory of evolution because he was a firstborn. Sulloway delved into the birth-order literature and began collecting data of his own.

Still puzzled by the nature of Darwin's genius, Sulloway began reading Freud in the hope that psychoanalysis might shed some light on it. He polished off Ernest Jones's massive Freud biography and started "The Origins of Psycho-Analysis," a collection of letters from Freud to his friend Wilhelm Fliess. Almost immediately, he sensed that something was amiss. On December 6, 1896, Freud had written to Fliess about what seemed to be infantile sexuality—something that Sulloway found odd, since, according to Jones, Freud didn't discover infantile sexuality until after he began his self-analysis, in the fall of 1897. "How could he mention something he didn't know about until nine months later?" Sulloway recalls wondering. "I realized something was out of whack about the whole story."

Darwin and birth order went on the shelf, and for the next seven years Sulloway immersed himself in Freud. His familiarity with nineteenth-century science helped him to see the deep connections between the discoverer of evolution and the man whom Jones called "the Darwin of the mind." In 1979, Sulloway's unearthing of the covert evolutionary and biological roots of Freud's "pure psychology" resulted in "Freud, Biologist of the Mind," a book that established Sulloway's reputation as an intellectual iconoclast. "Bad biology ultimately spawned bad psychology," Sulloway later wrote. "Freud erected his psychoanalytic edifice on a kind of intellectual quicksand, a circumstance that consequently doomed many of his most important theoretical conclusions from the outset." According to Sulloway, Freud's problem was not that he had drawn from evolutionary theory but that he had drawn from the *incorrect version* of evolutionary theory—a variant proposed by the French biologist Jean-Baptiste Lamarck, who believed in the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Under the influence of Lamarck and Ernst Haeckel, Freud argued that children "inherited" an encapsulated form of the oral and anal stages of pregenital sexuality through which mankind had evolved over the course of history. Freud's conception of human nature, Sulloway wrote in *The New York Review of Books*, is "largely a collection of nineteenth-century psychobiological fantasies masquerading as real science."

The most devastating section of the book, however, was devoted to the founder of psychoanalysis himself. Sulloway's sleuthing explored a number of inconsistencies in the Freud legend, including the fact that Freud was well acquainted with a number of books and ideas of which he claimed complete ignorance. Sulloway argued that Freud's destruction of his early manuscripts, diaries, and correspondence was only the most dramatic of his many attempts to enhance the myth of his heroic isolation and to conceal the scientific and cultural context in which psychoanalysis had actually developed. The story of psychoanalysis's pristine birth, via Freud's self-analysis, was crucial for substantiating the notion of his absolute originality and sustaining the insular cult for generations to come.

"Psychoanalysis is the only theory in the history of science which demands that its history be consistent with its theory," Sulloway says. "Can you imagine Darwin claiming that his discovery of natural selection had been the result of a *natural selection* of ideas in his head, or imagine Newton saying that his thoughts had *gravitated toward* the theory of universal gravitation? Only psychoanalysis demands that its founder's life—his childhood, and even the self-analysis that led to his discoveries—follow his theory."



"Freud, Biologist of the Mind" sparked intense debate. Anna Freud tried to block a German edition; Sulloway was verbally attacked at psychoanalytic conferences. Despite the book's hostile reception within analytic circles, however, it was well regarded elsewhere. It received the Pfizer Award for the best book on the history of science. Peter Brooks praised it in the *Times* as "a work of prodigious scholarship." And the Harvard historian Donald Fleming stated, "The whole of the existing literature on Freud has been rendered obsolete."

HARVARD'S Agassiz Museum of comparative zoology is an imposing sandstone building with long Palladian porticoes punctuating a stately neoclassical façade. It is home to the university's collection of three hundred and twenty thousand bird specimens, and is named after the nineteenth-century naturalist who was the museum's founder and first curator and also one of Darwin's most determined foes.

A light morning rain is falling as I wait for Sulloway, who has agreed to give me a tour of the collection. After half an hour, he bounds up the museum's steps bathed in sweat. He apologizes, telling me that he has run all the way from Harvard University Press, where he has been testing the cover of "Born to Rebel" on the editors there. This is not an unusual practice for him; indeed, every aspect of the book has been subjected to the same rigorous hypothesis-testing that generated its data. Sulloway calculated what he believed to be optimal terms for his contract and negotiated a five-hundred-thousand-dollar advance from Pantheon without a literary agent. To evaluate chapter and book titles, he created a rating system in which the syllables of a potential title were calculated along with its sibilance, "punch value," and "euphony index"—all of which were reduced to an over-all ratio, rank-ordered, and then randomly tested on unsuspecting subjects walking the streets of Cambridge.

Sulloway is unhappy with the cover and is pressing for a new one. Pulling a thick folder from his knapsack, he shows me dozens of alternatives he has designed himself, among them a series of edgy computerized motifs, a montage of color

Larry Flynt in Los Angeles, 1986

SHOWCASE BY HELMUT NEWTON

HUSTLED

LIKE George Wallace, Larry Flynt, who was crippled by a would-be assassin's bullet in 1978, is a backcountry recalcitrant undergoing absolution. A deep-fried hillbilly and high-school dropout, Flynt built a string of vending machines and strip clubs into a media empire, whose flagship title is *Hustler*. Unlike Hugh Hefner or Bob Guccione, his rivals in the wank trade, Flynt has never given himself airs as an epicurean surrounded by objets d'art. He has remained an unrepentant redneck, and *Hustler* promotes pornography without pretension. Its most infamous cover—a woman being fed into a meat grinder—remains Exhibit No. 1 on the anti-porn activists' evidence sheet. When Flynt ran a witless ad parody suggesting that Jerry Falwell had had sex with his mother, and it resulted in a 1988 Supreme Court decision in his favor, even civil libertarians wished they'd had a better First Amendment horse to back. Recently, however, renowned writers (Barry Hannah in *George* among them) have been sprinkling sympathy on Flynt's behalf as part of the press buildup to Milos Forman's film "The People vs. Larry Flynt," which stars Woody Harrelson as Flynt and Courtney Love (said to give a riveting car wreck of a performance) as Flynt's junkie wife. Flynt's life might seem to be B-movie material, but Forman is an A-list director, and the movie closes the New York Film Festival.

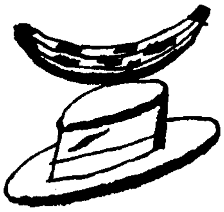
In December, Flynt's reputation rehab will continue with the publication of his autobiography, "An Unseemly Man," in which he reflects on becoming what Tom Arnold once called America's worst nightmare—white trash with money. Living large in L.A., he confesses to having had sex with a chicken and to lots of bar fights, yet the book does not reek of Tobacco Road; it sidles into psychobabble ("It was a transitional time for me emotionally"). There's no denying that Flynt's account of his years of pain after being shot is harrowing. But it seems odd that a man who prides himself on being so coarse should be doted upon as if he were a wheelchair saint. There's too much anger at the root of Flynt's portrayal of women and others in *Hustler* to afford him such easy redemption.—JAMES WOLCOTT

Xeroxes, and even an oil painting he commissioned. "I've probably spent three thousand dollars of my own on the cover," he admits as he leads me to the ornithological collection.

When we open the door to the specimen room, our eyes and nostrils are assaulted by the fumes of chemical preservatives. After passing aisle after aisle of fifteen-foot-tall wooden cabinets, we arrive at the Galápagos finches. Sulloway swings open an enormous door and slides out a shelf holding thirteen neat rows of tiny tagged birds. Identifying each bird, he gives me a brief synopsis of its history. Sulloway knows the birds well; a 1982 study of his was the first to identify definitively the islands from which Darwin's original specimens came.

Sulloway's subsequent monographs on Darwin have the drama of a detective story, in which a Holmes-like investigator arrives at the scene, spots a crucial bit of overlooked evidence, reconstructs the crime, and nabs the culprit. "Frank's papers on the Galápagos finches changed the face of Darwin studies," the Darwin biographer Janet Browne says. Sulloway knew from his 1982 study that, after acquiring the birds in the mid-nineteenth century, the British Museum had replaced their original labels with tags bearing their names and the sites where they were *thought* to have been discovered. No one knew for sure whether Darwin himself had labelled the Galápagos finches by island—information that would provide an important clue to his conversion to evolution. "A creationist would assume that, since God made one set of birds when he created the world, the specimens from different islands would be identical. It wouldn't even occur to him to look for differences by location," Sulloway explains. Only the original tags—none of which had ever been found—could settle the question. "I knew I'd never find an original label for anything that was valuable, because the more valuable a bird was the more likely it was that the curators clipped the original and put on a fancy new one," he goes on. "So I thought, Did Darwin collect anything that *nobody* would care about? And then I realized there was a bobolink! I'll bet that bird was so ordinary they just put it in a drawer and forgot about it." The moment Sulloway saw the bobolink, he recognized the handwriting on the tag as Darwin's; it denoted the bird's name and date but gave no island location—evidence that Darwin had not yet become an evolutionist when he visited the Galápagos. In another paper, Sulloway analyzed Darwin's spelling habits in order to show that the diary passages in which he mentioned evolution could not have been written while he was in the Galápagos.

So when *did* Darwin become an evolutionist? Sulloway came to suspect that it happened sometime after he returned to England and distributed his specimens among professional zoologists to be properly identified. One of the most distinguished of those scientists was John Gould, the London Zoological Society's ornithologist. Sulloway finally narrowed the date of Darwin's conversion to the second week of March, 1837—eighteen months after he left the Galápagos and days after meeting with Gould. But more revealing than what happened to Darwin during their encounter was what had *not* happened to Gould.



"Darwin's notes show Gould taking him through all the birds he has named, and you can tell from his jottings that this is the first time Darwin has seen that all the finches are variations of a single species," Sulloway says. "Gould keeps flip-flopping back and forth about the number of species; the information is there, but he doesn't know quite what to make of it. The names Gould gives them are beautiful: *Geospiza nebulosa*—nebulous; *Geospiza dubia*—dubious; *Geospiza incerta*—uncertain. What Gould is saying is that the birds are so different that he doesn't *know* whether they are distinct species. Reading these notes was like being alive at the moment evolution was discovered.

"But what is really remarkable about the encounter is the completely different impact it has on the two men. Gould is *teaching* Darwin how to think like a taxonomist, and he isn't fazed one iota by the textbook case of evolution unfolding right in front of him! Gould knew far more about the finches than Darwin did. I mean, Darwin didn't even know that they *were* finches! So why is it that the guy who has more knowledge is stupider than the guy who has less? I knew that, whatever was going on, it didn't have anything to do with the data; it had to be something about psychology or personality. The more I worked on it, the more it ate at me." As it turned out, Gould was not an isolated case; not one of the zoologists examining Darwin's specimens—most of whom were firstborns—became an evolutionist as a result of working on the Beagle collections.

THE winding back lanes of Cambridge, Massachusetts, are filled with quaintly dishevelled two-family houses—with their sagging porches, peeling paint, and the occasional aging Volvo parked in front—inhabited by Harvard graduate students and recently minted professionals. As Sulloway and I walk along the uneven redbrick paths that lead from his apartment to his office, he stops every few blocks to check on morning-glory vines climbing up street signs. "I planted them because I was working so much I wanted something beautiful to look at on my way to and from the office," he says.

Sulloway's office is at M.I.T.'s program in Science, Technology, and Society. In one respect, Sulloway's life has diverged sharply from Darwin's. Once he had returned from the Galápagos and settled at his secluded Downe estate, Darwin never again left it; in contrast, Sulloway has been a veritable nomad. In the past thirty years, he has been at Harvard's Society of Fellows; the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton; Berkeley's Miller Institute; and M.I.T.'s Dibner Institute—all these moves supported by multiple grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Science Foundation, and the Guggenheim and the MacArthur Foundations. "My income has been negative twenty thousand dollars a year for the past five years and I've lived like a graduate student for as long as I can remember," he says. "Every penny has gone to support my research."

Sulloway isn't sure what he is going to do with the money from "Born to Rebel." He has never owned a car or had a mortgage, but he is thinking about settling down. After studying families for so long, he would like to have one. "My single greatest goal now is to get into a relationship and have a family," he says. "It may be too late, though. I'm forty-nine, and the eligible range of partners is limited, since I don't meet many women who are ten or fifteen years younger than I am. And when I do they tend to be the ones who are out of relationships because they are unstable. The mate-selection pool is constantly being drained of the stable ones. I guess I should have invested more in that particular domain."

Flanked by a window on one side and by bookshelves on the other, Sulloway's office is a corner of a large room that he shares with three research fellows. Every shelf is crammed with books on history, science, and evolutionary theory. His computer dominates the desk, its keyboard balanced precariously on a stack of boxes so that he can type while standing. After flicking the machine on, he plugs in a combination of Darwin's biographical variables, and streams of brilliant yellow digits go cascading down the cool azure screen. It is an odd experience to see a man's life broken down into strings of numbers, but this is the essence of history for Sulloway—a maze of probabilities and interconnected decision trees. As he guides me through rows of correlations, I try to look at history through his eyes.

Once Sulloway had perceived the signal importance of birth order in the development of revolutionary personality, he extended his research and found that laterborns in general were significantly more likely than firstborns to champion Darwinism—a theory that, he notes, celebrates the endless biological achievements that derive from unfettered competition and is thereby the ultimate scientific justification for the abolition of primogeniture.

He began to investigate other historical episodes through his birth-order lens, such as the varied fates of the wives of Henry VIII. He discovered that Henry's three least successful marriages were all to outspoken laterborns, who resisted his authority. Two ended up on the executioner's block. Starting with a lastborn wife, Henry married women who tended to be earlier and earlier in birth rank until he ended up with a firstborn. "Henry seems to have learned a lesson from his various matrimonial experiences," Sulloway writes. "As far as opinionated kings are generally concerned, laterborns might be fun to court, but they tend to make troublesome wives."

The role of birth order in the French Revolution is so enormous that Sulloway dubs it "the story of Cain and Abel writ large." He argues that Marxist historians who interpret the Revolution as a classic bourgeois revolt have failed to explain why the chief victims of the Terror were not aristocrats but, rather, merchants, artisans, and peasants: they constituted eighty-four per cent of those who were executed. "Two centuries of explanations by French historians are largely a footnote to the unrecognized power of sibling differences,” he writes. Seven of the twelve members of Robespierre’s Committee of Public Safety were firstborns—the highest proportion in any major political faction during the Revolution. And, as the Revolution became more violent, brothers literally turned on each other. Of the sixteen brothers elected to the National Convention, almost all joined opposing political factions according to birth order. “Liberty and equality proved relatively easy to attain; fraternity was more elusive,” Sulloway writes.

As Sulloway refined his multivariate model and accumulated more biographical data, he became adept at formulating statistical explanations for individual personalities. “It is a complicated story, but it has the explanatory power psychoanalysts always *dreamed* of having—that an analyst could get some poor bastard on the couch and after hearing five dreams tell everything about him,” he says. “Well, you can’t quite do that with any method, but, boy, you can tell an awful lot using this one.”

He analyzed Voltaire, an extroverted lastborn who lost his mother when he was seven and experienced significant conflict with his father and elder brother; Sulloway calculated that the probability that someone so situated would support radical causes was eighty-eight per cent. Mao Tse-tung, the eldest of four children, was frequently beaten by his father; Sulloway attributed his militant radicalism to the fact that he identified with his father’s ill-treated workers.

As Sulloway takes me through each example, I begin to feel as if I were drowning in a sea of numbers. As happens in any historical narrative, some of his explanations are more convincing than others, and some of them sound too cleverly reasoned to stand up to the messy contingencies of human events. There is something disconcerting about the way Sulloway talks about history—a quality of exaggerated rationality which can sometimes make you wonder whether the whole thing isn’t a hoax. Sulloway thinks differently from anyone else I have ever met: he sees the world as a series of statistical probabilities strung together by Darwinian principles. I ask him why the skeptical reader shouldn’t lump his explanations with the other ad-hoc “just so” stories that our pop-psychology-crazed culture seems to crave.

“What makes my model non-ad-hoc is that I have spelled out my hypothesis so precisely that anyone can test it for himself,” he says. “If anyone ever, *ever* discovers a radical revolution led by firstborns and opposed by laterborns, then I’m out of business. Or if someone discovers the opposite—a conservative revolution led by laterborns and opposed by firstborns—that would also refute my theory. The difference between science and ad-hoc-ism is that in science you very carefully specify what counts as a refutation. What I’m doing seems so strange because historians so rarely do it. I agree that history is full of contingency, but it is a contingency around themes and processes that keep repeating themselves. My eureka moment was realizing that psychologists and historians of science had missed something essential about creativity, which is that the driving force behind most discoveries is something other than the books you read and the knowledge you have. It’s character, personality—the kinds of things a biographer can capture for an individual but that nobody had figured out how to translate into a lawlike formula. History is like evolution. There are unique events—like a monkey falls from a tree and is killed, so his genes aren’t passed on—and then there are laws, like the one that says monkeys reproduce according to natural selection. But the generalizable rules of history can be understood only at the most complex, multivariate level.”

He explains that this is something he didn’t understand until just last year. Sulloway, an empiricist by temperament, claims that for the first twenty-five years during which he gathered birth-order data he didn’t understand why siblings had such a relentless need to be different. Then, when he was writing a paper for a psychology journal in early 1995, he suddenly realized that siblings differ because they are exemplifying Darwin’s “principle of divergence.” With that insight, he recast his entire book. Had “Born to Rebel” been published two years ago, it would have been little more than a vast collection of suggestive data, lacking its crucial Darwinian underpinnings—what Sulloway calls “the spiffy stuff.”

“I started at exactly the right place and then went down a blind alley with Freud,” Sulloway says. “Ninety-nine per cent of what Darwinian theory says about human behavior is so obviously true that we don’t give Darwin credit for it. Ironically, psychoanalysis has it over Darwinism precisely because its predictions are so outlandish and its explanations are so counterintuitive that we think, Is that really true? How radical! Freud’s ideas are so intriguing that people are willing to *pay* for them, while one of the great disadvantages of Darwinism is that we feel we know it already, because, in a sense, we do. When I think about the folly of my life! After twenty-five years, I see that the best way to understand Darwin is through Darwin.” ◆

Bernard Schoenbaum

“Just when I’m beginning to lose faith in the economy, the market hits another all-time high.”

FICTION

DUMBNESS IS EVERYTHING

A story the writer completed in the last months of his life.

BY HAROLD BRODKEY

ONE time Ora and I were very drunk after a party in Bronxville—a large, milling, snotty-but-shy, defensive and prying, and young and rich suburban Gentile crowd, with the usual party sexuality like a heated cloud. This was around 1954, and we were living down the road from Betty and Irving's, in what had been a farmer-caretaker's cottage. Betty was Ora's aunt, her mother's sister. Betty's mother and father had lived on this Westchester hilltop, the top of this steep ridge, and they had bought up two or three more places, enlarging their own.

Betty's father was from Ohio and was a respectable sort, a front man for gangsters in the hotel and money-laundering business. Betty's mother had been a pretty woman, bright, afraid of boredom. This part of the neighborhood had not been fashionable. A Ziegfeld star had lived here, one who bathed in asses' milk. Two farms were still in operation. Most of the five remaining large houses belonged to Jews or to Ora's Mafia-allied grandparents.

Our cottage had no garage. We used the one at the main house, a wooden building painted a very white and set at the end of a short, steep, tightly curved driveway, overshadowed by oaks. We'd had the top down on the car. I'd put it up when we got near home, for privacy where we were known, as in the lighted gas station or by the local police, who kept watch on the place when no one was there. I was too drunk to drive into the garage and I laughed at this and sat there in the car on the tarred apron, built up on one side to be level, in front of it. I'd taken off my jacket when we left the party and had unbuttoned my shirt a little so that the cool air would help me control my drunkenness while I drove.

I'd driven soberly as an act of will—you can do that. You can stand outside your drunkenness just as you can stand outside the sentences and ideas of the decade. When the car stopped, when the motor vibration and noise stopped, and the wheels were still, the drunkenness shufflingly bulged and was dizzying, more than before—it pulsed in my head, stung my eyes, and rang and banged. I felt encased in invisible water, drowning. . . . I willed the *drunkenness* to be quiet. "We made it," I said. Ora and I had been stiff, and as if counting the moments and miles, not certain this wasn't the night of disaster, of a wrecked car, perhaps of death or our being crippled.

Coming home, we had talked a little about the party, about who made passes at whom. As it got later, while we drove north, we began to speak to each other with the stiffest intellectuality we could manage, of the sort we had been taught in the style of the late nineteen-forties at Harvard and Radcliffe. We discussed Epictetus, Hegel, Santayana. We tried to make our drunkenness traditional, or something. We were living up to college standards. We spoke a bit about anti-Semitism and intellectuality—and we were, alternately, very grand, and we giggled often, although not about being serious but about being drunk and about the mindless architecture of the highway, of how the Taconic Parkway was placed.

She was drunker than I was but when she was drunk she behaved with a rigid sobriety that was drunken only with a kind of underlying obscenity. She was a good-sized young woman and inveighed against things—some of it came from her social class, as if she carried a horsewhip or a rifle. She was not ever at peace with that part of herself but had a refuge or retreat into an obscenely sturdy wildness of spirit, almost a rich girl's pretension, and her pet *dichotomy*—that was a word she loved—between life as boredom and life as wickedness. She had to piss often when she was drunk, but she was very good-looking, and the attempts on her were usually made in the back halls, near the bathroom.

In the car she had been careful not to move much because that would agitate the saucepan and make it slop over. Still, we had stopped three times and then had settled into the endurance contest of getting home. . . . Perhaps our realer home was the apartment in the city: I don't know.

The immensity of the view was behind us and off to one side—we had an immensity of silence, an immensity of warmish wind, a breeze really but not stopping-and-starting, not made of individual hooks and curls, but, because of the great width of the night air, riverine, hugely animal and ghostly, a whispering dragon of a wind. Ora had taken her shoes off and she got one back on, a single high-heeled shoe. She turned her face toward me and said, "Kiss me. Do you feel sexy?"

No one was there, in the main house, or in the three smaller ones on the property. The trees were there, an immense copper beech snuffling in the breeze, and some larches and maples, firs and spruces. The slope opened to a view, sky and stars, distant hills and implicit valleys, farms back then, and comfortable small towns, soon to be suburb. We had a scattering of lights above and below, stars and houses; the ones below indicated lives with less money to spend than there was up here.

"I have to pee, Wiley," she said. "And I don't know if I can walk."

I put my arms under hers and kind of pull-shifted her until her thighs were spread, until her legs were mostly in a sexual posture. She was usually verbally forward, the aggressor in speech, but physically she was passive and full of waiting—perhaps that was a style back then. Her heavy head, her marvellous skin, her hair pressed against my cheek. I lifted her skirt and got her panties off—over the one high heel. The night air, the

FILIP PAGOWSKI

bright albino watch-face moon with its blurred random wholeness, the stiffly assaulting breeze, and my head ringing with drunkenness, of course—it is all a lost world now, those farms so near New York City and my youth and drunkenness.

The relief at not being dead and the social immensities of the time, the nearness-and-distance in the view of that vast, restless, rural, semirural district and its local yeomanry, and the strangeness of the hour and of being in love. Our elevation on this high ridge which was not fashionable, which was for outsiders—but it was beautiful, this land set so high, everything here was fictional and touched with brevity and with a greatly skewed, faintly Gatsbyoid romance.

The warm wind, the moonlight, the strength of her body, the diminished dark as my eyes adjusted—in those days her face was never boring. Even she was not bored by her face. I helped her hobble across the driveway. No one could see us from the road; I mean the road was angled, and headlights would not illuminate us.

She clung to me and said, "This is too open." I held her up and we went behind the corner of the garage. A kind of warmth came off the wood of the garage and a damp coolness rose from the grass. "Are there any animals?" she asked. At the back of the garage was a stone wall, partly overgrown, and beyond it a field of now young timber that had been farmed through part of the war, eight years ago, ten. You could hear the emptiness, you could hear and see and feel that no one was there, that few animals had survived. The moon illuminated part of the garage and then it was very dark. I held her and checked the grass with my feet. "Go over there," she said. She said, "Don't look."

I leaned against the garage. The feel of the paint and of the temperature of the wood came through my shirt, and I loved myself both as a kind of machine of registry of such things and for being a little rich and for being young and on this hilltop, or side of a ridge, and I loved her more or was amorous or attached because of the thing of our minds being set at such angles that I let her describe me to myself: she expected me to love myself, to be angrily poetic, faintly savage. She taught me, kind of.

I took off my shirt so she could wipe herself with it, but she didn't want to use it, so I handed her a sassafras leaf from a nearby sapling.

First, though, were the sensations of the wood on my thin-skinned, bare back, and the shirt dangling from my hand, and the sounds of Ora pissing on the grass, the wet whistling whisper of that. And the air. And then the heroism—sexual, too—of trying to live. . . . Lechery stirred in a winged fashion. Each element of the self is a fashioner of the air and of such moments: the arms bathed in air, the queer onrush of sexual self-dramatization, you know, of how the two of you do it—the roles, the longing, perhaps the wish, to use one's party self, the young woman and the boy-turned-young-man. "As long as you're squatting there—" She looked up. I partly undid my pants.

She always had a queer reaction to my doing things, a reaction of excitement to my initiating things: she was imprisoned and then not entirely freed. It was as if she slid deeper into a kind of burrow: that was if she accepted the invitation. Sometimes she hesitated. Still, some element of negotiation remained, and there was power in her, too.

Is it power that stirs my now clearly animate flesh? Or is it a shuffling cowardice, fucking when we're drunk, moving within her daydreams, her ideas of sexuality? Is it a distraction of the will? Again I offer the shirt, the sassafras leaf. Ora uses her finger and some grass and stands—my bare arm supports her, touches her: she can stand and balance.

The weight of Ora leaning on me is sultry and real. I put my hand inside the loose-fitting, wide-shouldered blouse she wore. She is a powerful sexual presence.

The party had been partly for me, for signing a contract to write a movie for the youngish guy whose house it was. And Ora had dressed herself for playing second fiddle—a guy at the party, very drunk, said she was "the Devil's Venus." She had on a white cardigan, unbuttoned. The night slid and shuffled. Now her blouse was below her breasts. Her bra was absurd. The drunkenness made me alive all over my body, as when I was a boy.

Leaning on one another, pausing now and then to kiss, we crossed the back lawn in the silent and unlaboring moonlight. The path wound in the enclosed setting of lawns and flower beds, past the main house and two giant beeches with their vaguely silver, shattered, moonlit faces and under some maples and past more flower beds and hedges and a stone patio-terrace. Ora, weighty and real, solid-bodied, gleaming vaguely, leaned on me, permissively, negotiatingly as we moved in the dark. Where the lawn was open behind the large house, she gripped my dong to balance out my soft, night-air palping and stroking of her bare breasts. Bare-breasted, sugary-breathed (from the alcohol), faintly wet-skinned, we shared a snuffling drunken kiss under a murmuring, chattering beech.

The night spread away below us.

"How far does sound carry?"

"I don't know."

"I don't want an audience."

I slipped my feet out of my shoes, got her shoe off with my bare foot . . . pants, her skirt . . . her cardigan. Now we're naked but in the moonlight.

"Can we be seen? Can anyone hear us?"

"Naw. It's just us and the spirits," I whispered. "I'm scared of the dark." Under the tree. A joke.

Ora's body is a landscape, a climate—or a kind of boat—for my feelings. She doesn't dance comfortably or wriggle or seduce with her body. There is some huge gulf between her body as visible and affecting you and its inward or private reality for her as heat; and that divergence is what you touch.

You touch the weird vivacities of the burrows of her body and their games of entry or hers; her body itself was the caryatid-columned porch of these moments. . . . Perhaps I elected her body in something like the heavy way she elected me brute-of-the-moment, long-legged sexual demi-demon and commander. Not that I was or wasn't those things, but that was her sexual projection for me—a game, maybe. It was like being plunged into a dictionary of her life with secret moments in it written out, although not in language I could understand. The overweening handsomeness of her first guy in high school was part of what she conferred, maybe dreamily, on me. We are each in a category of desire relating to pride, which is not unusual but which perhaps condemns us, two spoiled creatures on the high, sloping moonlit lawn among flower beds, some with wooden or stone statues and with hedges like walls. Much of the event is lost inside the moment, hidden from language: *We didn't make it from the car to the cottage—we fucked on the lawn.* Ora kept a diary in which she also wrote, *Perhaps this will be a famous diary. . . .*

What we have here is a shuffling set of drunken fields of attention: the phallus in night air, the white, faintly dry branch of self, unpriapic and then priapic as hell, a silent violence of implication, and the odor of grass and of lilies—rich, rich, the night murmured; the boy is inside the man. . . . On our country property as in a dream. But it is life.

"I owe you a good love poem, Ora. . . ." I-uhahh—ohhhhhhhh-yoooooooooo-uh-uh-guh/id luh-uhvvv poh-immmm, Oh-rah. Laughing silently in the tenacity of my drunkenness, I stumbled and boyishly released her rather than take her with me to the grass. And whirling and falling from my height and on the slope so that my head plunged seven feet, whirringly, me and my branchlike prick, and me landing on my side and then turning on my back: ah, there are stars, leaves, night yews, moon, the stink of grass, the grip of half-silent laughter, then loud, foolish laughter—"Hush, don't." Ora bends over. Oh, the breasts, oh, the breasts, oh, the *oddity* of breasts—oh, the weight of recurring innocence, of virginity returned: the weight again of present-tense ignorance and darkness, a kind of confusion. Her breath, her shoulders, her head—a *timor felicitatis*, a fear of happiness and of its loss, a fear of her reality having power, a fear of moonlight and of my own desire. How I grip, with what ferocity, the thick, motionful sheaves of her long, handsome hair; how I own and control the dark, horselike moment, and am ridden myself by duty and pride, by her as audience, by her and me as audience—ah, ah, ah. . . .

And the jolt of falling, travelling through my bones, did hurt my balls and my drunkenness-disdaining prick. . . .

"Oh my God, I cannot stand being alive," I said to her.

"Well," she said, slightly mush-mouthed, hand on my prick, other hand on my arm, then on my chest—exciting herself, owning me, feeling me—"that is the way you are, Wiley."

"Bigmouth . . . Bigmouthed evil girl kisses Jew on the grass."

I never liked the way she kissed unless I directed her. On her own she kissed too thickly for my taste.

Drunkenly, I saw the usefulness of disliking her kiss, its usefulness as a plot device; it goaded me to roll on top of her, a little more down the slope, on the tickling, faintly harsh grass. I want to control the sloppiness of her kiss, turn it into sensual coherence. In disdain, to withdraw from the kiss, to rise to a half-sitting position, commandingly, as if punishingly—ah, ah, the extraordinary uninnocence of the event despite my being innocent and stupid, or stupid and—I don't know: somehow it was all of a piece.

I stroked her, in an aware way. I said, "Let's ruin your dress"—her skirt, really, which I tried clumsily to place under her while mock-entering her.

"Here on the grass?" she said.

"Here on the grass—"

"The moon will see us," she said, in the style of plays and movies she admired.

"Sh-h-h," I said.

In our cottage, as in the apartment in the city, she went around pulling shades, although we were not visible. She required privacy: she liked secret sexual perspectives or was imprisoned in them. She objected even to the moon.

This fine-eyed, astoundingly good-looking, strongly made woman loves her clichés. "I have a big brain," she says. Then she abandons or loses the thought. "I'm drunk—I like this." She said the last in a kind of college way: we met and first fucked at college.

Her thoughts are hidden from me behind the bones of her forehead, of her skull, of her great prettiness: her eyes in moonlight do not convey bodily acceptance but radiate attention. The boniness of her relents and what spills out from her in a kind of stink of promptness is sexual invitation to the burrows, that courage of hers, that thing of sexual readiness, that inert tension of whether to be active or still, but inviting, anyway. I love that—I love it deeply.

On the steep slope of the semi-mountain lawn, the trees, and me, drunkenly, reelingly risen over her, and the nursery dirtiness of our drunkenness, she says, "This will be a dirty fuck."

Perhaps she means *Let this be great sex.*

"Shut up," I said. From within the same fictional world—I mean it was me but I was playing my role. The moist ground and the moonlight: I was cautious and did not name myself, I was a structure of hiddenness—as she was but differently. Here the circus trick, the trapeze thing was to be *logical* in a drunken moment on a sloping lawn with a specific woman at a specific moment in her life—in mine, too—and in a specific year, a specific fuck—and then to be logical about it. . . .

Ora said, with praise that is a little gritty with insult in regard to her *ambitions*, her fantasies—her fictional world, "You are a king—this is a king's garden—" She said pornographically, having a say, "It is a king's prick."

I whispered tyrannically, regally—I used to love my large white prick—"Hey, Ora, no propaganda, just fuck, O.K.?" She always hated my saying that.

To be logical is to recognize the free symmetries, where one act is free-willed, sort of, and the other, in response, is not as free to be unsymmetrical. The curious movements of the selves are *ambitious*: male free will ignores her; female free will drifts off into fantasy or other absence—love and flight, the Eurydice thing, not blinking, not looking back, not holding back. To whatever extent I don't fantasize or withdraw into myself or respond to her directing, I hold her astonished physical gaze, but this depends on my finding her phallically exciting—a dialogue exists. She doesn't bounce or drift into feeling and then return; she is willfully present in a way that is unloving but it is love as she does it: for each of us; she writes the dialogue, and I *astonish* her out of that daydream.

There are conditions and circumstances of touch and posture—the role you play in the kiss, in the licking—and elements of courage, of sexual courage, of wit and of sophistication of a kind in her that don't necessarily match my moods, my nerve endings. I like a kind of storytelling structure and a confession of who you are. When I touched or nuzzled Ora, she often couldn't do the dance of response, but she grew warm and welcoming. She seemed to be reacting to the drama, to what I did, but really to something inside herself. She was safe from me at the bottom of flight-after-flight of steps, so to speak. Who she was—I mean the person and then the overlay of how she had been taught and how she had rebelled—was interesting to me but not a lot, since it seemed like a cage she was in. She never really confessed; she negotiated and did what she considered her part. I didn't like her notions of wildness or of routine stuff; her versions didn't permit much feeling, or made feeling a curious thing surrounded by critical recognitions, little *ohs* and *ahs*, *that was goods*, *that was the goods*. She liked that kind of thing. I don't know how much of that was her and how much was social class and a Gentile thing.

Sophistication? Well, each fuck is the edge of the end of the affair, of not caring, or of being angry and set on cheating, or of being mysteriously or unmysteriously set free—it's weird. And then that doesn't happen quite; you're not set free.

Well, drunkenness sets you free somewhat, at least to a flow of connections, undulations into modulations of mood. But she was too movielike and not funny when we were on the slope, so I said, "Not here—there," rolling her over on the grass and rolling with her. "Roll you over in the clover." It made her slightly dizzy, and she gasped and grinned, suddenly amused.

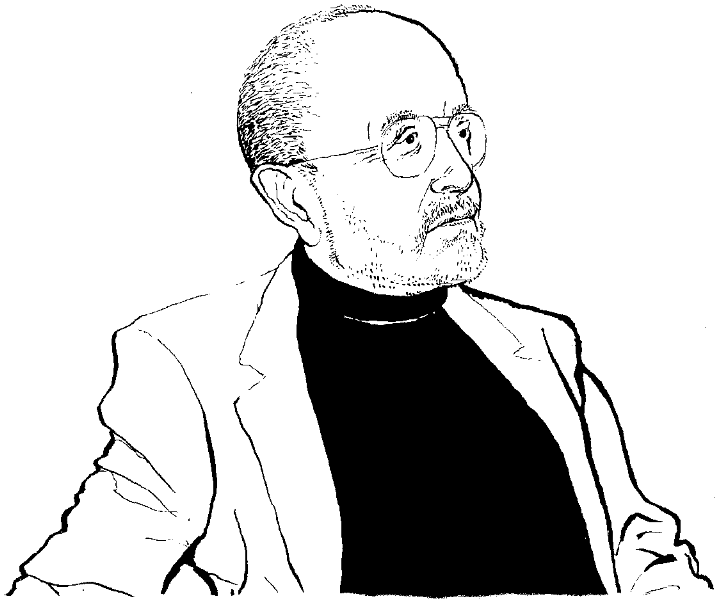
She was more frightened of feeling than of me—of the loss of her powers of negotiation. But I didn't want to lose my male powers: we had these masks. Some of her fright was of losing me, but it wasn't so great that fucking her was like dancing or a pas de deux: I mean she liked my presence, liked it steamily, but not as much as I would have liked from her or which I had had versions of with other people.

IN a way, a life's story would be "A Book of Fucks"—wouldn't it? She wants me to let go of myself and do what I like. She says so. She means the two-character fuck—she is being generous and in her terms *loving*. I slap her butt sharply. On my knees I roll and tumble her smartly, and at first she laughs, but then she grows recalcitrant; she kind of grunts, rises from the waist, and hugs me: ah, she is strong-armed, wet-mouthed, wild-haired—something of a fake in the pouring moonlight. She wants me to pose as the commander, to dance in the moonlight, to be lightly brutal and grunt and plunge drunkenly. She wants me to show her my sexual secrets, my nursery secrets—my locker-room secrets.

We elude each other—but not com-

A LITERARY LIFE

THE TRUE LOVER



HOWARD COALE

"TO see her in sunlight was to see Marxism die": thus Wiley Silenowicz, Harold Brodkey's alter ego, described the aristocratic beauty of Orra Perkins, in the controversial story "Innocence," in 1973. It is a sentence—bold and high-mindedly humorous (if not outright pretentious), addressing not just a woman's character but the status of her century—that could have been written only by Brodkey. The brilliant young author of the collection "First Love and Other Sorrows" (1958), who had come east from St. Louis to attend Harvard and conquer the New York literary scene, often wrote about the trouble with love during and after the sexual revolution, and he seemed to encompass its trajectory in his life and work. Orra, an uptight Radcliffe coed who had never had an orgasm, finally achieved one after twenty pages of effort by Wiley—after some ten thousand words of Brodkey's adverbial, eddying, Whitmanian prose, that is. Twenty years later, Brodkey, who had experimented with homosexuality in the sixties and seventies and had been married for more than a decade to his second wife, the novelist Ellen Schwamm, stated in our pages that he was infected with the AIDS virus. So began his final passionate discourse—a series of factual, at times metaphysical installments about his illness, which are to be published this month as "This Wild Darkness: The Story of My Death."

Both in fiction and out, Brodkey had a quality of quasi-sexual intellectual swagger. ("Do you know the myth of my *irresistibility*?" he teases in the book.) With his tall, lean form, often clothed in black jeans and turtleneck, his salt-and-pepper beard, and his haunting, I-was-an-orphan gaze (the loss of his mother was the primal event of his life), he played at being a literary leading man, and was extremely conscious of how people received him—of whether they believed in his stardom. Depending on whom you asked, as Brodkey himself would tell you, he was a genius—the Proust of Manhattan—or he was a long-winded solipsist. As he also made clear, the sort of love he cared for most was his readers'. Some of them may have felt closest to him when he discovered the nonfictional possibilities of his supercharged, nakedly first-person voice. But to the end he wrote stories. In this week's issue, Wiley and Ora (her spelling altered with time) are together again, making love on a Westchester lawn. You can feel Brodkey casting himself back to inhabit a prior, more innocent self—wishing to hold us for a moment in a drunken, moonlit world that, he suggests, will be more and more the realm of fiction.

—DEBORAH GARRISON

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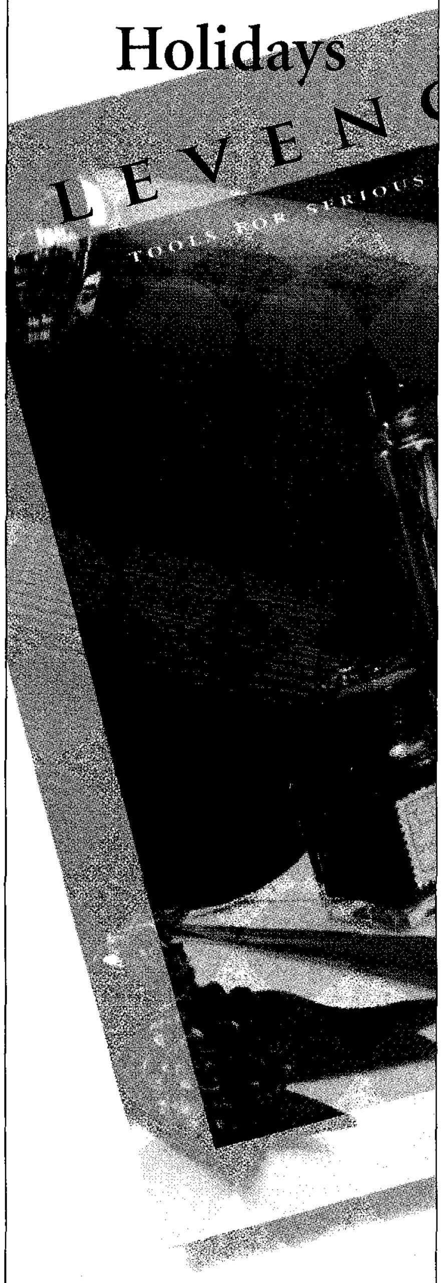

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THE SOMETHING

Here come my night thoughts
On crutches,
Returning from studying the heavens.
What they thought about
Stayed the same,
Stayed immense and incomprehensible.

My mother and father smile at each other
Knowingly above the mantel.
The cat sleeps on, the dog
Growls in his sleep.
The stove is cold and so is the bed.

Now there are only these crutches
To contend with.
Go ahead and laugh, while I raise one
With difficulty,
Swaying on the front porch,
While pointing at something
In the gray distance.

You see nothing, eh?
Neither do I, Mr. Milkman.

I better hit you once or twice over the head
With this fine old prop,
So you don't go off muttering

I saw *something!*

—CHARLES SIMIC

pletely. You can't assume a primary asymmetry of the selves; something in us fits with one another, the vibration of similar pain, similar selves in part, somehow similar. . . . My mind does lose its sexual attentiveness toward her, but not to myself, which slows down the accumulation of that hot, luminous throbbing that indicates the nearness of orgasm. . . . She stiffens faintly: it is a matter of seconds, she knows that quickly; it happens two or three times, a stroking, a manipulation of the breast. We are now in the realm of secondary theatricalization—it seems like a moment of virginity because she is new to this. . . .

I start to laugh in the night air. Women mostly know how virginal or unvirginal they are, but Ora is like a man in this, this other sense of consciousness, of being untouched, unpenetrated. . . .

The moments of tumbling her and the moment of the slap on her largish, moonlight-whitened and moonlight-shadow-folded butt (and the sight of her marvellously beautiful back) were when I moved past her sexual experience and became the unvirginal, or dirty one, the priapic demon, the bad male: and she became the wronged, slightly angry, slightly huffy, well-educated virgin. . . .

She laughed out loud, too—gasped maybe. Then I was alone: moonlight and the dark and the starlight; madman-in-his-laboratory with a bandit edge.

I back away from it. Eyesight returns—the rich lawn, trees, slope, moonlit sky, a great oval of lighter darkness in it, the moonlight, bits of light spread in bodiless thorns making a half-radiance in the deep blackness.

And in this moment she fled, too, fled inwardly, either frightened or betrayed, a watching nymph, but a dirtyminded one, not a virgin—and everything got more theatrical and, as it were, mathematical, the two of us, minds and bodies, spirits and drunkenness.

I mean, there was a kind of social-class thing in Ora, a sexual social-class thing, sort of *The inferiority of other people showed in the inferiority of their consolations.* She wasn't entirely sure of this, but she was fairly certain. She had experimented. She had experienced some sense of inner darkness and of wrong invitation in the other—what I always felt as a dirty landscape, the *dirty landscape* of sex, with its queer coils of space in one place, its queerness as journey and as instruction, and as darkness and light.

When one of us failed in a moment, the other was often mysteriously symmetrical in failure but not always. I mean it wasn't an exact incestuous echo but a weirdity. You don't know where to put your feet—your prick, your sexual anima, or soul: you hide it, you pretend to assurance. The moment opens up, and you see and feel your ignorance like blindness, as everyone says, and you peer outwardly; it flashes around the universe and comes back and is inward in some queer, reciprocal, fleshly-elbow-and-knee-and-crotch-and-cunt geometry, which is higher and less easily measurable than symbols on paper are. But you see that each freedom to act is a kind of prison demanding you act, that each iota of overlordship or privilege is a whip goad of *do this, do that.* You see each reciprocity as a failure—and goad—until orgasm frees you, and you see each refusal of reciprocity as an invitation and a reciprocal thing somehow but in the *oh my God* mode.

The very violence, or edge-of-violence stuff, is instinct with a queer binding and blinding tenderness: blind girl, blind Samson, blind Delilah. But it is only us here, and drunkenness softens sexual vision by deepening it, like the moonlit-bright night sky with the thorns of light on the lawn among the leaves and in the flower beds. Anyway, in the depths of a moment we're laughing and kissing, and I am kind of active and Ora is not. What is mostly there is ignorance, just like when you're exploring philosophy, and the more ignorance you admit to the more sophisticated you are, provided

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the ignorance you admit to is the right sort. Dumbness is everything.

I am looming over her, holding both her breasts. The demonic and sour glee, the biting and choking stuff that she likes, sort of *I am strong, I am potent, I don't need anyone, I don't do it much:* I think she is deluded. There is excitement in playacting this or in really dominating and scaring someone. Holding back becomes a complicated issue.

Ora knew it—or part of it. She said, "You are the daring young man on the flying trapeze. . . ."

I said stupidly, "You are really incregoddamned-fucking-dibly beautifully fucking be-uuuuu-tiful. . . . God, Ora. . . ." She liked that loosening-of-class-lines stuff.

Pressing and rubbing, I knew somehow just how loud to gasp to thrill her with shock but not so loud it shocked her out of all her feelings. . . .

I whispered, "We didn't make it from our car to the cottage that evening. . . . The sloping lawn at a silent 2 A.M." I said, "We fucked on the lawn in the moonlight." I wasn't actually in her yet.

To propose reality as a story rather than a story as reality might at least remind you what a prior thing experience is. And how we hide it in stories. Ora hadn't in a long time done her condemnation thing, her invocation of *God damn, God damn this, God damn you* that she'd done once or twice sexually. I was scared of the lifetime's rage in each of us. She was as strong physically as a small man, but she had all those complexities of overlay and training and much more delicate calibrations. She was casually and wildly cruel, but not toward me, and yet calibratedly so toward the world; she was much more politically savvy than I was. Almost everything in my physical vocabulary became in relation to her, even as the thinnest hint of itself, a shade, a shadow of brutality, because the attraction was strong and we had stayed together long enough to know we would stay together longer. It irritated me profoundly, this eerie strength and weakness of attachment and corresponding freedoms and degrees of rule and permission—degrees, really, of finality.

Anyway, I liked to praise her. I like not doing the other thing, the thing of persecution by sexual praise delivered as condemnation and shrill invective, thrilled invective: chilled rage. In a moment of withdrawal, of catching my breath (the thing of at-the-crossroads-we-pause in the moonlight), I saw around me hedges and trees, patient leaves in their kingdoms of air; and I felt in her her impatience with me as a man, the anguish of love wasted on art . . . on ambition. . . .

The grass ended, and Ora's arm was flung across the grayish-dark salvia and ghostly artemisia and white lilies. The stink of dirt and of marigolds. There was her smell, Ora's. Ora's breasts in the moonlight, in the clingingly half-warm air. . . . "Ah, uh, ah, ah. . . ." I said. Then I howled softly.

"This is a pagan fuck," Ora said. She tended to review things—nearly everything. She said, "Oh, Wiley, you don't hate women!"

She raised her arms and put them around my neck again. "You already did this," I said stupidly, peeling her arms off me. I have a tendency to be frequently fatuous, out of touch. I helped her lie down again. I couldn't help thinking, stupidly, that quick fucks were superior, because you hardly had time to notice your own fatuousness, or hers.

She said, "Let's have a baby."

"What? Here? Outdoors?" I said into her ear. I didn't really have to *say* it: we were body to body, breast to breast—my nose could breathe it, the words; I didn't have to speak.

I entered her; she helped. I thought things and didn't say them but merely breathed them—pictures, words, pleasures, fuck memories, drunken maunderings, drunken superiorities, all the guest stuff of a fuck, all the stuff that the prick feels, the lower body, the pushily contracting and stiffened and loosening butt. And all the smells in your nose. And the rhythms—the kind of, I don't know, *energetic* tenderness, the Candide-naïve, the I-am-lost thing. She has stolen me, kidnapped me.

I don't think Ora ever told the truth, even a partial truth. She loved lying, lying and romance. And I, well, I am a writer and intrinsically naïve, although not about people: the truth-telling I did used to horrify Ora, sicken her, really. And all the Edenic slynesses, the serpents in the eyes and in the crotch, the nests of snakes in us everywhere—in naughty fingers, and in scratchy, stroke-y toes and insteps where it's all feely now, and in the knowing and blinking and inwardly twisting eyes, and in the sensation of my hair tangling with her hair and my mouth on hers, and sweat prickling in tickled, partly sour, excited pubic hair in the dark—and my white snake and its snakish dartings and her nest of snakes or her inner snake winding around mine, and us evolving into birds, birds and snakes struggling, or nymph and satyr—the audience consists of a separate room in each of us, opening from a shifting set of other fields and sensations, of the grass on her back, of the odors, of the weight of sexual congress. This has nothing to do with acrobatics and only a little to do with the outdoors drama: it is mostly only that somehow we are suitable. Ora says it is love, and when she does I either deny it and tease her or burst out laughing: Are we that lucky? What is clear, what is tangible is an angrily ambitious drunkenness, insanely flirtatious toward feeling (but somewhat resistant) so that it is hellish and celestial, and virginal and moonlit; and if other people let us alone this would not have to be judged.

The various meanings slide by, twistingly appear, slither away in darkness as I pump and she, truly or not, grows *astonished* and far off, celestial-secular and not unhappy. Each motion, each breath leaves a trail of light. Then I become a shoving elephant-kangaroo-snail, now moving slowly and a bit greasily (and saying, "Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . ."). My chest and head and crotch, enormous-seeming, become a shell over sensation and a luminous crawl in sexual space.

A slight disapproval or edge of male violence comforts her, but it cannot be real, since, as if in its absence, she eases off and drops the nearness of her mind and soul to the clutching, slightly off-putting *readiness* in her, in her thighs, in the cunt. . . . She has loosened. She is something like an inward lawn. . . . She floats out, in some female, *fantasy is real* way among the stars, a barge-borne Cleopatra-angel, half a whore, a *serious* young girl.

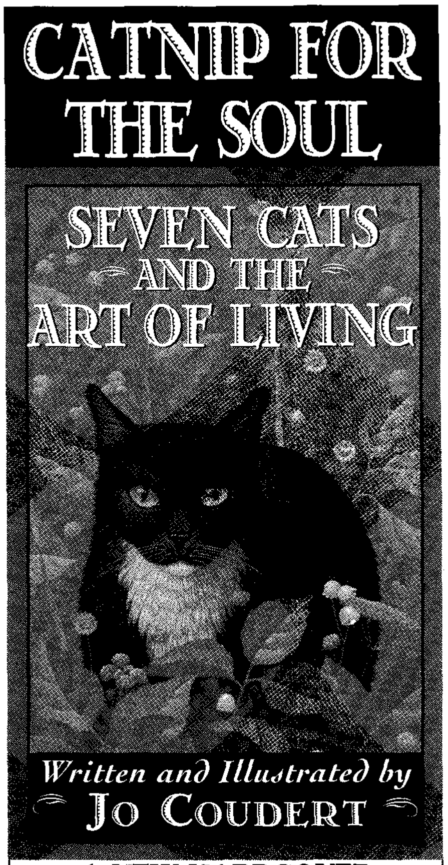
The more aware I am of her the more, in alternate moments, I am aware of my own hands, my own pleasure. I am curious and as if tendrilled in my own shoving and off-putting readiness to forget her and to plow ahead, chest and mouth and cock—cock-o-loro. It is a rage here, in her, in the air here, us as judges and responding or drying up—but we do respond. What is being allowed is some absence of loneliness, the exchange of meanings, perhaps of selves. In the mouth stuff, in the mouth explorations, in the nuzzlings and licks and kisses, you can rushingly, briefly hear the electric runnings of the mind. A truth. A chance at some kind of grass-stained, fairly real happiness is here, except that we know we will be blackmailed and owned by it if we admit to it. To any of it.

It is a peculiar bodiedness that the moment has, the attentiveness, the drunken distances, blown liftingly or sinkingly—love: a farce? a tragic thing? Love of a kind. What is it worth? Not rhetorically. But really.

I know better than to trust her sexually in the end stages of a fuck: she is anti-prick, silent, hidden, watchful, an enveloping presence of a *fucked* woman—it is sort of mathematical, her feeling, not mine, which is ashen and transcendent. . . . Seeds of light break into rays and move otherwise as well, and ghosts of various sorts come and go, a mirror flash of personal meaning and a constant sense of flesh. Ungeometrically, almost knowably, one moves in the web of bribes.

Ora moves according to programs, really, recipes of attention: *Do this;* then this; add this; then stir; then wait in the physically fiercer guesswork and ambition of curiosity about the next sensation, to see what it does. *Now add this, stir, and wait, stir and blink. . . . Oh, fuck.* This fleshy wakefulness, Wiley's moment, large, slow, semi-recumbent. *Oh, fuck. . . .* We are indecent creatures, brooding a lexical and emotional geometry as sophisticated as the white subtleties of the shape of an egg. "Go ahead: you come," she says—one feels a certain slickness of sensation, of one's own eminence, of light and meaning representing beauty: it does and doesn't represent *beauty. . . .* This is a gift Ora makes. Perhaps I steal it.

The real air is here, and the trance is half dissolved. . . . I can see why people prefer characters to have the abstract bodies of conventional reference, to be bronze in that sense, and not to be merely real and, forgive me, at sea on a lawn in the moonlight. ♦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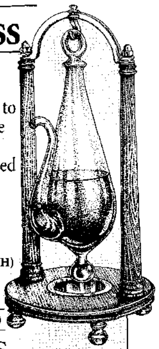

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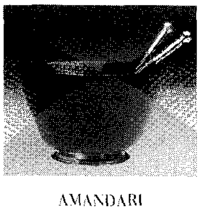

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

GOOD SHOW

Why do so many readers seek refuge in Angela Thirkell's Little England?

BY HERMIONE LEE

In "Marling Hall," the 1942 Angela Thirkell novel, a dubious brother and sister descend on the delightful English village of Marling Melicent, in Barsetshire, and rent an Edwardian house in unfortunate taste. You can tell that these London visitors are not to be trusted, because they talk like this: " 'Frances,' said Mr Harvey, 'we must have this house. Pure Sloane Square and really, my dear, *too* off-white.' " Geoffrey Harvey wears green corduroys, sandals, and very long hair, which he tosses back a lot. He has written a novel about Pico della Mirandola, subscribes to a press-cutting bureau and reads all his notices—always a bad sign. Also, he has a noncombatant job in the Civil Service, a very bad sign, since all Thirkell's heroes are men of action. His sister is clever, determined, and sarcastic, and therefore can't possibly be a heroine. But the most damning indication of the Harveys' moral inadequacy is that their coffee table is strewn with "a lot of *New Yorkers*."

In the end, however, the despicably cosmopolitan Harveys "drift away towards Bloomsbury." They have been rebuffed by the solid parochial English virtues of stiff-upper-lippery, good-sportingness, dislike of fuss, sexual unadventurousness, and low-key irony. This is usually the way in Thirkell's clearly demarcated, well-protected fictional province. There are no shocking catastrophes and no unmanageable threats. When the heroine of the 1939 novel "Before Lunch," Lilian Stoner, worries that "everyone she cared for was in danger," she adds, "Not ferocious danger, but danger of a little pain, a little disillusionment, a little spiritual hardening." In the post-1939 novels, Hitler and the German bombs and the threat of invasion are treated with the same reductive stoicism.

The essential quality of the Thirkell novel is its resistance to change. It is this above all which made it so hugely popular in its day, and makes Thirkell still an active cult among hundreds of addicted members of the Thirkell Circle and the Angela Thirkell Society, who sustain fans from Leeds, Yorkshire, to St. Louis, Missouri. Their newsletters fill up with guides to Barsetshire, parodies of letters from Thirkell characters, expressions of appreciation from devoted Thirkellians ("I enjoy her books so much because they are like a breath of fresh air and sanity"), and Thirkell quizzes ("To whom did the following rings belong?" and "What are the addresses of these cats?"). To the intense delight of such devotees, numerous Thirkells are now being reprinted in America by two publishers, Moyer Bell and Carroll & Graf.

The publishers had nearly forty titles to choose from. Angela Thirkell (1890-1961), an English gentlewoman from an artistic, middle-class family, didn't publish her first novel until she found herself on her own, at forty-three. But once she had got going, she blithely and unashamedly processed her brand of English stability in book after book. This was guaranteed by the Barsetshire setting of most of the novels: Thirkell's cunning theft from Trollope of not only place but also family names insured that the emotions of nostalgia and good cheer, unfairly associated with that great novelist, would color her books from the start. So, like Trollope, she provided a map of Barsetshire, a lovable, humorous picture of rural England, complete with funny names like Winter Overcotes and Little Misfit, and affectionate descriptions of an unspoiled English countryside. She is not, on the whole, especially interested in nature, though, and she makes a good joke out of this:

> A stream bordered with kingcups made a gentle bubbling noise like sausages in a frying-pan. Nature, in fact, was at it; and when she chooses, Nature can do it.

So much for scenery. The real interest is in what's going on in the little Barsetshire towns—interchangeably Worsted, Nutfield, Skeynes, or Harefield. Jane Austen is the reassuring model here, even more than Trollope. Thirkell's material is the doings of a few country families, the habits of the country doctor and the vicar, the confrontations between locals and newcomers, the comic idiosyncrasies of the devoted servant class. Her pleasure is in the ordinary, the everyday, and the recurrent.

> "Well, I am really going to Mrs. Perry's working-party," said Mrs. Belton, "but I had to post some letters first and somehow it is always very difficult to get along the High Street."
>
> "More happens in this High Street than anywhere else in the world," said Mr. Carton.

The buildings in this (usually Georgian) High Street are rock solid, and you can see the people going in and out and hear them talking, just like life. (Why has no one ever televised Thirkell's novels? They are crying out for it.) Thirkell has a keen eye for architecture and décor, and she loves nothing so much as a rural railway station, where she demonstrates a romantic passion for humdrum detail almost amounting to genius:

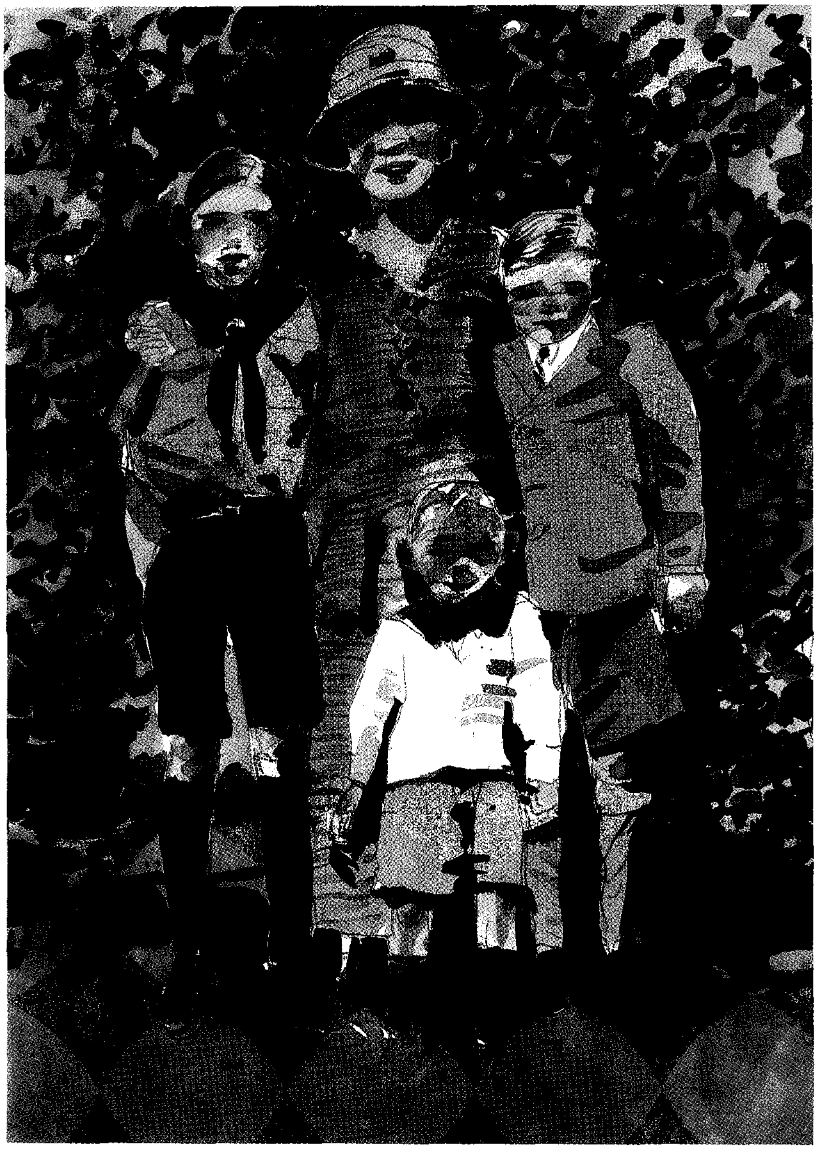
> The booking office and entrance hall still contained one of those advertisements, now much valued by connoisseurs, of a storage and removal firm whose vans had the peculiar property of exhibiting one side and one end simultaneously; the station-master had a little office chokingly heated by a stove with a red-hot iron chimney and furnished with yellowing crackling documents impaled on spikes. . . . The platform was sheltered by a corrugated iron roof with a wooden frill along its front and all the paint was an uncompromising chocolate colour.

She knows that this kind of station is on the way out, but by concentrating so intensely on the detail of what is habitual she holds change at bay. And that sense of willed permanency also emanates from the recurrence of characters. Thirkell fans are allowed pleased sighs of recognition as the eccentric Lady

Emily or the endearingly vague authoress Laura Morland returns in book after book.

THIRKELL'S "types" are reassuringly recognizable. There is a revolving cast of noisy young flappers who love to dance, shy young heroines à la Fanny Price who need bringing out, and bossy, charmless, practical girls with a passion for dogs or nursing. There is often a widowed heroine who has had to go back and live with her parents, or is looking after children or stepchildren on her own. She is gentle and long-suffering, makes few demands, and has a tendency to give way unless she's absolutely up against it, but then she will show her underlying grit. Most of the married heroines are self-denying, too. Marriage is a process of patient toleration and the humoring of infantile whims:

> "Catherine, I needed you, and you were not there," said Mr. Middleton pathetically.
>
> "I was just outside the window and I heard you at once and here I am," said Mrs. Middleton. "What is it, Jack?"
>
> She laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and he looked up very affectionately.
>
> "I need your advice, Catherine, as always."



While Thirkell's novels turned into heroic but bitter comedies of rural England under pressure, her second son, Colin MacInnes, right, became the Genet of West London.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Domination through dependency is usually the husband's role. Other men in the novels are used as comic fodder (ancient eccentric earls, fussy vicars, pompous butlers with names like Gudgeon), ironic observers (dry, fiftyish bachelor Oxford dons with a penchant for Latin verses), dependable helpers (no-nonsense doctors, harassed but shrewd publishers), and romantic possibilities. Thirkell's lovers come in two sorts—the feckless and charming (always the heroine's first choice), and the "safe and comfortable." To insure that the tribe will survive and rural Tories may continue to run the country, it is the solid, securely employable types who get chosen as mates. Sexual attraction and desire are severely played down; the most these heroines ever get is a manly hug or a firm kiss. Thirkell's blithe lack of awareness of a language of sexuality is suggested by this delightful scene in the 1939 novel "The Brandons," in which some of her young people are enjoying a ride, at the village fête, on a merry-go-round of wooden animals:

> "I knew it was you on the ostrich," [Lydia] said to Delia. . . . "I say, someone's on my cock."
>
> "It's only my cousin Hilary," said Delia. "He won't mind changing, will you, Hilary. . . ."
>
> Mr. Grant, really quite glad of an excuse to dismount, offered his cock to Lydia, who immediately flung a leg over it, explaining that she had put on a frock with pleats on purpose, as she always felt sick if she rode sideways. . . .
>
> "I know that once Lydia is on her cock nothing will get her off. I came here last year . . . and she had thirteen rides."

The strongest stirrings of unexamined sexual passion are to be found in the relationships between mothers and sons. Mother love is the most intense thwarted emotion in Thirkell. Affectionate, irrepressible boys (like Laura Morland's train-obsessed son Tony) turn into spoiled, disenchanted teen-agers, who come home to make a mess, have their washing done, bully, sulk, and condescend. One of her favorite themes is the humiliation of parents by their children. In "Pomfret Towers" (1938), there is a popular lady novelist called Hermione Rivers—a ghastly character, whom we long to see put down. But when her revolting artist son, Julian, insults her, even his naïvely doting admirer, Alice, is outraged: "to be as rude as that to one's mother, before strangers, was . . . the most horrible thing anyone could do."

A wiser parent, Mrs. Belton in "The Headmistress," recognizes through "some inner freemasonry of mothers" that when people boast about how close they are to their grown-up sons "much of this was willful self-delusion, façade . . . a gallant making the best of things."

Still, not all women in these novels are entirely bound by domestic ties. Thirkell is certainly no feminist, but her most interesting character types are women with a skill or a profession. The self-pitying divorcée, Caroline, in "O, These Men, These Men!" (1935) is at an exceptionally loose end; most Thirkell heroines are busier than this. But Caroline's predicament does show up the limited possibilities for female activity:

> "I have nothing to do," she said in half humorous self-depreciation. "I can't very well do the housekeeping when it isn't my house, and I hate the poor, and I haven't any gifts. I was rather good at having a husband and a home, but I'm out of work now."

At the opposite end of the heroine range is Miss Sparling in "The Headmistress," handsome, efficient, and immensely competent, or Anne Todd in "High Rising" (1933), who combines being a brilliant secretary and stoically attending to her aging mother. For both these single women, though, marriage is saved up as a preferable alternative, and even Thirkell's thriving women novelists see what they do as a necessary source of income in lieu of a satisfactory wage-earning husband. This is how Laura Morland describes herself to the publisher who asks to see her first manuscript:

> "You mightn't like it," said Laura, in her deep voice. "It's not highbrow. I've just got to work, that's all. You see my husband was nothing but an expense to me while he was alive, and naturally he is no help to me now he's dead, though, of course, less expensive, so I thought if I could write some rather good bad books, it would help with the boys' education."

THIRKELL'S good bad books can be as sharp and dry as Laura Morland is about her dead husband. But mostly they are written to feel like affable chat. Her manuscript books, which are in the Thirkell papers in the Brotherton Collection at Leeds University, show that such chat came naturally to her. Page after page after page is written without a blot or mark or second thought. Her only hesitations—and these don't look like very taxing decisions—seem to be over her titles. (For "August Folly," in 1936, she tried out "Youth in Idleness," "Holiday Romance," "Chorus of Youth," "Summer Interlude," "Idle Hill of Summer," and "Not Too Serious.") Thirkell has a stupendous facility for not too serious talk, and more talk goes on than anything else in her books. She is at her best when she's doing nicely differentiated kinds of speech—aristocratic curtness, juvenile slang, affectations of foreignness, absent-minded natter. This apparently artless rendition of inconsequentiality comes out of a keen reading of Jane Austen's Miss Bates, or Dickens's Mrs. Nickleby:

> "I know," said Mrs. Updike sympathetically. "One always thinks of the thing one wants to say just when someone else is talking. I suppose it is because something they are saying reminds you of a thing you want to say, like suddenly remembering in the Litany that you can't remember what it was you meant to remember to remind yourself about. I've got a perfect thing about remembering things at the wrong moment."

True to middle-class English family life, there is also endless discussion of arrangements. Visits and calls are the main events. The novel's scenarios—a fête, a school outing, a country-house weekend, a prewar village production of a Greek play (which reads rather as if

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"Between the Acts" had been rewritten by P. G. Wodehouse)—are dominated by talk, not action. Even the big crises—a minor car crash, a skating accident, a bull getting loose and encountering a family party in a lane—are never very injurious, and are dissipated at once into gossip and comment.

But talk in Thirkell is often a screen for loneliness or grief. Though a huge amount is said, it hardly ever expresses what people are feeling: "Again the conversation ran lightly over secret depths." One character, in "Before Lunch," says of another, chattering, acquaintance, "I think she was so unhappy when her husband died that she took to talking as a kind of defence." These characters are skating on thick ice. The worst thing they can possibly do is to make a fuss about their emotions. Better to have a conversation about paper clips when your heart is full. The strongest relationships are those in which "neither would trespass on the other's reserve, now or ever." It is preferable to go in only "ankle deep" (the title of Thirkell's first novel).

So these light, witty, easygoing books turn out to be horrifying studies of English repression. Characters who go on about their feelings or—worse still—express an interest in psychoanalysis are marked down as ridiculous or "neurotic." Thirkell does allow one or two passionate outbursts from women, but they can express their feelings only in letters, never face to face. Even more disturbing, in her most autobiographical novel—"O, These Men, These Men!"—there is a sense that severe depression is struggling to find room for expression within the narrow walls of social confinement: "It is my ambition to walk to the edge of the world and the end of time and fall into an absolute nothingness for ever and ever—no feelings, no dreams. But one always has to be back for tea alas! at least at this time of year."

Where reserve does not figure in Thirkell is in her airing of prejudices, bigotry, and class feeling. The point of reading Thirkell now in anything other than a spirit of besotted gratification is to enjoy her minute exposé of middle-class conservative attitudes in the years leading up to the Second World War. Elizabeth Bowen, a much more alienated, critical, and disturbing analyst of this period, admired Thirkell for her accuracy, without sharing all her views: "If the social historian of the future does not refer to this writer's novels," Bowen said of "Miss Bunting," in 1944, "he will not know his business." Thirkell can be satirical about her own characters' snobbery: she allows herself dry jokes at the expense of, for instance, the tyrannical family housekeeper or the prejudice of old families against a working woman. But such jokes don't inhibit her enthusiasm for her characters' swipes at foreigners ("They're all right in their place. It's here we don't want them"), Jews ("If [he] had a touch of Jewish blood, it was all to the good in his business capacity"), other races (" 'You must have had a black mammy for your fairy godmother, David. . . . I don't see how else you got that nigger touch in your voice' "), the undereducated working classes ("Her mind, if she can be said to have had any, was running on a bottle of bright red liquid nail polish"), and the general public:

> "I often wish," said Miss Sparling, permitting herself a quite human spark of hatred, "that one could have No Sniffing carriages on the railway as well as No Smoking."
>
> "None of them can read, or want to read; and even if they can, the words convey nothing to them," said Mr. Carton.

These human sparks of hatred—or, rather, sparks of anti-human hatred—increase in frequency during and after the war years. From 1939 onward, the Thirkell novels turned into heroic but bitter comedies of rural England under pressure. Like Jan Struther's legendary Mrs. Miniver, Thirkell is a leading proponent of the British myth of stoic domestic resilience as an answer to German aggression. A major's wife goes down to her air-raid shelter with her gas mask, brandy, earplugs, chocolate, cards, meat tablets, and knitting. "To be uncomfortable is just playing into the Nazis' hands," she explains. "They are *out* to make us uncomfortable, but I say to myself, Now, my girl, you are fighting on the home front."

But the war wasn't only bringing out the best in the village gentry. It was also, greatly to Thirkell's dismay, breaking down the social structure of the country. Her wartime and postwar novels loudly and repeatedly lament the effects

Kinski Uncut
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Translated by
JOACHIM NEUGRÖSCHEL

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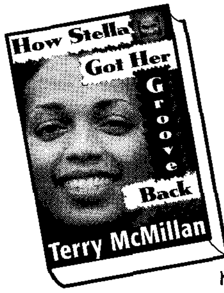

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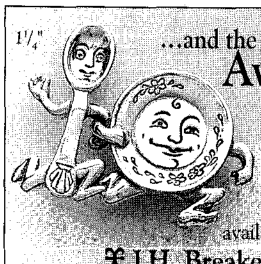

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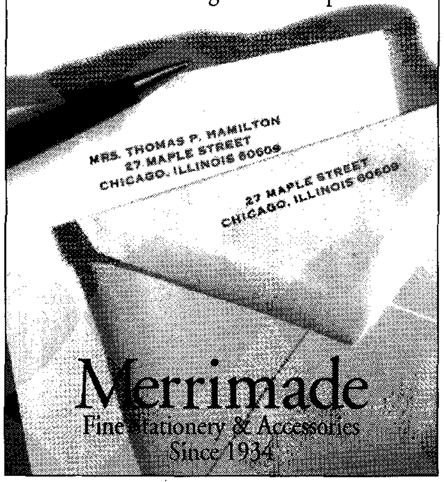

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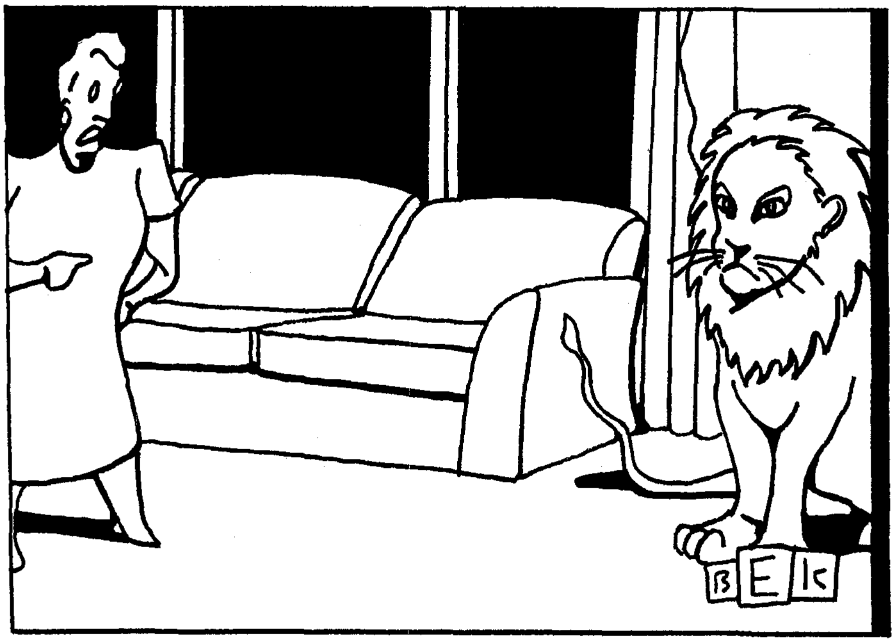


"How do you think I feel when you say those years in the jungle were the happiest time of your life?"

• •

of "all this mixing." By the nineteen-fifties, her writing had settled into a tone of what Marghanita Laski, reviewing her in 1951, called "high-class grumbling . . . [a] sense of grievance that is rapidly overwhelming her sense of fun."

An extreme irony is produced by setting Thirkell's increasingly defensive portrayal of a white, wealthy, and well-behaved village England against the louche bravado of her son Colin MacInnes—the Genet and Kerouac of nineteen-fifties West London—who celebrates "all this mixing" in the Notting Hill landscape of "Absolute Beginners" (1959):

> Give me our London Napoli . . . with its railway scenery, and crescents that were meant to twist elegantly but now look as if they're lurching high, and huge houses too tall for their width cut up into twenty flatlets, and front façades that it never pays anyone to paint, and broken milk bottles *everywhere*, scattering the cracked asphalt roads like snow, and cars parked in the streets looking as if they're stolen or abandoned, and a strange number of male urinals tucked away such as you find nowhere else in London, and red curtains, somehow, in all the windows, and diarrhoea-coloured street lighting—man, I tell you, you've only got to be there for a minute to know there's something radically *wrong*.

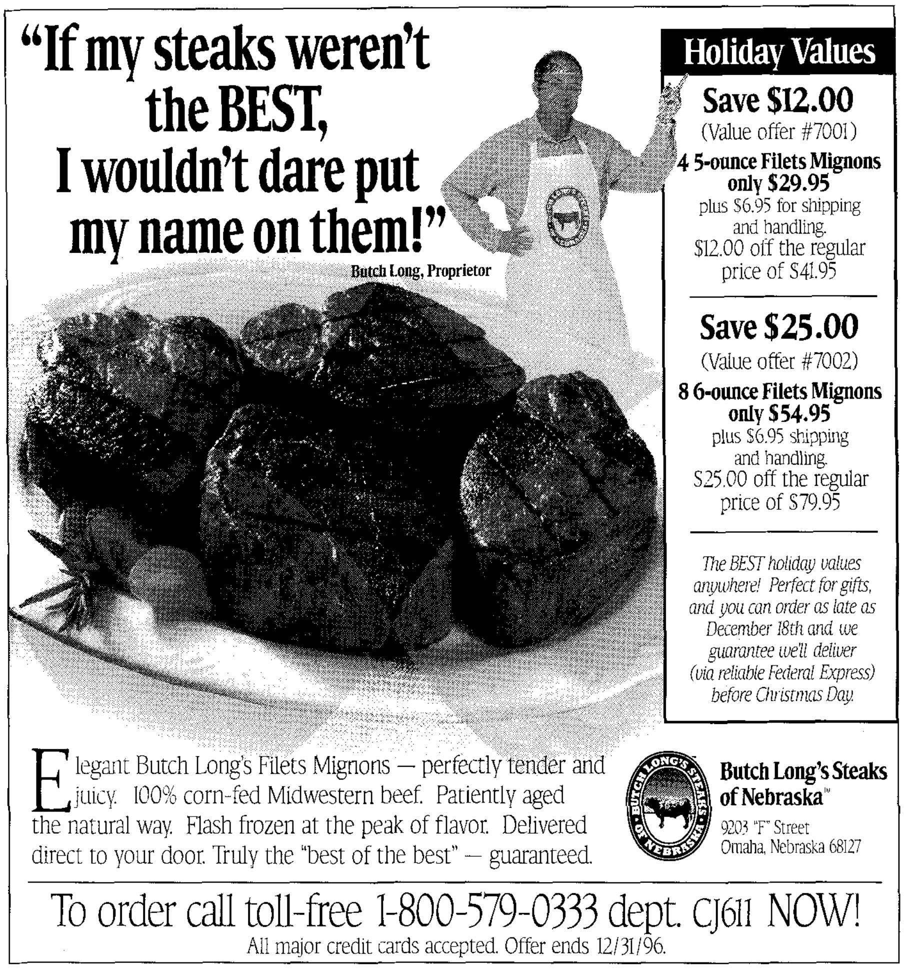
The standoff, literary and personal, between Angela Thirkell and her famous bohemian, bisexual son sums up the conflict between polite middlebrow British culture and what came to subvert it in the libertarian, anti-censorship sixties. It exposes, too, the painful personal elements in her "comedies." To read her life story (as told by Margot Strickland in "Angela Thirkell: Portrait of a Lady Novelist") after her novels is to see how carefully and self-protectingly she constructed her light, bright fictional surfaces.

Thirkell belonged to a distinguished but not an aristocratic family. (Colin wrote scornfully after her death, "A curious aspect of her portrait of the English gentry is that she was never of them, and didn't really know them.") Her maternal grandfather was Edward Burne-Jones; her father was a professor of poetry at Oxford, named J. W. Mackail; her godfather was J. M. Barrie; and Kipling was a cousin. Angela was born in 1890, in Kensington. Pretty and precocious, she impulsively married a singer, James Campbell McInnes, who turned out to be a violent drunk. They had two sons, Graham and Colin, and a daughter, who died in infancy. Angela ran away from him in 1917, and they divorced, publicly and painfully ("Wife's Life of Horror," etc.), when she was twenty-seven. She returned to live with her parents. In

1918, she married again—a handsome Australian engineer and Army officer, Captain George Thirkell. In 1920, they went to Australia, where they had a son, Lance. It has been said of this period that Angela behaved obnoxiously and patronizingly to the "natives," and that her husband was an unpleasant disciplinarian, who, at her behest, beat the children. The marriage foundered, and by the end of the twenties Angela was back in London with her two younger sons. Colin, now sixteen, could not stand her, nor she him. She tried and failed to work at the BBC (which thereafter was always a target for her satire). In 1933, on her forty-third birthday, she published her first novel, with Hamish Hamilton, and then, eight months later, "High Rising," with Laura Morland as her fictionalized self. By the late thirties, she had become a hit in America and was publishing at least a novel a year to a chorus of praise.

While his mother was making her name, Colin MacInnes became an art student and moved into the London underworld, and when he began to publish, in the nineteen-fifties, he made a point of dealing with everything she couldn't stomach: urban squalor, racial issues, bisexuality, drugs, anarchy, and "decadence." He found her novels "totally revolting," with a "sterile, life-denying vision of our land." She preserved an unyielding silence about *his* work; when she died, in 1961, it turned out that she had cut him out of her will.

But in this Oedipal war for literary dominance it may be that Thirkell has the last laugh. There are still plenty of readers—as this boom in reprints shows—who are happy to lose themselves in her world. For Americans, it is like visiting the Cotswolds or the Tower of London. For British readers, she appeals to the same brand of nostalgic insularity which goes with a sentiment for "heritage," a distrust of all things foreign, a reluctance to take on difficult contemporary fiction, and a conservative longing for an old Britishness, when the Tories seemed more decent and humane, and the country was mainly white, and rural England didn't have crime, and women wore frocks, and children had nannies, and no one you would want to know would ever, ever vote Labour. ◆



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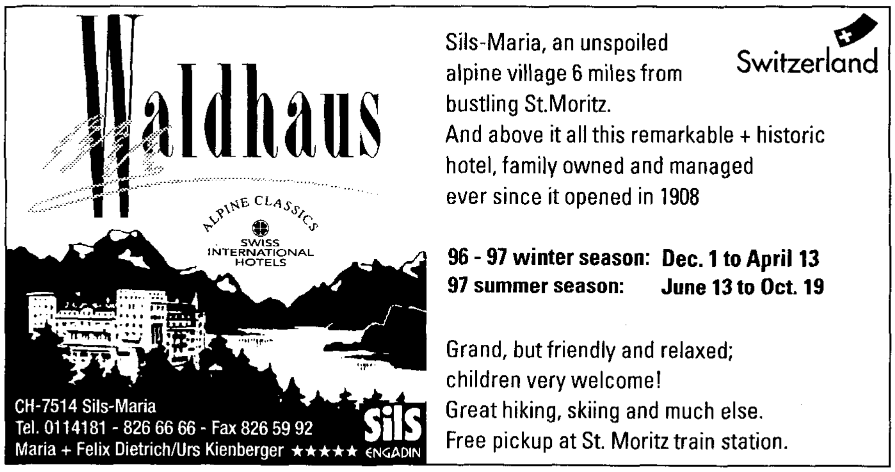

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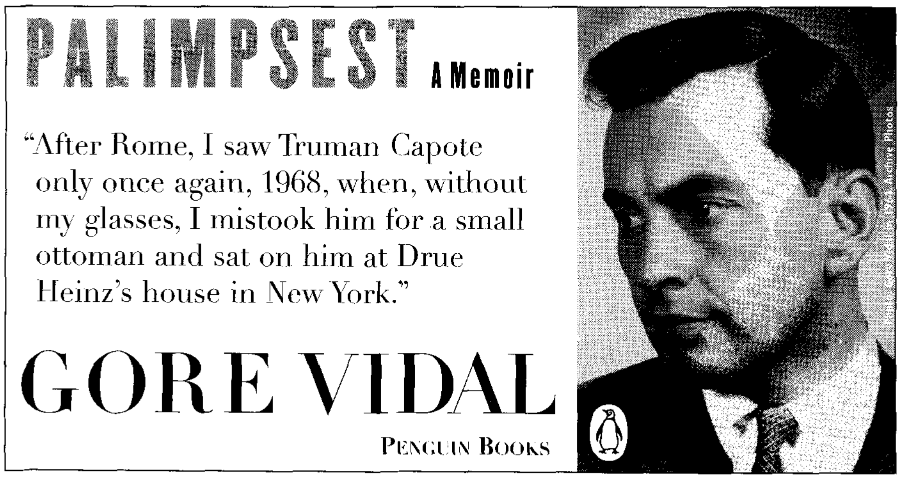

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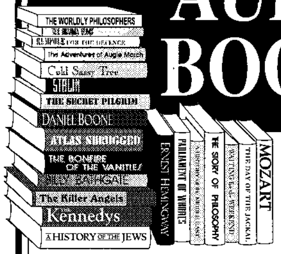

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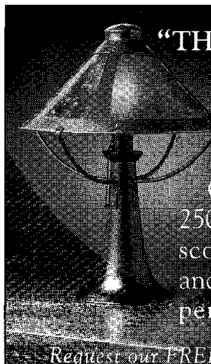

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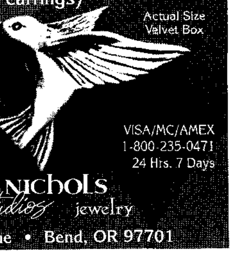

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BRIEFLY NOTED

HEAT WAVE, by Penelope Lively (HarperCollins; $22). Mother love is the only kind sustainable in the world of this novel, in which a woman watches her daughter's marriage cool in the shimmering British countryside during a summer of record heat. Outwardly, the mother herself seems cool, but she is still seething over her own husband's infidelities, many years earlier. Wisdom tends to substitute for drama here, yet you don't want to part company with these characters, who, time and again, elicit a sensation of intense familiarity.

CHARLES IVES: A LIFE WITH MUSIC, by Jan Swafford (Norton; $30). Swafford has written a scrupulously detailed and unfailingly enthusiastic biography of the great Connecticut composer (1874-1954), whom he sees not only as the natural product of turn-of-the-century Progressivism but as a musician "invaded by the future." Ives was a professional organist, a successful insurance executive, a political idealist, and an immensely prolific composer. The author believes that Ives's transcendentalism was central to his identity, ceaselessly inspiring him while also spurring him on to an inevitable physical collapse. Swafford—a composer himself—intersperses his biography with valuable "entr'actes" of approachable musical analysis, and ends with a ringing endorsement of Ives as an ideal composer for a democratic society: an artist who created a homegrown aesthetic distinct from European trends.

THE BLUE-EYED TARŌKAJA, by Donald Keene; edited by J. Thomas Rimer (Columbia; $24.50). Here is a delightful collection of miscellaneous essays, along with several previously unpublished translations, by a writer with an unobtrusively elegant style, a sneaky wit, and a unique perspective. Professor Keene is not only America's preëminent scholar of Japanese literature but also one of the most eminent literary scholars in Japan, and he has divided his time between that country and his own for decades: many of the pieces deal with the consequences of that division. A lecture about the place of "The Tale of Genji" in a general education is particularly outstanding, and should be required reading for everyone with any interest or stake in debates on multiculturalism. Over all, the book is the product of a singularly civilized sensibility.

PLASTIC: THE MAKING OF A SYNTHETIC CENTURY, by Stephen Fenichell (HarperBusiness; $25). In 1897, a cat belonging to a Bavarian chemist knocked over a bottle of formaldehyde into her saucer of milk. The resulting plastic failed to replace celluloid, but it did make an ideal, washable writing surface. Fenichell's ode to the malleable, the phony, and the toxic is filled with such happy accidents, as miraculous as they are mundane. Here, amid a multicolored wonderland of Bakelite radios, polyester leisure suits, and Hula Hoops, we learn that Silly Putty was developed for possible military purposes, and that the implanting of the Jarvik-7 artificial heart was "just like closing Tupperware."

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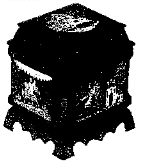

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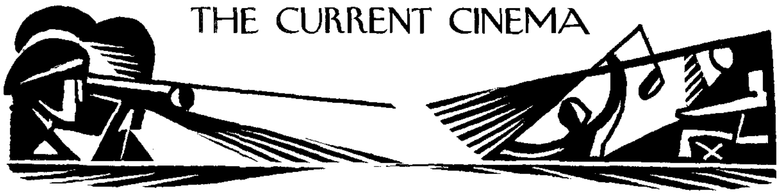
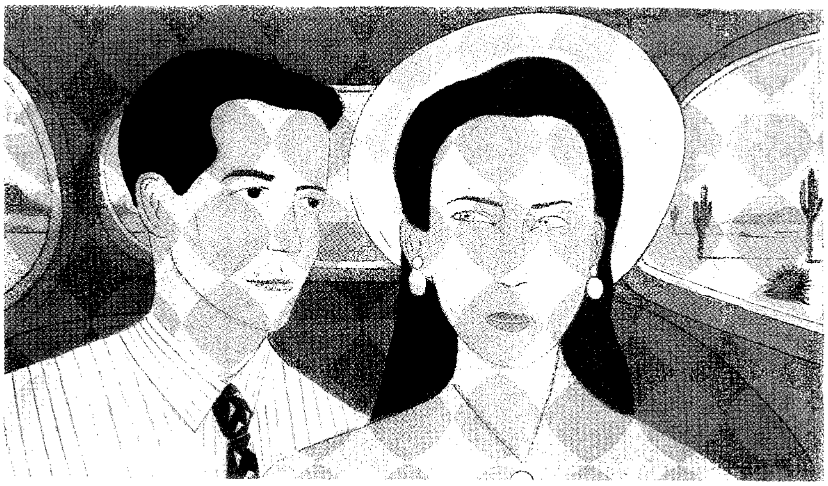


THE FRESHMEN

Matthew Broderick and Tom Hanks début as directors.

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY



Playmates: Matthew Broderick and Patricia Arquette in "Infinity."

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It takes a fair amount of chutzpah to make a movie about the life of a theoretical physicist: the very idea is, as a scientist might say, counterintuitive. Matthew Broderick, who directed and stars in the new film "Infinity," and Patricia Broderick (his mother), who wrote it, have sensibly reduced the risk of their undertaking by selecting as their subject the most colorful and charismatic of modern physics' superstars, Richard P. Feynman. Feynman, who shared a Nobel Prize in 1965, was legendary among his colleagues both for the profound originality of his thinking and for the profound eccentricity of his personality. The picture of Feynman that emerges from the extensive literature by and about him (which includes a fine 1992 biography, "Genius," by James Gleick; a lavish coffee-table book, "No Ordinary Genius," which is based on a series of programs made by Christopher Sykes for the BBC; and two lively volumes of autobiographical anecdotes—"Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!" and "What Do *You* Care What Other People Think?"—which became surprise best-sellers in the eighties) is superficially contradictory and yet, like the enigmas of physical law, not entirely resistant to close analysis. The more you read about him, the less strange it seems that a man who achieved extraordinary breakthroughs in quantum mechanics was also an uninhibited bongo drummer, an enthusiastic patron of topless bars, and a rather accomplished lock picker and safecracker. To put it simply, he believed in fun, and applied himself to solving problems—with equal intensity whether they were cosmic or mundane—because for him that was the best fun of all.

What makes Feynman (who died in 1988, at the age of sixty-nine) an especially appealing figure is that he represents, in an almost comically pure state, the rampant, unprejudiced curiosity that is the essence of the scientific temperament. And part of his unforgettable-character mystique, by all accounts, was an unusually blunt, down-to-earth manner. He spoke with a heavy New York accent (he was born in Far Rockaway) and was notably irreverent toward authority: the English writer C. P. Snow's impression of Feynman was "rather as though Groucho Marx was suddenly standing in for a great scientist," and a colleague described him as "half genius

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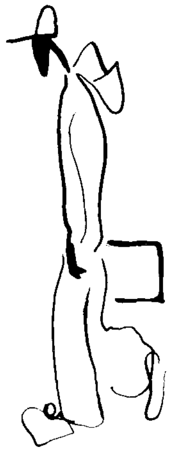
and half buffoon." The young Feynman of "Infinity," played by Broderick, isn't, however, conspicuously Groucho-like, and, although he's bright and sometimes prankish, he rarely suggests either the genius or the buffoon. The story begins with a few glimpses of the hero's childhood and adolescence, and ends in 1945—that is, before he did the work that made his reputation, and before the zany persona of the Feynman myth was fully developed.

By cutting off the story of the scientist's life at that relatively early point, the Brodericks create a dramatic structure with two climaxes: the death of Feynman's first wife, Arline (Patricia Arquette), who loses a long battle with tuberculosis while her husband is working on the Manhattan Project; and, soon afterward, the first successful test of the atomic bomb, which the hero watches, awestruck, from twenty miles away in the New Mexico desert. To the movie's credit, the personal tragedy and the cataclysmic historical event aren't equated, or even linked to each other very insistently; the filmmakers are too tasteful and also too innocent of dramatic craft to go for that sort of cheap effect. You feel that it's not so much a matter of the Brodericks' wanting a socko ending as a matter of their needing *some* kind of ending, anything at all. The screenplay sticks closely to the facts of Feynman's life, and is reluctant to invent incidents or to impose a clearly defined narrative shape on the leisurely succession of events; at its best, the movie captures the pleasantly random, free-electron quality of the anecdotes in the subject's own books. The real difficulty of dramatizing the life and work of a theoretical physicist is that it's next to impossible to construct the narrative along the usual heroic lines of scientific discovery. For a lay audience, the best way to tell a science story is as a detective story: the researcher, faced with a mystery, plugs away tirelessly until he finds the solution—preferably, one that has an immediate practical application and is of obvious benefit to mankind. There wouldn't be much point in treating Feynman that way, and in this sense the filmmakers are smart to end his story before his revolutionary postwar discoveries in quantum electrodynamics: the search for a solution isn't terribly suspenseful if the viewer can't even understand the problem.

And, unfortunately, the creation of the bomb isn't the right sort of scientific project, either: its practical application is ambiguous, and its rating on the obvious-benefit-to-mankind scale is pretty low. The most peculiar aspect of "Infinity" is its gingerly way of handling the Manhattan Project and the hero's involvement in it—even though half the movie takes place in Los Alamos (and the hospital, in Albuquerque, where Arline stays during Richard's three-year stint on the project). The Brodericks approach the subject as if it were plutonium. The movie gives the impression that Feynman didn't have much to do, and it's maddeningly vague about his exact function. At that time, he was just out of graduate school and wasn't well known, but the head scientist at Los Alamos, J. Robert Oppenheimer, thought highly enough of him to put him in charge of a group that solved complex mathematical problems; Feynman also used his ingenuity to figure out how to make speedier calculations with the heavy, slow computers. "Infinity" glosses over his small but significant contributions, and, perhaps more tellingly, avoids any suggestion that, despite his wife's illness and the ominous goal of the Manhattan Project, Feynman was actually having fun in Los Alamos. It's clear from his own accounts that he was thrilled to be in the company of world-famous physicists like Niels Bohr, Enrico Fermi, and Hans Bethe; none of these men appear as characters in the movie, not even as brief celebrity walk-ons. And it was at Los Alamos that Feynman developed his disreputable expertise at picking locks and cracking safes—initially, it seems, to demonstrate how lax the project's security measures were, but ultimately more for the challenge of doing something difficult and for the thrill of making mischief. None of this is in "Infinity," either, and that's a particular shame, because these activities could have served as a nice comic metaphor for a scientist's urge to break down apparently impregnable systems—to get into places where he's not supposed to be.

The film as a whole doesn't do justice to Feynman's antic side: the aspect of his personality that might seem to make him a more attractive movie character than anyone else in his specialized field. Broderick's direction is mostly scrupulous and sensitive, but the pacing is awfully solemn. His performance has similar virtues and similar flaws: while he projects enormous intelligence and decency, his readings are too deliberate—they don't suggest the speed or the *impatience* of a mercurial mind like Feynman's. And yet, although the movie is disappointingly flat and, at times, self-destructively timid and uninventive, something of value does manage to break through, and it comes from an unexpected source: the love story of Richard and Arline. Arquette, using a perfect Long Island accent, is more confident and more vigorous than ever before on the screen; it's as if her verbal energy had finally caught up to the physical energy she showed in "Beyond Rangoon." Her Arline is smart and funny and self-possessed and, like Richard, startlingly honest. It's not difficult to grasp what Arline and Richard see in each other. They're more like playmates than like husband and wife: they share dumb jokes and speak to each other, about even the direst subjects, with a touching, childlike frankness. (Broderick does his best acting in his scenes with Arquette.) Their relationship is so persuasive and so unsentimental that it cuts through the pathos of Arline's inevitable decline. And the scenes surrounding her death are, in fact, the strongest and most original passages in the picture. She goes quietly, without histrionics or deathbed epigrams, in an eerily deserted hospital, and Richard, at her bedside, watches her last breaths with a kind of detachment that seems part resignation, part shock, and part simple curiosity. He knew that this was going to happen (as she knew) and, now that it has, he takes the opportunity to observe the physical phenomenon: to see what it looks like when the life goes out of someone you love. At first, his reaction appears cold, not quite human, but before long you begin to realize that, in a sense, he's honoring her by remaining true to his own peculiar nature. He's a scientist; and nothing in "Infinity" tells us more about what that means than the way Richard Feynman looks at his wife at the moment of her death.



FIRST films directed by established actors—like "Infinity" and like Tom Hanks' "That Thing You Do!"—are a little different from other moviemakers' débuts: because the personas of Broderick and Hanks are familiar, we're tempted to judge their work as directors in terms of what we already know about them as performers. We shouldn't. In the case of "That Thing You Do!" (which Hanks also wrote), it's absurdly easy to match the movie's sensibility to the actor's sensibility: the film, which is set in 1964, traces the rapid rise and fall of a fictitious rock-and-roll band called the Wonders, and it has the sweet, cheerful, boyishly silly quality that Hanks displayed so winningly in hits like "Splash" and "Big." And it also has in its leading role an actor, Tom Everett Scott, who not only resembles a young Hanks but appears to be imitating his every comic mannerism. The picture tries to get by on the good will created by its bright production design, its bouncy tone, and its nostalgia for the "innocent" pop culture of the Beatles era, but the story and the characters are too thin to sustain our indulgence for long. By the third or fourth rendition—out of what seem like hundreds—of the bubble-gummy title song, viewers of a certain age may begin to feel the stirring of less pleasurable remembrances of things past: watching "That Thing" is almost exactly like the narcoleptic, I.Q.-sapping experience of sitting through a dumb beach-party movie or one of the lamer Elvis vehicles (and movies don't get much lamer than that).

As an actor, Hanks knows how to keep the audience on his side. He plays a supporting role in "That Thing," as a slick record-company executive who accompanies the Wonders on the road, and his performance, modest and tossed-off though it is, is far more substantial than his script or his direction. Except in the luckiest instances, when accomplished artists try to produce art (or entertainment) by means other than those they've been trained in, they sacrifice a lot of their creative power; they lose the expressiveness that solid technique confers. In "That Thing You Do!" Hanks' primitive moviemaking skills tend to diminish the qualities we like him for: the picture wants to be airily charming but winds up seeming vapid and inanely perky. It tells us as much about Tom Hanks as an album of honky-tonk music might reveal about Ingmar Bergman. ♦

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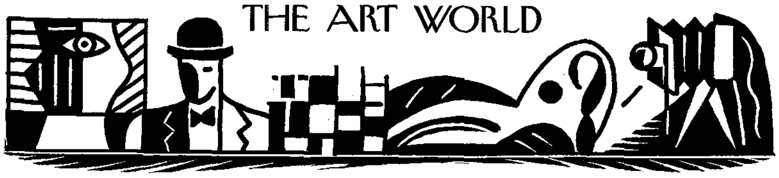

ON THE EDGE

A doyenne of disturbance returns to New York.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

THE career of Yayoi Kusama, whose recent work is currently on view (through October 19th) at the Robert Miller Gallery, is a tribute to the therapeutic powers of art. Kusama was a vivid, highly eccentric presence on the New York art scene from 1958 until 1972, when accumulating mental and physical problems made her decide to return to her native Japan. For the last nineteen years, she has lived, at her own wish, in a mental institution in Tokyo, an environment that has made it possible for her to work at a level of productivity that few younger artists could maintain—since 1978, in addition to making hundreds of paintings and sculptures, she has written and published twelve books of fiction and a collection of poems—and today, at the age of sixty-seven, she is one of Japan's most admired and successful artists. Even now, however, Kusama sees her art as the essential element in a lifelong struggle with mental illness. "I don't consider myself an artist," she has said. "I am pursuing art in order to correct the disability which began in my childhood."

Kusama was born in 1929, the fourth, and last, child of a well-to-do, highly conservative Japanese couple, whose marriage was far from happy. ("When I was born my father left us," she recounts.) She grew up distrusting men and rebelling against her moralistic, domineering mother, who actively opposed her early decision to be an artist. Throughout her childhood, she was subject to terrifying hallucinations, at least one of which permanently influenced her later work. After staring at a tablecloth printed with red flowers, she looked up and "saw the same pattern covering the ceiling, the windows and the walls, and finally all over the room, my body and the universe. I felt as if I had begun to self-obliterate . . . and be reduced to nothingness." On another occasion, she was troubled by "a thin silk-like greyish colored veil that came to envelop me," she notes. "On the day this happened, people receded far away from me and looked small."

Drawing and painting the images that threatened to overwhelm her helped to keep these terrors in check. In many of her early watercolors, visionary abstract forms are overlaid with random, repetitive patterns of dots, blotches, or interlocking webs. She began to show her work in the early fifties—first locally, in the provincial Matsumoto City where she was born, then in group shows and, eventually, one-person exhibitions in Tokyo. The work received favorable notices from important critics. It also caught the attention of Dr. Shiho Nishimaru, a respected psychiatry professor, who made it possible for Kusama to get psychiatric treatment. In 1955, she was one of twenty-seven Japanese artists selected by a jury to participate in an international watercolor exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. From then on, her ambition was to get to New York.

For a hundred years, it had been the tradition for Japanese art students to go to Paris, but Kusama decided against that route even though she had been admitted to the Académie de la Grande Chaumière. The "cutting edge" of contemporary art, she felt, was in New York. She wrote to Georgia O'Keeffe, one of whose paintings she had seen reproduced in a Japanese magazine, asking for advice and enclosing fourteen of her own watercolors. (O'Keeffe wrote back, offering guarded encouragement.) She also mailed a batch of small watercolors to an American painter named Kenneth Callahan (how she knew him is unclear); Callahan took them to a gallery in Seattle, and the gallery owner offered her a show there in 1957. With great difficulty, she procured a visa and a round-trip airplane ticket, and arrived in Seattle that December, in time for the twice-postponed opening of her show. She finally made it to New York the following June.

Kusama once said that the fourteen years she spent in New York were both the happiest and the unhappiest of her life. Barely speaking English at first (she never did master the language), chronically short of funds, and hard put to interest dealers in her work, she never doubted that she was in the right place: soon after arriving in New York, she sold the return portion of her airplane ticket. O'Keeffe had told her to "take your pictures under your arm and show them to anyone you think may be interested," and for months she did just that, tirelessly and with a degree of chutzpah that seemed surprisingly un-Japanese. She sold a few pictures that way. Then, in October of 1959, she had a one-person show at the Brata Gallery, a coöperative space on Tenth Street, and her career took off. The five paintings in the Brata show were very large—one was fourteen feet long and seven feet high—and the motif in each of them was the same: an all-over, interlocking pattern of white arcs on a white ground. She called them "Infinity Nets." Donald Judd, Frank Stella, and other young practitioners of what soon became known as Minimal Art were impressed. Judd, who worked primarily as a critic at the time, wrote a glowing review in *Art News;* he and Stella both bought her paintings; and Judd became a close friend.

Kusama's net paintings were perfectly timed: it was a moment when the long domination of Abstract Expressionism was breaking up, and several new, anti-expressive, seemingly impersonal styles were being born. Yet Kusama's work was never impersonal. She also made collage paintings out of cardboard egg cartons and airmail stickers, and in 1962 she turned to sculpture. She took an overstuffed armchair and covered every inch of it with plump, elongated canvas sacs that she had sewn and stuffed with cotton—several hundred sacs, ranging in length from three to twelve inches. They could have been yams, but they were certainly penises. She went on to cover tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, stepladders, a rowboat, a sofa, and other artifacts with sewn and stuffed "phalli," as she called them, turning these mundane objects into humorously aggressive projections of her self-proclaimed "sex and food obsessions." Claes Olden-

Yayoi Kusama (opposite) at the Robert Miller Gallery, with "Door to the 21st Century" (1988). Photograph by Duane Michals.

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burg, whom she knew, had also begun in 1962 to make his first soft sculptures from sewn and stuffed materials; later, he said that Kusama's were so different from his, in technique and intent, that there was no real connection between them. Alexandra Munroe, the art historian largely responsible for the recent rebirth of interest in Kusama's work outside Japan, suggests that her appropriation of the phallus image can be interpreted as "an aggressive will to defy oppressive male power by possessing it symbolically herself." Fair enough. Let's just note, though, that in a frequently published photograph for which Kusama posed in 1966, nude save for high-heeled pumps, lying face down on a phallus-bristling couch, and looking candidly at the lens, her expression does not exactly project defiance.

In spite of frequent shows of her work in New York and also in Europe, Kusama continued to live on the edge of poverty. Her prices were negligible—a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for a painting—and she was often incapacitated by illness. Judd, Stella, and several other artists she had shown with in group exhibitions during the early sixties were picked up by Leo Castelli, but no major gallery would commit itself to Kusama's work. She was beautiful and unique, and had a number of lovers. One of them was Joseph Cornell, whose poetic collages and shadow-box assemblages were recognized by then as important works of art. Cornell gave her a number of his things, which she later sold. Other lovers were less generous; the influential critic Lawrence Alloway, for instance, did little to advance her work. According to Alexandra Munroe, "She was too beautiful, too crazy, too powerful" for the art world to deal with.

In the mid-sixties, she began making room-size installations of her sculptures—her "Driving Image" series. She went on to construct mirrored rooms in which flashing lights and polka-dot-covered objects were reflected to infinity. By 1967, she had virtually stopped making paintings or sculptures. Her new medium was performance—semi-spontaneous "happenings," which usually involved a small group of hippies taking off their clothes so that Kusama could paint on their nude bodies. Plugging into the antiwar and flower-power movements of the late sixties, she staged outdoor nude happenings in front of the New York Stock Exchange, the Statue of Liberty, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, among other sites. Like Andy Warhol, whom she looked on as a rival, Kusama came to consider publicity an art in itself, and she was amazingly skillful at attracting the media: in 1968, there were more press mentions of her than there were of Warhol. She designed clothes, and put out a pornographic tabloid called *Kusama Orgy*. Although her staged "orgies" consisted mostly of self-conscious petting, and she herself usually kept her clothes on, the result of all this activity was predictable—overexposure and waning interest. People who once took her work seriously had long since given up on her.

Illness and discouragement drove her back to Japan in 1972. Publicity had turned out to be a dead end, after all—only Warhol could master that rough beast—and Kusama had lost the solace of her art. (She never completely stopped painting, though: in the seventies, she did some delicate collage drawings, which are reminiscent of Joseph Cornell's and are very different from her other work—they have titles like "The Soul Going Back to Its Home" and "I Who Committed Suicide.") She tried to make a living as an art dealer in Japan, but recurrent hospitalizations and a sluggish art world ruled that out. Finally, in 1977, she decided to become a permanent resident of the Seiwa Hospital, a private psychiatric clinic in Tokyo, and she has lived there ever since. She rented a studio two doors down from the hospital, and began once again to make paintings and sculptures. At night, in her hospital room, she wrote. A semi-autobiographical novel called "Manhattan Suicide Addict" was published in 1978, and her readership has been building ever since. For the first time in her life, she seemed to feel relatively secure.

Widely scorned as a "scandalous woman" on her return to Japan, Kusama slowly gained respect through her published writings and her post-1982 paintings and sculptures. She broke little ground in her new work, but showed it regularly at the Fuji Television Gallery, in Tokyo, and it found enthusiastic buyers; she was able to pay her hospital bills with the work she did there as a patient. A museum in Fukuoka, in southern Japan, gave her a retrospective exhibition in 1987; two years later, the Center for International Contemporary Arts, in New York, put on a large Kusama exhibition, with a detailed catalogue, which stimulated interest in her work. Near-canonization came in 1993, when the Japanese art establishment, breaking all precedent, decreed that Kusama would represent Japan in a one-person show at the Venice Biennale. An American retrospective of Kusama's New York years is now in the works: it will open at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in 1998, and then come to the Museum of Modern Art.

Could there be, in all this, a touch of fin-de-siècle morbidity? The links between art and illness seem to be of particular interest just now. This week, the Museum of Modern Art opens a major exhibition of the drawings of Antonin Artaud, the French actor and theatrical visionary, who spent much of his life in psychiatric hospitals, and the Swiss Institute New York is currently showing work by Sonia Sekula, a brilliant, mentally unstable artist who fascinated the New York avant-garde in the nineteen-forties. Looking at Kusama's work in the Robert Miller Gallery—the rowboat totally covered (oars, too) with purple phalli, the wall pieces in which silver-painted sexual-looking forms seem about to burst out of their boxlike enclosures, the pink-dot painting that blankets the walls of a square gallery—is an unsettling experience, all right, but no, morbidity is the wrong word for it. These disturbing works are very much alive, and are not without humor, and they also strike me as oddly high-spirited. Instead of doing battle with her disabilities, Kusama has embraced them—held on to them for dear life, so to speak—and the result is a writhing, seething tableau of terrors faced and, if not overcome, at least kept at bay. It's been a gutsy performance, her refusal to self-obliterate, and the work bears that out.

Kusama came to New York for her opening. A tiny, alert, unsmiling woman who looks considerably younger than she is, she dominated an entourage of assistants, translators, and travelling companions with calm authority, and seemed quietly pleased to be back. Speaking through an interpreter, she said that she would never have left in 1972 if it had not been for her illness. I reminded her of what she had said once about pursuing art in order to correct the disability of her childhood, and I asked whether art had done that for her. Yes, she said, it had. ♦

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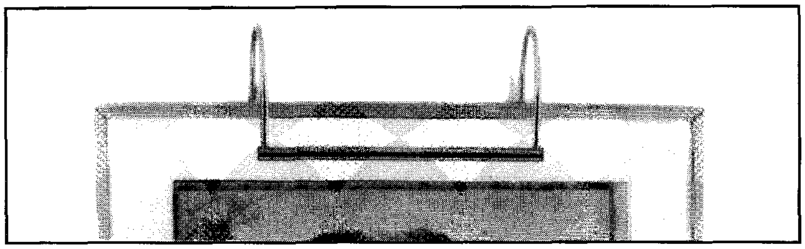

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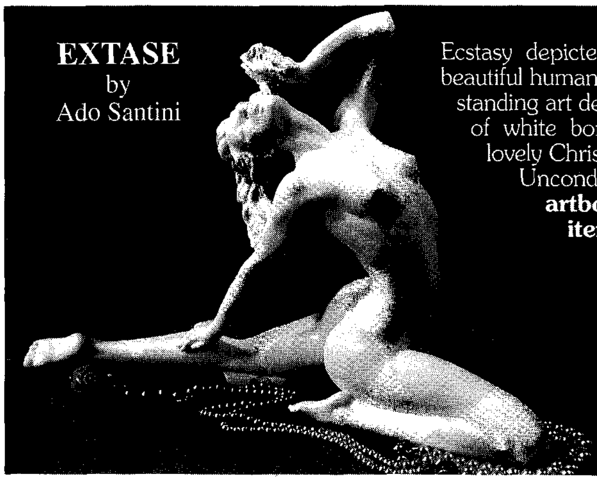

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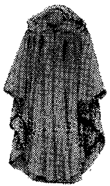

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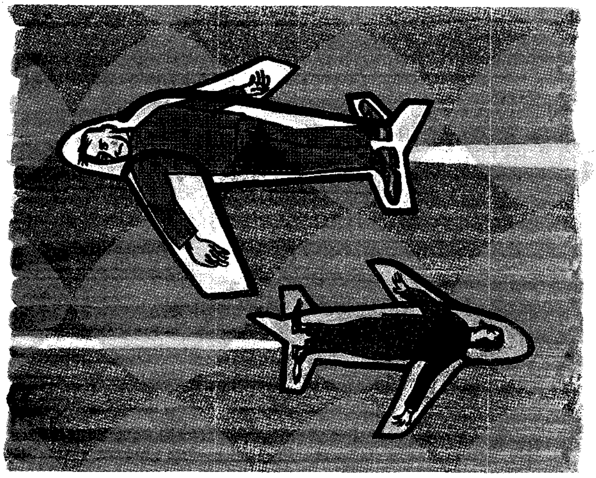

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To take your mind off the fact that it now looks as though the pilot will have to go *through* the thunderstorm, close your eyes and try to imagine that you are Charles Lindbergh and that this is the adventure of a lifetime. Soon you will land at Le Bourget field and be carried off by hordes of adoring French people shouting nice things about America. (Far-fetched, admittedly.) Keep repeating to yourself, in the voice of Jimmy Stewart—silently, so as not to put the already distressed person next to you over the edge—"G-Gosh, there's the Eiffel Tower!" ♦

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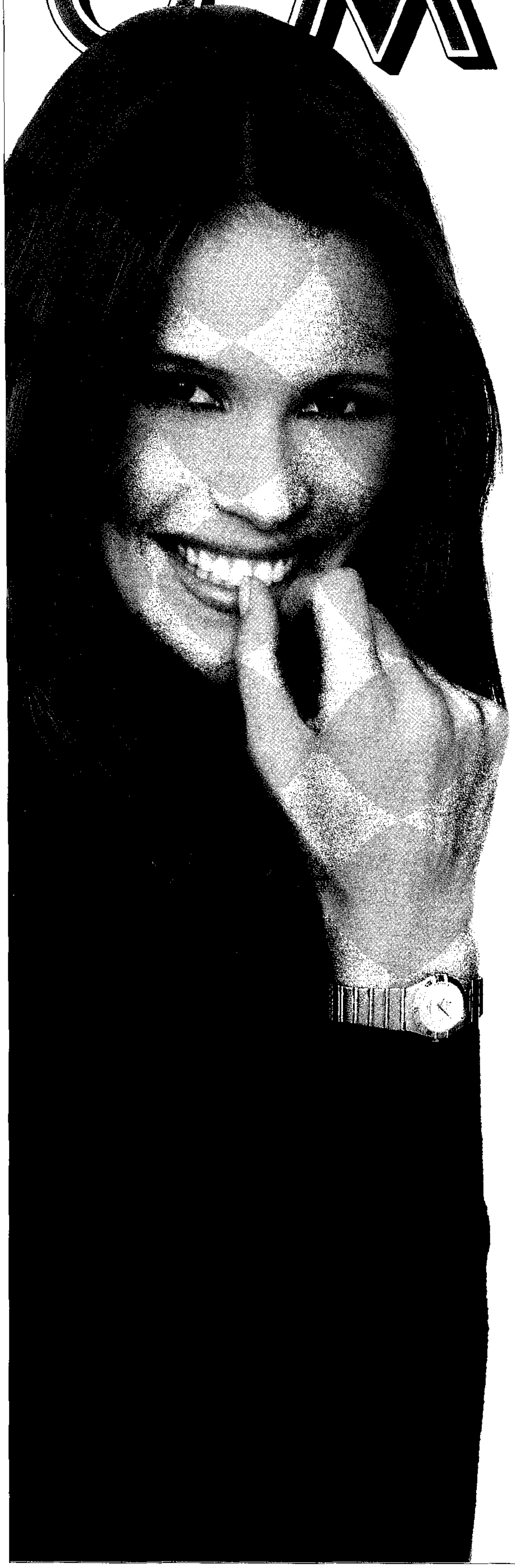

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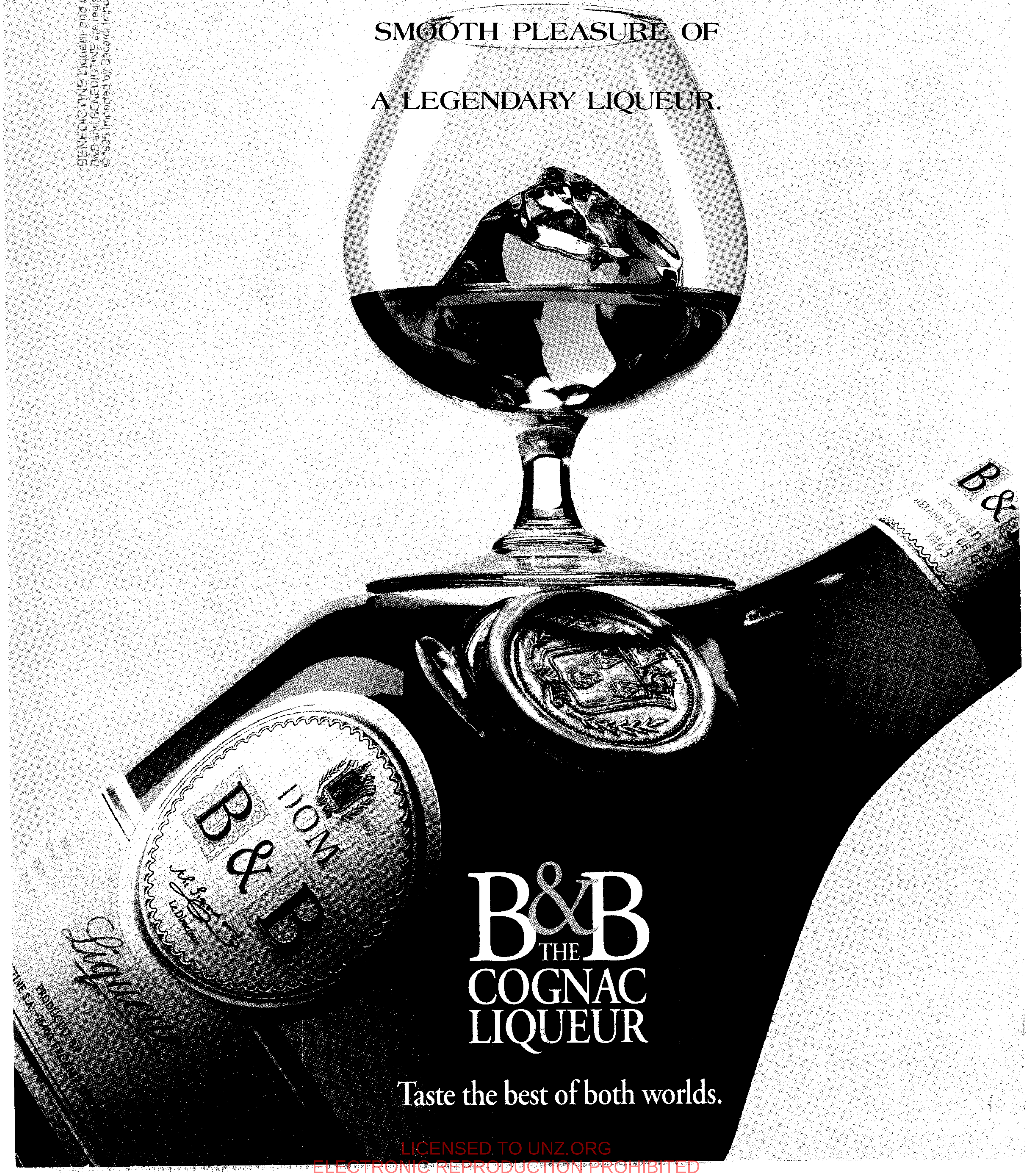

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